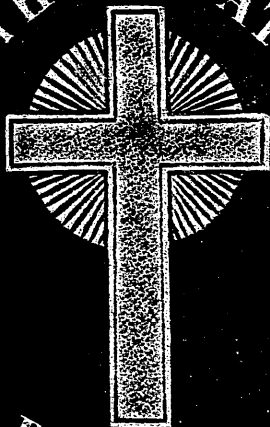


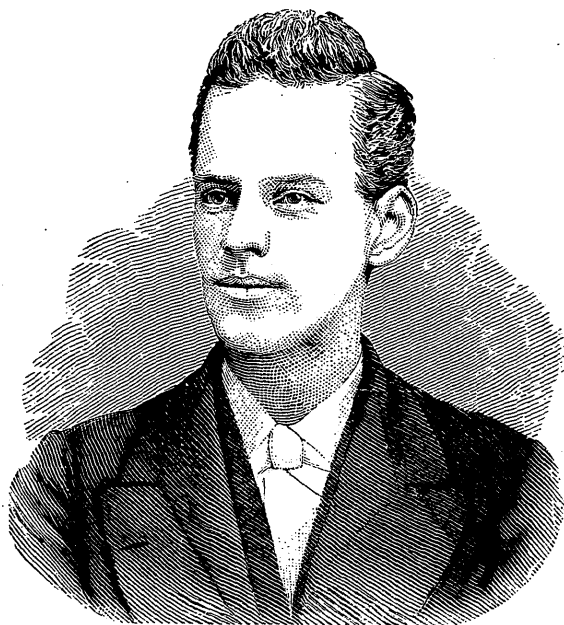
THE GREAT



REVIVAL.

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Thomas Harrison

— THE —

— GREAT * REVIVAL —

AT

ROBERTS PARK M. E. CHURCH

AND OTHER CHURCHES,

BY

REV. J. C. BELMAN.

“For by grace are ye saved, through faith, and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God.”—*Ephesians, xi, 8.*

“I have asked God, and believe him.”—*Rev. Thomas Harrison.*

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INDIANAPOLIS, July, 1881.

Rev. J. C. Belman:

DEAR BROTHER: Your work on "The Great Revival in Indianapolis" meets my unqualified approval and endorsement, and I trust that the very large circulation it must necessarily obtain will result in great good in the salvation of the people.

Yours in Christ,

THOMAS HARRISON.



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Divinity

PREFACE.

In the presentation of this volume to the public, as an epitome of religious revivals in America, and of the recent awakening in the city of Indianapolis, the author craves the kind indulgence of the reader for not giving details as largely as might be desirable. He has sought to produce a clear, unvarnished history, trusting in God for guidance, that such results be secured as shall give abundant increase to the honor and glory of His dear name. The *interim* between the 28th day of March and the 30th day of June is an epoch of no ordinary importance in the history of Indiana's "city of churches." The community has been aroused and awakened on the all-important question of their spiritual concerns, as perhaps never before, and hundreds, who were members of the church and not members of Christ, have been brought to realize that they were lacking *spiritual* religion and a God-loving salvation. Rev. Thomas Harrison, a messenger inspired by the Most High God, commenced an evangelistic work, and in regular and well considered ways urged Christians to believe in God and wholly trust Him, and great results would follow. Sinners were entreated and exhorted to repent and be converted, and ever after live in the light as God is in the light,

and by the great number who responded there has been a glorious achievement.

Therefore, the object of this book is to give an abstract of the great revival from its commencement, its wonderful progress, and the controlling themes and brooding presence of the Divine Master, as it developed more and more, to the grand pentecost on the two last days of the feast. The pages of this volume are submitted to the gracious and prayerful perusal of a generous public; and may the benediction of the Great Master of the feast accompany to every heart a deeper and holier interest in the things that work for their eternal good, and keep them, by His abiding love, in grace, to the end everlasting.

THE AUTHOR.

CHAPTER I.

Before commencing on the sketch of the great revival, it will not, I trust, be considered out of place to give a brief history of Roberts Park Church, where this fact of Divine operation commenced.

In October, 1842, under the direction of Bishop Roberts, Indianapolis Station having about six hundred members, was divided into an Eastern and Western charge, Meridian street being the separating line. To the Eastern charge Rev. John S. Bayless was appointed at the date the same was established. There was no church building provided, and the old court house was improvised for services on the Sabbath, while the social and weekly meetings were held at private residences. The first year about three hundred were on the roll of the charge. At the first quarterly conference, James Havens, Presiding Elder, authority was given the trustees to purchase a lot on the northeast corner of Pennsylvania and Market streets, at a cost of \$1,300, and, in the spring of 1843, the church edifice was commenced, the corner stone being laid by Dr. Matthew Simpson, then President of Indiana Asbury University. During that year the basement was completed, and at the close of the first conference year the name was changed to "Roberts Chapel," in honor of Bishop Roberts. The first report of the pastor gave the number of members at three hundred and twenty-two, and two hundred and six scholars in the Sunday-school, and five hundred volumes in the li-

brary. At the conference of 1843, Roberts Chapel was placed in a district, under charge of Joseph Marsee, Presiding Elder. In the fall of 1844 the building was inclosed, and during the winter the inside work was carried on, and the basement finished and occupied early in the spring of 1845. During this year, Indiana was divided into two conferences, and Roberts Chapel placed in the North Indiana Conference, Rev. John L. Smith, pastor.

During the summer of 1846 the entire church was finished, at a total cost of about \$7,000, and the basement was divided into a Sunday-school or lecture room, and two class-rooms. The main audience room above, with a gallery across the south end, seated about five hundred persons. The church was dedicated in August, 1846, by Dr. Matthew Simpson. The bell in that chapel tower now—

“Rings on in the light, in the dark,
And gathers the weak and the tempted in,
From the gates of death, from the paths of sin,
To the beautiful courts of Roberts Park.”

The old bell, in 1848—

“Long ago—
This city was only a village then—
A pioneer band of God-loving men
Brought it, with blessing, thanksgiving and prayer,
To its whilom home,
The sky-pointing dome
Of a chapel their hands had built there.
And for twenty long years,
Through seasons of joy and seasons of tears—
In war and peace, through bloom and blight,
In evening gloom, in morning light,

It faithfully called the young and the old
To the gates of peace—to the Savior's fold.
And many a soul that worshipped there,
When the days of those years were going,
Is worshipping, now, where the land is fair,
And the river of life is flowing."

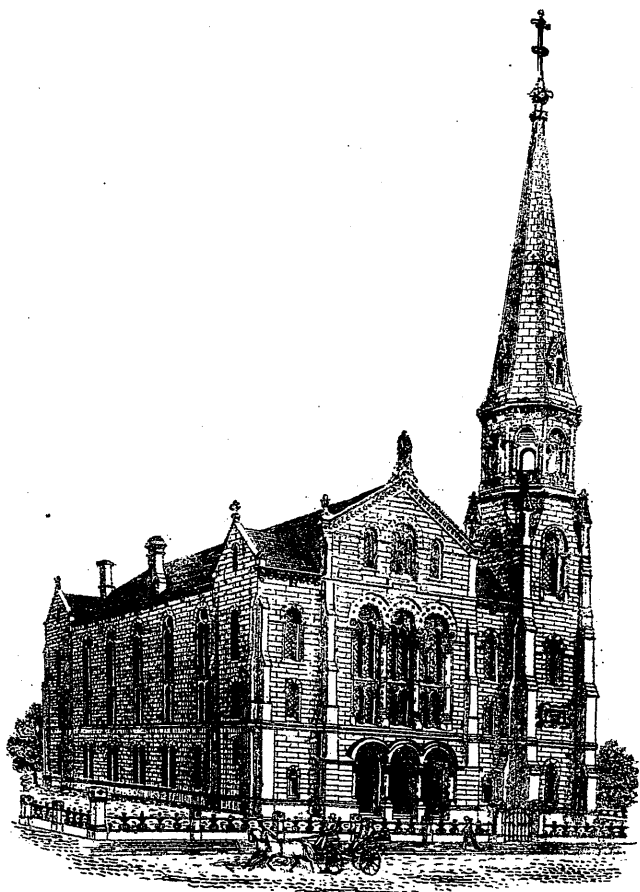
During the year 1848 a Sunday-school was started in the Madison Railroad depot, under the auspices of Roberts Chapel, and on November 17th, 1849, this school grew into and was organized as the "Depot Mission," afterward "Asbury Chapel," and now it is "Fletcher Place Church." During this year there were four hundred and seven members of the church, parcelled into fifteen classes, and there was not one member who did not attend class. May this truth impress itself on all the hearts of the readers of this volume. During the last conference quarter of that year three hundred and thirty-nine Sunday-school scholars read 28,116 chapters of the Bible, and many read the Bible entirely through. In 1853 another Sabbath-school was started, which developed into "North Street," or recently "Trinity" Church, now Central Avenue Church. Two years afterward, a brick parsonage was erected, in the rear of the church, costing \$2,500.

In 1860, the young men Methodists in Indianapolis, organized the Ames Institute, and held their meetings in Roberts Chapel. It entered the mission field, and in three years, they organized five Sunday-schools, which developed into two Presbyterian churches, viz., "Indianola" and "Ninth;" two Methodist churches, "Third Street" and "Ames;" while one school is still

flourishing as "East Indianapolis." Out of this latter a mission church has been started. In the fall of 1868 there was organized another school, merged into "Grace M. E. Church." During this year the old Roberts Chapel and its grounds were sold for \$40,000, reserving the "old bell," pulpit and seats, and the last service was held in the chapel, July 5th, 1868. Thus ended "Roberts Chapel," where extensive revivals had been held; out of which sprang new and substantial churches, at the same time supporting several missions; no church trials of its members; while the records show "complaints, none," and "appeals, none." By the sale of their property the congregation were homeless, and the "First Baptist," "Wesley Chapel" and "Trinity" threw open their doors and bid them welcome, but the services on Sabbath were held at Morrison's Opera Hall, and the weekly meetings were held in Wesley Chapel.

The trustees purchased the present site on the corner of Vermont and Delaware streets, and were ordered to procure plans for a new church. In the meantime they built a "tabernacle," within thirty days from the time of giving up the old chapel. This tabernacle seated about five hundred, and cost \$1,785, and was dedicated August 9th, 1868, by Dr. Thomas Bowman. Roberts Chapel was transferred this year to the Southeast Indiana Conference.

During the fall of 1869 the foundation of the new edifice was constructed, and in May, 1870, the name was changed to Roberts Park Methodist Episcopal Church. On May 14th, 1870, the corner stone was



Roberts Park M.E.Church.



laid. The basement was covered by a temporary roof, and the inside completed and dedicated for Sunday-school purposes December 25th, 1870. In 1873 the work on the upper story was begun, and all was completed in 1876, so that on August 27th of that year the church was dedicated, Bishop Simpson officiating, and preaching the dedication sermon.

Roberts Park M. E. Church, situated in the center of a lot one hundred and ninety-five by two hundred and one feet, on the corner of Delaware and Vermont streets, is built of cut stone from the Ellettsville quarries, and presents an exterior of simple grandeur not often found in modern church buildings. The style of architecture adopted approaches the Romanesque, but is treated freely with essential modern feeling. The dimensions are about sixty-eight by one hundred and twenty-three feet, with a tower twenty-one feet square projecting from the southwest corner. The upper part of the tower and spire are not yet built. It is designed to be built likewise of cut stone, so that the entire exterior of the church building will show the same material.

The depth of the massive foundation walls allows room for a cellar under the entire building, for the use of the steam heating apparatus, etc. The first, or basement story, sixteen feet high, contains the Sunday-school and class-rooms. The auditorium, on the principal floor, is sixty-two by eighty-four feet, and thirty-four feet high, with galleries all around the room, sweeping down to the singers' platform in front of the organ. The auditorium, including the galleries,

will conveniently seat about 1,100 persons. The interior wood-work is of black walnut, and the heavily paneled ceiling in the auditorium is decorated with fresco painting, in a neat, appropriate manner.

The organ is a beautiful and grand instrument of sixty stops, three manuals and thirty pedal notes. It occupies the entire recess in the rear of the platform, twenty-three feet wide and fifteen feet deep, and is enclosed in a walnut case, of rich design, with silver pipes. Two life-like carvings of seraphs, with their instruments, adorn the top. The organ contains two thousand six hundred and six speaking pipes, and its capacity renders it not only capable of giving the most elaborate organ compositions ever written, but a majestic power to sustain two thousand voices in full chorus, a noble leader of the kind of singing in which the Methodist congregations so heartily engage. The organ was consecrated to the service of praise, June 12th, 1876.

The total cost of the church and lot has been about \$130,000, and this is the noble edifice in which the greatest revival of the century has been held for the same given length of time, and God grant, as the movement may be narrated, the unction of the Divine Spirit may rest on all hearts to their edification here, and eternal welfare in the infinite beyond.

CHAPTER II.

An eminent divine has said, "A revival is the result of special impulses on the religious sensibilities of a community characterized by these features: a change, a religious change, wrought by the supernatural action of the Holy Ghost, tending to the advancement of the true religion, directly or indirectly." Another puts it just as it has been demonstrated in Roberts Park and other churches: "a time of spiritual awakening, when different classes in the community have their attention directed to the great subject of salvation, and earnestly desire to lay up their treasure in Heaven. Take the case of a single true conversion to God, and extend it to a community—to *many* individuals passing through that change, and you have all the theory of a revival of religion. It is bringing together many conversions; arresting simultaneously many minds; perhaps condensing into a single place, and into a few weeks, the ordinary work of many distant places and many years. The essential part is, that a sinner may be converted, by the agency of the spirit of God, from his sins. The same power which changes him *may* change others also. Let substantially the same views and feelings and changes which exist in the case of the individual exist in the case of others; let a deep seriousness pervade a community, and a spirit of prayer be diffused there; let the ordinary haunts of pleasure and vice be forsaken for the places of devotion, and you have the theory of a revival of religion."

Another, confining his definition more strictly to the meaning of the word, defines a revival as a "work of grace, which includes conviction of sin, repentance, new obedience and faith in the church, breaking the power of the world and of sin over Christians, a condition from which reformation and salvation of sinners will follow, going through the same stages of conviction, repentance and reformation."

There can not be a genuine, true revival of religion outside of the vitalizing power of God's holy and sovereign spirit, for it has certain necessary elements, or causes, always present, by which a movement among the people is produced, by the power of the truth, and the agency of the spirit, accomplishing the quickening of His children of the light, and the awakening, conversion and reformation of the children of darkness. Dr. Boner, in his work on Revival Philosophy, observes: "Viewed on the human side, the philosophy of revivals, as they term it, is just a department of the philosophy of history. In no region has progress been uniformly steady and gradual; but it has been now and then, by great strides, by fits and starts, and such events as the Germans call epoch-making. In all the affairs of men there have been tides with full floods. Every channel along which human energies pour themselves, has had its "freshets." We are all familiar with revivals in trade, science, literature, arts and politics; times of refreshing and visitation are not much more frequent in sacred than in secular history, and they indicate the most interesting and fruitful periods in both."

The soul of man is confined in the citadel of mortality, and has no inherent power of its own to burst the bonds holding it within that sepulchur, but when God's spirit is sought after and received, the work of that holy spirit is quickened, and the bars are unloosed, and the soul emerges into the liberty of a personal religion. The Master said: "The spirit shall convince of sin, of righteousness, and judgment," and, "except a man be born of water, and of the spirit, he can not enter the Kingdom of God." In every revival the Holy Ghost must be the sovereign author, of all the quickening and all the sanctification, for, if we are sanctified, "it is through the spirit unto obedience." As in all the affairs of life, "God energizes the feeblest human agency," and the work of man is governed, and made successful by the touch of Jehovah, so in spiritual affairs, the soul must reach up for divine aid, and with the kiss of the Father, hallowed by the Son, and made effective by the Holy Ghost, the victory is complete, and the truth of God is the agency for the liberation of men; and let it be understood that in every revival of religion, human agency has its part, and often begins at the minimum of church coldness and formality, for human experience and God's word teaches, that weak instrumentalities are chosen to be the avenues of His strength, for "It has pleased God, to save men by the foolishness of preaching." A tide of religious thought, and feeling, is a revival of religion, and oftentimes follow times of depression, failure and strains of wordly excitement. When these relax, and the "all is vanity" becomes a gathering conviction, and men

lop off their hold on the transitory, then, in the conscious want of spiritual manna to fill the aching void, revivals of spiritual power are started, and augmented as the truth takes hold of the heart and its affections. We might illustrate. The commercial disasters of 1857-8 were succeeded by one of the greatest revivals of that period, while the late financial panic and disturbance crushed its millions, and revivals everywhere followed. Then again, special providences of one kind or another, ever so insignificant, have rocked cities and towns and neighborhoods, and the consciences of citizens have been quickened, and aroused, and astonishing effects have developed in giving power to the truth. The missionary element and apostolic simplicity enter very largely into genuine revivals, and the light and truth of God, as it is in Jesus, forms an essential factor in every work of grace. Let us, therefore, conclude that revivals are the product of the laws of grace, under the guidance of that omnipotent power Who also controls the law of nature, to the end that perfection and completeness are the rule, and not an exception. A revival is God's sublime method, ordained to bind up and perpetuate His church on earth, and hasten the time when, in every household, a pentecostal flame shall continually light up every altar, and "the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our Lord Jesus Christ." Selah.

The first general revival of religion in America, by which those who had once lived in the faith were quickened again into newness of life by the calling of God's Holy Spirit, took place in 1740. Up to that

period, as Rev. Samuel Blair states it, "Religion lay, as it were, dying, and ready to expire its last breath of life in this part of the visible church." Another divine writes: "The difference between the church and the world was fast vanishing away. Church discipline was neglected, and a growing laxness of morals was invading the churches. And yet never, perhaps, had the expectation of reaching heaven at last been more general or more confident—the young men abandoning themselves to frivolity, and to amusements of dangerous tendency, and party spirit was producing its natural fruit of evil among the old."

Jonathan Edwards, inspired from on high, saw the danger, and drew from its sheath the sword of the Spirit, and, as early as 1834, delivered that remarkable series of sermons on "justification by faith," for he saw the growing spiritual trouble in the land to be the denial of the necessity of regeneration and of personal faith in Christ as the sinner's only hope. Unbelief in the atoning work of Christ had the ascendancy, and a self-satisfying reliance on outer supports of church fellowship and morality engulfed the people. God gave him the evangelistic endowment, and gradually false hopes began to drop away, and men and women to reason together, and query in the most earnest manner, as to the "old paths" of a merciful God, and a suffering Redeemer, and their religious grounds and hopes took wings and were gone. Thus the evangelist exhausted on the nature of sin, the fulness and completeness of divine love, and the absolute necessity of conversion. "Except ye repent ye shall likewise per-

ish.” The ministry asked for more grace and better experience, and more fruit in their work, while the membership mourned and deplored the “unworthy character of their Christian life,” and the un-Christ-like nature of their hope and experience. The gospel was unfolded in its simplicity and power; the conscience was awakened with the sense of guilt against a just, holy and merciful God; the great love for souls and their salvation was presented in the gentle but in the unsparing energy of the truth. In short, the evangelist Whitefield of that day, in his age, in his faith, in his unselfishness, in his consecration, and in his holy living, was a counterpart of the evangelist Harrison of the present day. The revival influence augmented until 1770, and from that time until 1800 was a time of great spiritual dearth. During the first year of the present century Edward D. Griffin, a young man, inaugurated revival meetings in New England, obtaining great results. Spreading to all the States of the Union, those in Kentucky and Tennessee were of the most extraordinary character. Mr. Griffin had many co-laborers, and further long there appeared upon the stage Asahel Nettleton, Daniel Baker and Charles G. Finney, all spritually endowed of God, and wonderfully successful in evangelical labor. From 1800 to 1825 there was an uninterrupted series of these glorious seasons of grace, spreading all over the American continent, and it may be added that, as late as 1842, the period was a memorable one in the history of the churches in America, for all denominations were graciously visited by copious effusions of the Holy

Ghost, and drank largely from the fountain of living waters.

A lethargy came over the people until the fall of 1857, immediately after the financial crash that shook all the monetary centers of the world, on October 14th, 1847. The disaster was overwhelming, and no one knew where he stood, or the condition of his neighbor. Human resources had been exhausted, and there was all over the land a bewildering pause, and a cry went up, almost involuntarily, "Lord, save, or we perish!" Men everywhere fell on their knees and began to pray; the churches were thrown open and crowded. The beginning of this revival work came through a German missionary, Lanphier, who suggested a business prayer meeting, and three persons attended; the next day six, and the next twenty. The papers took notice of the meetings, and the number increased until all the rooms and churches and lecture-rooms were crowded for prayer; and thus commenced a revival that extended all over the Union, giving spiritual strength and increase to the churches, and bringing entire families into the household of faith. Very briefly has been mentioned the progress of revival work from 1732 to the present time, and yet each have been characterized by peculiar methods and appliances, and will it be presumptive to state that the present is an age of revival and mission work through evangelistic labors? This brings us down to the present awakening, which is so universally believed to have only commenced.

CHAPTER III.

In the Greek Testament, two words, "Herald" and "Evangelize," are expressed by one word in the English—"preaching." The word "herald" denotes authority, and "evangelize" is the word of experience; while the literal meaning is to tell the good news, and is the leading idea where joyful news or tidings are brought before the people; as, Paul "preaching the unsearchable riches of Christ." It will be well to note that whenever the apostle divested himself of the title of an "ambassador" or "herald," and was only a man among men, he was an evangelist, and so used the unofficial word. See Acts xiv., 15. Evangelize is also used to express the labor of unordained men, who yet are preachers, as, for instance, the disciples driven from Jerusalem by persecution, "went everywhere *preaching* the word."

With this slight divergence, we now enter upon the present period of evangelistic or revival work, which has been going on during the past thirteen years, at local points, and principally during the winter season. The present period of revival work in America commenced in the fall of 1869, after a spiritual dearth of about ten years. The fratricidal strife, succeeded by financial embarrassment through those years, occasioned a deadness in the church, and shocking godlessness outside of the church, while infidelity and skepticism pervaded all ranks of the community. The nation was in a storm; righteousness of a limited

quantity was rapidly being displaced by an utter abandonment for wealth, without regard as to how riches were to be obtained. It seemed as if God had given the nation over to hardness of heart and reprobacy of mind; for the consciences of men were seared; selfishness was increasing to an unparalleled degree, and reckless, profligate expenditures hurried humanity toward the inevitable precipice. The revolution came, and, as in 1800, a universal petition went up to the God of Providence for moral and divine help to bear the unusual burden, and be relieved from the distress so stern and severe. Then there sprang into the arena humble instruments, evangelists who went everywhere, preaching obedience, repentance, and a fleeing from the wrath to come. A national wave of prayer took possession of the masses, and all was left with God, who holds the nations in his hands, to solve the prostrating and perplexing problem of the hour.

The history is doubtless fresh in the minds of the reader, that Moody, Sankey, Bliss, Hammond, Pentecost, Graves and a host of others, unfurled the banner of the cross and bid the people look up and be healed. The "boy" preacher, Thomas Harrison, was then in his teens, and in the hands of God was wonderfully employed in the presentation of the truth as it is in Jesus. From the very commencement of his young Christian life, his supreme purpose was the salvation of souls, and the honor and glory of the Father. He had been converted through and through, and was eminent for his faith, his correctness, his simplicity, and unqualified reliance on God. The Bible was, and is, his

only book ; the saving of sinners by a crucified Savior was the all absorbing idea, and the salvation of men and women the paramount and uncompromising object of his evangelism. He walked with God, and whether on the street or in his room, in the church, or wherever his lot was cast, as indicated by God, he was constantly in sweet communion with God by prayer. He met the conditions of God's own appointment, and his conversation and walk of life were a living epistle of sweetness, humility and true holiness, to be read by all men. He fully comprehended what it was to live the life of faith and trust, and of close fellowship with God ; and in all his manifestations he evidenced as a certainty, this all-hallowed spirit. To-day he is a man in Christ Jesus, with larger experience, a firmer hold on God, and as he gladly sings, "Trusting Jesus, that is all." Pastors and people everywhere receive him with the utmost cordiality, and hang upon his utterances with bated breath, and are sorry when the time arrives for his departure. Christians, without any effort on their part, love and honor him, and we venture the assertion that, in the history of the world, there never lived an evangelist who so cordially won the respect, admiration, approval, and love of the people, both saint and sinner, as Rev. Thomas Harrison. His experience (which we give in another chapter) was too deeply engraved on his own heart to forget it in his preaching, as the way in which God had revealed the Son to him. He could not wander beyond them, for the impressions of a personal Savior are stamped with singular and unerring fidelity. A brief sketch of

his birth, etc., will not be out of place just at this point. Thomas Harrison was born December 25th, (Christmas) 1854, in Dorchester district, Boston, Massachusetts. His pious mother, whose devout and earnest prayers were answered in his early conversion, presented her son daily at the Throne of Grace, that he might be imbued with the Holy Ghost, and made the instrument in leading thousands to the fountain of living waters. At the age of fifteen years he felt the wooings of Divine love, and during a visit to New Brunswick, the news of a younger brother's death startled and alarmed him, and he cried for mercy.

His experience will tell the reader how, on a wintry night, December 31st, 1869, he accepted Christ, through faith, as his only hope of salvation, and at that hour, on a stormy night, he consecrated all his future life on earth to God, who had done so much for him. Nearly twelve years he has been loyal to his vow by a faithful, spiritual life, and an unfolding of the gospel scheme to thousands upon thousands of hearers, in a manner very remarkable and impressive, and, with it all, immense power with God in prayer. At the time of his conversion he was engaged as a clerk in a store, but under divine intimation that God had other work for him to do, he commenced immediately a course of study in "Wilbraham Academy" and the "Brooklyn Lay College" for the evangelistic work of the christian ministry. His revivals from time to time were in several of the churches in Baltimore, in 1876, and again in 1877, from which city he made trips to Trenton, N. J., to Washington, D. C., and to George-

town, D. C., and attended camp meetings in Ohio and Pennsylvania. We may not give all the localities of his meetings, as he goes from point to point as fast as the express train can carry him. In 1878, he was in Washington at the several churches, also at York, Pa.; Lima, Ohio; Emory Grove camp meeting, Md.; camp meeting in New England; Washington Grove camp meeting; Chester Heights camp meeting, Pa.; Martha Vineyard camp meeting; Loveland camp meeting; Lakeside camp meeting; and Seaville camp meeting; N. J.; in 1879 at Wharton Street Church, Philadelphia; at Dr. Talmage's Tabernacle, Brooklyn; Scott M. E. Church, Philadelphia; and Meriden, Connecticut. In all these places, and hundreds of towns and minor points, his success was astonishing, and up to the time of his coming to Indianapolis, he estimates that about sixteen thousand souls have been converted under his ministrations.

CHAPTER IV.

In Indianapolis there have been revivals at various stages of her history—not of any great significance, however, until the year 1865–66, from December to March, in Roberts Chapel, under the then famous revivalist, Rev. A. S. Kinnan. The record shows three hundred and twenty-six conversions during that meeting. Mr. Kinnan was an indefatigable worker, and most successful in visiting stores and addressing peo-

ple on the street. He was a wonderfully social man, and everywhere regarded of no uncertain piety, and had the co-operation of the pastors and membership of all the churches. An incident is told in which Mr. Robt. F. Kennedy, the well-known banker, was trapped by Kinnan's shrewdness. Kennedy was always on the alert, and whenever the preacher came about he was careful as to his utterances, and avoided all attempts to draw him into religious conversation. Kinnan did not give up hope, and watched for an opportunity to get his hold, and "corner" on the then wholesale dry goods merchant on Meridian street. Kennedy had said, "He will never corner me." One day Kinnan came into the store and said, "How do you do, Kennedy?"

"All well, but very busy," replied Kennedy.

"What in the world are you busy about?" asked Kinnan.

"Oh, we are taking an account of stock," answered Kennedy.

"That's good; but, Kennedy, how is your stock for Heaven?"

"Cornered, by Jove!" said Kennedy, and he ran out of the store. The words rung in his ears, and he found no rest until he decided that he was a bankrupt, went to church, and surprised everybody by standing up for prayer, and went to the altar and became converted.

Another illustration is told of Kinnan's peculiarity. The altar was full of penitents, including Will. Heiskel, the dentist. Kinnan came up to him, and slapping him on the back, said, "Will., there is a quantity

of spiritual power and saving grace bottled up in Heaven for you."

Heiskell replied, "Oh, Lord, pull out the cork, and let me have it!" and in a moment he received the fullness of the divine love.

"I told you so," said Kinnan.

These two illustrate the man. That revival wave is cherished by a great many as the precious event of their lives.

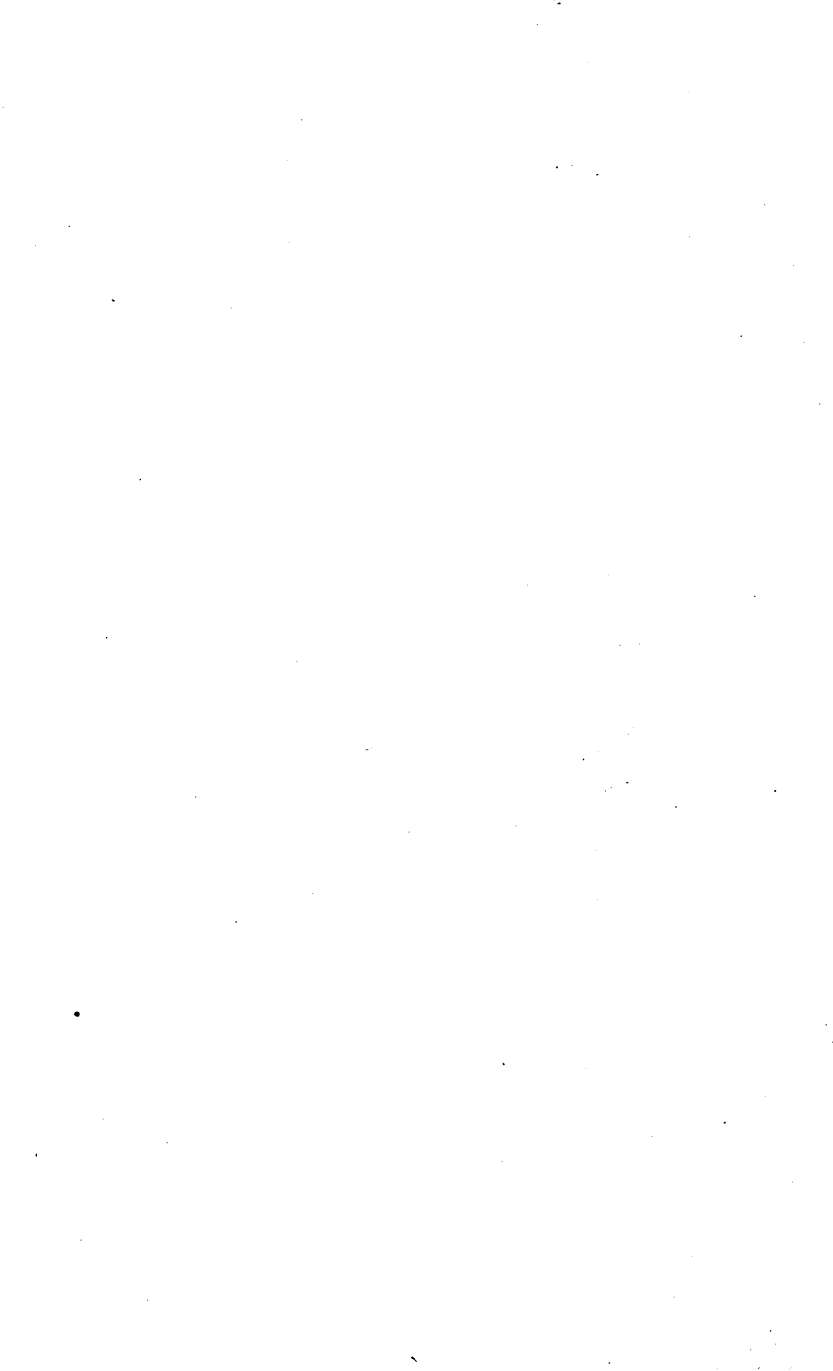
In 1869 the evangelist Hammond had a season of revival, lasting four weeks. The meetings were full of power, the churches were greatly refreshed, and a great number added to them of such as should be saved.

This brings us to the present awakening, and to Dr. S. M. Vernon is the community largely indebted for the active inauguration and conception of the initiatory work which has stirred the city so auspiciously. By perseverance and earnest diligence he gave it the start, and by cool judgment and indomitable faith in God he held on to the work from first to the last, and is now engaged in organizing and disciplining the large additions to the church as shall be binding in all the future.

Rev. S. M. Vernon, D. D., the present pastor of Roberts Park M. E. Church, and whose likeness appears elsewhere, is a native of Indiana, and was born in Montgomery county, near Crawfordsville, November 27th, 1841. At the age of ten years his parents removed to Mount Pleasant, Iowa, where he was converted and joined the Methodist Episcopal church, being



E. M. Vernon.



then fourteen years of age. The church very soon recognized in him a divinely-called herald of salvation, and gave him license to preach, his first sermon being delivered when in his seventeenth year. After a few months spent upon a large circuit, he became conscious of the need of a more thorough preparation for the work of the ministry, and entered the Iowa Wesleyan University as a student. After graduating from this institution, he sought the higher advantages afforded by our theological schools, and entered with the first class in Drew Theological Seminary, Madison, New Jersey. There he enjoyed the instructions of the finest scholars and the ablest theologians the church has produced. Returning to Iowa, he was stationed at Keokuk, and then Des Moines, and for two years was president of Simpson Centenary College, the establishing of which institution, according to Bishop Simpson's Cyclopedia of Methodism, was largely due to Dr. Vernon's masterly efforts. In 1869 he was transferred to the New York Conference, and stationed at Perry-street Church, New York City. In 1872 he was transferred to the Pittsburg Conference, and stationed at Christ's Church, Pittsburg, one of the wealthiest and strongest churches of the Methodist denomination. In 1875 Allegheny College, unsolicited, bestowed upon him the honorary degree of doctor of divinity, and in the same year, through the kindness of some friends, he enjoyed an extended tour through Europe. He remained eight years in Pittsburg, serving the three most important churches of the conference, in two of which he had extensive revivals. At the solicitation

of Bishop Peck, and the committee of Roberts Park Church, he accepted the pastorate of that congregation in September, 1879.

He first heard of Rev. Thomas Harrison, at a camp-meeting near Pittsburg, in 1878, and at once recognized in him remarkable gifts for evangelistic work, and sought to engage his services for his then pastorate charge. Mr. Harrison readily consented, and there were high hopes of a great work in that large congregation. When the time arrived, however, the great revival work conducted by Mr. Harrison in, Foundry M. E. Church, in Washington City, was in full progress, and he could not come to Pittsburg. With many regrets the engagement was given up. When Dr. Vernon came to Indianapolis he thought Roberts Park a peculiarly favorable field for the kind of work which Mr. Harrison was engaged in, and renewed the correspondence, claiming that the former engagement, though postponed, was not yet given up, and might be fulfilled at Roberts Park Church. Mr. Harrison first proposed to come in May, 1880, then in September, but he finally consented to come during January, 1881. When the time agreed upon arrived, the great work in Meriden, Connecticut, was in progress, and the brethren there were unwilling to part with Mr. Harrison. A spirited correspondence, urging, entreating and expostulating, was kept up all the time. Meanwhile that valiant and dashing knight of the cross, Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage, came upon the field with a claim to Mr. Harrison's services. He used all his great persuasive powers, prophesying three thousand conver-

sions if Mr. Harrison would come to the Brooklyn Tabernacle. For a while it seemed uncertain which would prevail, Roberts Park or Brooklyn Tabernacle, but Dr. Vernon and his official board stood firm, and, having the unquestioned advantage of a previous engagement, they won the field.

Mr. Harrison arrived on Monday noon, via Cincinnati, and began his work on the evening of March 28th. There were but few in the city, except Dr. Vernon, who had heard him, or knew what to expect, but there was a marked interest the first night, and, as these pages will reveal, the house soon became too small for the crowds that were anxious to hear and enjoy his ministrations.

The way was well prepared for this work. Dr. Vernon had conducted a series of meetings for seven weeks, holding services every afternoon and evening, in which there were some very clear conversions and remarkable revelations of the presence of the Divine Spirit. Every one attending these meetings felt the presence of unusual power, and the prediction was afterward made that a great revival was near at hand, and in fact had actually commenced.

A few scenes in these meetings were not surpassed, if, indeed, equaled in spiritual power, by anything that followed in the larger meetings held in the main auditorium. There was at this time, a general cry of distress through the churches of the city, and there was earnest prayer for a revival, but the work did not appear, while lawlessness, crime and irreligion seemed to walk our streets unrebuked. Many of our pastors

and people felt that a crisis had come when something must be done, and though not favorably inclined to evangelistic work, they were ready to accept a revival in any way the Lord might send it, "because of the present distress." The Sabbath morning before Mr. Harrison began his work, Dr. Vernon preached a sermon on "Evangelists and Evangelism," from Eph. iv, 11, "*And He gave some Evangelists.*" The sermon was designed to prepare the way for Mr. Harrison's coming, and we here give a brief outline of the main points: "In the Apostolical church, there was an order of ministers known as Evangelists, men who went from place to place, as they might be called of God, preaching the gospel, without undertaking the work of pastors. The use of evangelists is not, therefore, an innovation, but a return to apostolical methods developed under the inspiration and guidance of the Holy Spirit. We may safely take Paul and Peter by the hand, follow where they lead, and allow carping critics to say what they please. Philip, 'one of the seven,' was of this order, a traveling missionary. We find him preaching among the Samaritans, arresting and rejoicing the Ethiopian nobleman in his chariot with the offer of salvation, and at Cesarea he hospitably entertains Paul and his company on their way to Jerusalem. All ministers were to be Evangelists, as far as possible; thus we find Paul exhorting Timothy, 'do the work of an evangelist.' Matthew, Mark, Luke and John were called 'evangelists,' showing that in the early church it was a position of honor, often filled by the most learned and capable. This order, and its

peculiar work, has come into more prominence, the past few years, and is now to be employed in this congregation, under the direction, as I trust, of the Holy Spirit. I therefore call your thought to it.

“I. Evangelism is the chief mission of the church. Why does the church exist? What is it here for? What does it undertake to do? Its one mission and work is to save men—to redeem the world from the dominion of sin and death. It must nurture and care for its own members—that is, save itself; but this is most effectually done where it is most forgetful of itself in its supreme devotion to the work of saving others. The selfish, narrow spirit that is chiefly concerned about one’s own salvation, loses the reward of saving others, and fails of the character necessary for its own salvation. The church must attend to the education and culture of its own forces; but this work is preparatory, and in importance secondary to evangelism. Congregations sometimes form into a kind of social guild, build nice churches, get the pews taken by nice people, and sit down to have a nice time, hearing nice sermons and being educated. A ‘sinner’ could hardly get into such a church; is not wanted; in fact is warned off by the conditions and the attitude the congregation has taken. Our own denomination may have neglected the work of christian culture in the past, but it will be no amendment for that error to now fall into the worse one of rejecting evangelism.

“The church is Christ’s representative in the world, and is to do what He would do if present among men. Does any one doubt what he would do if he were here

in our midst? He would 'go about doing good,' as when he was here, and that to all classes, to the poor, the low, the vile, as well as to others. It is His glory, and it is the glory of the church, to save, to give sight to the blind, and life to the dead. It is the glory of the artist that he can see an angel in a rough block of marble, and can bring it out till others see it also. It is the glory of the church that it can take the vilest creature from the gutter, and make it an angel in the home, and at last in Heaven. Nothing is so glorious and wonderful as salvation. It is the work and proof of the divine presence and power, and the church that saves the people will be thronged and supported by them.

"II. The history and state of this work, in our denomination, Methodism, is a revival—thus it was born, grew, continues, and will prevail. Dr. Chalmers christened it "Christianity in earnest." This is the philosophy of Methodism, and all efforts to mend but mar and break it. At first, every sermon was expected to be like the breath of the Almighty, in the track of which the 'slain of the Lord would be many;' often before half finished it would be interrupted by the shrieks and cries of the penitent. Strong men would fall to the ground, and, after a short struggle, in prayer, rise 'new creatures in Christ Jesus.' Protracted meetings and altar exercises were unknown and unnecessary; the power was so great, an hour was good as an age, and every spot was a consecrated altar of prayer. Later, special services became necessary. A 'two-days' meeting' was regarded as a great gospel

privilege, a season of grace, when many conversions were expected. Then the 'protracted meeting' and the camp system came up, with the 'altar of prayer' or 'mourner's bench,' to which penitents must be invited, since their convictions for sin, were not now, as formerly, sufficient to cause them to fall down anywhere and call upon God for mercy. Once, to hold a 'protracted meeting' was almost certainly to have a revival. It is not so now. This method, also, has lost much of the power that once attended it. In this emergency God has visited the churches by evangelists, leading us back to apostolic usages, through the failure of means which a more vigorous piety might still make effective. Evangelists have become a necessity of modern church life.

"III. Wherein the necessity consists. Too much is required of the pastor now for him to do effective revival work, with the obstacles it encounters in most churches. He is required to be a theologian, a scientist, a linguist, a philosopher, an orator, acquainted with literature, and a man of society. He is to prepare at least two discourses a week, visit the sick, bury the dead, comfort the sorrowing, and be ready to answer the call of anyone who chooses to seek his services. Either he must neglect regular work, or he will not have much time or strength for revival work.

"Some men are specially called, and endowed, for evangelistic work. This is according to Paul's doctrine of a 'diversity of gifts.' It is philosophical as well. Division of labor, with each man in his own department, which he carries to the greatest possible

perfection, is the secret of the wonderful achievements of our Christian civilization, the law of highest achievement in all departments. One man may have special gifts as an evangelist, another as an instructor, ruler and guide to the church. The kingdom of God is large enough, and has need of both these workers. The difficulties of revival work, especially in large cities, have, from various causes, greatly increased, and special agencies seem necessary to overcome them.

“IV. The church assumes great responsibilities in this work. If the evangelist succeeds, it will be by uniting the efforts and prayers of the people. Whenever the people unite to work and pray, they will have a revival, with or without an evangelist. His value is largely in his peculiar ability to move the people to this. This work is still in your hands and mine, though a score of evangelists should come, and there is the additional responsibility that your indifference may cause the failure of a successful evangelist. There is also the responsibility of conserving the results. After revival, comes reaction, and this is greater where special agencies are called into the work. There is, therefore, great need of special watchfulness and care on the part of the church. The community may be worse than before, if we allow a general decline after a great revival. There is a demand, also, for patience and forbearance. If we shall realize, as I doubt not we will, the one thousand conversions for which we have been praying, it will be with such commotion as will certainly bring out many things trying, possibly offensive, to our feelings. We shall need patience.

There is a special call for personal consecration and work for God. This is the sure way to prevent sensationalism, dangerous or undue excitement, and to secure solid, true abiding results."

The first night (March 28th) that the Rev. Thomas Harrison, the "boy" preacher evangelist, faced an Indianapolis audience, the weather was very unpropitious. A rain of sleet commenced to fall at 4 P. M., and continued until after darkness set in; then it commenced snowing and blowing cold. There was a very small audience, not more than two hundred and fifty present, and these had come undetermined as to what the line of movement would be, or as to the ability and capacity of the leader to inaugurate and carry on a successful revival in Indianapolis. Promptly at the hour there emerged from the pastor's study a personage small in stature and exceedingly youthful in appearance. He ran up the steps leading to the rostrum, and dropping on his knees, he offered a silent and exceedingly short invocation. He then stepped to the lecturn, and after gazing earnestly into the faces of his audience, as if to read their thoughts and feelings, he began to sing softly, and yet very impressively—

"Lord, I came not for riches,
Neither silver nor gold;
I would make sure of Heaven,
I would enter the fold.
In the book of thy kingdom,
With its pages so fair.
Tell me, Jesus, my Savior.
Is my name written there?

CHORUS—Is my name written there,
On the page white and fair,
In the book of thy kingdom,
Is my name written there?

The audience at once became *en rapport* with the preacher, for his methods and peculiar movements awakened an interest very impressive. His conduct of religious services are peculiarly his own, and the very antipodes of regularly employed ministers and pastors. His unbounded enthusiasm and nervous excitability created a sympathy with his audience, and on this first appearance he kept up a continued originality of utterances and gesticulation, now provoking mirth, because of some facetious saying, and then the deepest gravity and seriousness, all the time moving from one side of the platform to the other, then down the steps into the chancel, keeping up a rapid walking, and then again on to the platform, thus continuing, until he concluded his talk. His actions are very dramatic. At the commencement of his prayers, he occupied a reverent kneeling posture, at the edge of the rostrum, then, in a few moments, he would rise to his feet, then on his knees again, and then standing upright, with both hands uplifted. He commences his prayers without any formal introduction, and closes in like manner, while all the sentences are terse and emphatic. He has no sympathy with religious etiquette or formalities, and is Harrison in all that he says or does, regardless as to what effect it may have on his hearers. On this first night he dwelt largely on the results of his meetings elsewhere, and without boastingly talking of himself. He said that effect would follow cause, and that the preaching of an earnest, cheerful christianity would always prove effective and successful. He does not pretend to be an orator, and

while having an abundant flow of words, his sentences are epigrammatic and forcible and very rapid. His hearers all the time sit, as if spell-bound, listening to his pointed illustrations and touching incidents of conversions and those dying without hope. He is very sarcastic on graveyard and vinegar Christians, whose religion, he says, is dyspeptic, and makes men and women look as if they had the headache, or some other ailment of the body, to turn their countenances all awry. "Your religion should be a joyful one; all peace and smiles, and all love, and the very consummation of all cheerfulness." On the first evening, as already stated, he gave an account of his meetings heretofore, and their success, and especially the day previous (Sunday), at St. Paul's Church, in Cincinnati. After the meeting was dismissed, Mr. Harrison practiced his songs with the choir.

The second evening (Tuesday) was characterized by a terrific snow storm and a blowing cold of great severity, and the attendance was about the same as on the previous evening, except there were persons present from other churches. "Harrison's own" methods of conducting the service were similar to the night preceding. He was never in the same attitude for one minute, and it was evidently to be seen that he could not keep still; it wasn't in him. There was no style about him, and his thrusts at the cold, lukewarm Christians were intended to cut deep, and had the desired effect. His topic was "Faith in God," in all its simplicity and earnestness. On this night he made the famous prophecies, every one of which has proved

true. He said: "*I predict that before this meeting closes there will be one thousand and upward conversions, and they will come from all ranks of society; that this church, on no night, will hold the people thronging here; that all the churches in the city will be compelled to throw open their doors for revival work, and all parts of the city will be rocked with the divine power, and the State and Nation will be aroused on the matter of religion!*" He further added: "This altar will be crowded with anxious penitents nightly. Your vinegar Christians, who are going through a chain of graveyards to reach Heaven, are to face about and get out of the ruts and gulleys, and take the high road, full of love and peace, and enjoy a happiness that produces smiles and inimitable joy and grace. In all households and factories, offices and stores all business places and on the streets, in the cars and everywhere, the revival and God's work will be the topic and theme of discourse."

A book containing eighty-seven Harrison songs and praise hymns, for revivals, in cheap form, was placed on sale at ten cents each. These are mostly new, while the language employed is very effective, and the music set to each impressively adapted.

On Wednesday evening there was a depth of three inches of snow on the ground, and the weather very cold, and yet the main body of the church was comfortably filled, there being a marked increase in the attendance. The rally of the ministry and members of other churches to co-operate with and aid Mr. Harrison to their utmost, had given the work an impetus.

very flattering for immense results. An interesting song service of three-quarters of an hour preceded the regular exercises. The theme of the exhortation was "Consecration and Trusting in God." He said: "I will not, at any of the meetings, preach a regular sermon, but make short talks, as God may inspire me."

A number of interesting incidents, as to blessings given to cold-hearted, lethargic Christians, and conversions of sinners under the preacher's personal knowledge, interlarded the exhortation. "A great revival is to take place in this city, and the church will have good and abundant reason to exult and rejoice. A victory never before known in the West, will be yours, through this revival; and I want to say to-night, March 30th, I am in a hurry for it to come. Let us all be partners in this great work, and share each other's burden and responsibility. We are to engage in a great conflict and battle, and we are going to have, in less than three months, the grandest victory this side of Heaven. But, to have this, there must be a united, earnest and oneness in effort." He then made a short talk to the unconverted, urging them to place their interests in the hands of a willing Savior; and, in response to "All who would consecrate themselves unreservedly to God, and those who desire the saving grace," several scores of hands went up, all over the house. The benediction closed the meeting.

On Thursday evening the sky was clear, but, on account of the melting snow, the streets were sloppy; yet the attendance was larger than on the three nights

previous, and the galleries were necessary to accommodate the crowd. The singing of

“What means this eager, anxious throng?”

opened the regular service, and the evangelist offered a few thoughts on John’s preaching in the wilderness, and the character of his discourses. “He did not go into the temple, or any consecrated sanctuary, but went into the wilderness, and there preached, ‘Repent—Repent!’ That was John’s key-note, and will be the subject of these meetings, from first to last. What brought this large audience here to night? You did not come here to be pleased, or to satisfy your curiosity, but you are here to find saving grace. Is that not the fact? My mission among you is not exclusively in the interest of the Methodist church. My service is wholly to have souls saved, and bring sinners to Christ. Then, you who want to join the Baptist church, go there; or, if any one has a desire to join the Presbyterian church, follow that inclination; and may God abide with you. So, as to all other churches. All we ask, is that you flee from the wrath to come, and be a child of God; and then place your membership wherever you prefer. Let the thought of the church membership dwell upon consecration and the indwelling of the Holy Ghost, and you will find that to be a great factor in this great work. We want the membership of all the churches to have a part in this baptism of fire, as I term it; and let me impress on the minds of all church members who are unconverted, and want to have their sins rolled away—let them come to the foot of the Cross and trust God’s promises, and you *will*

have the victory.” These last thoughts were interspersed with incidents of awakening and conversion, suitably adapted, in illustrating the argument of the evangelist. An expression as to those who desired to enter into this covenant, was answered by forty-six holding up their hands, and the meeting ended.

On Friday the weather again turned cold, and freezing hard, with the thermometer twenty degrees above zero, and in the evening snowing heavily. At the 3 o'clock meeting the evangelist indulged in very plain talk to the professing Christians. “If you want to enter upon this work of saving souls, and insure success, you must enter into a complete consecration; for no namby-pamby religion will for one moment be accepted by God; and you must immediately arrive at a definite conclusion as to what is to be done. It will not do to lag behind, or permit this effort to drag and trail in the dust. You must be active, and vigilant, and earnest, and be full of grace to work with all thy mind, soul and strength, and whatever thy hands find to do, do it with all thy might. We have arrived at that point where there must be a united, covenanting preparation and determination to go into the conflict and win. As you decide, so shall it be. You, who will this day covenant to go with Dr. Vernon and myself into this battle, and by God’s grace secure the victory, rise to your feet.” And thirty-four rose and declared their readiness to make the consecration. It was apparent that there was an unusual manifestation of God’s power.

The song service was unusually inspirational, and at

a quarter to 8 o'clock the house was filled in every part. In reading the opening hymn, "There'll be joy by and by," the preacher said: "You may have this joy if you will, for I have known many to receive this blessing just as they left their pew, or just as they reached the altar. To decide this matter, solely rests with you. God is ready when you are ready; but you must feel your need, and then exercise an earnest faith, and Christ is yours. There are *professors* of religion who hope and imagine that they have got religion, but who are going down to despair—the eternal death. Save them, my Father! Save them, my Christ! My tears, my Bible, nor my knee work did not procure me this light. The vulture has the brightest eye of any bird in the universe, and yet that bird could not see what I needed; for my salvation depended upon true faith; and that was the faith of peace which led me into the fold of Christ. Of this variety of people here to-night, how many have compelled Christ to leave them by saying, 'Go thy way for this time!' Depend upon it, God will leave you, and will not return until you send for him. There are hundreds here without Christ, who is ready and waiting to accept them. Will you seek him? God will help you. I come to you in love and affection, and ask you to be saved. In the fourth verse of the fifth of Isaiah, God says: 'What could have been done more to my vineyard that I have not done in it?' I will ask you to read the first eight verses of that chapter. God calls on you, and how dare you refuse. He says to you, unconverted church member and sinner, 'I

gave my Son and my Holy Spirit for you. I have sent the preacher, and the evangelist, and the church, and these have lovingly entreated you, all the days of your life, to be reconciled to God. What return have you made? God lets down His rope of redeeming love and asks you to take hold. Do you refuse? That rope is still dangling, and within your reach. Will you continue to go around it and push it aside? 'What more could I do than I have done?' To all who want a fullness of God's love—professor or sinner—we ask you to come forward while singing, 'Let not conscience make you linger.' The front of the pulpit and altar was thronged by nearly two hundred, including many sinners. One young man, No. 1 on the record, soon received the sunlight of pardon, and declared that he had experienced God's loving blessing. Many of the membership were gloriously revived, and the meeting closed with the benediction. Saturday night a praise meeting was held, and was effective.

Sunday, April 3d, was a cold, raw and unpleasant day, and yet a goodly number were in attendance at the 9 o'clock general class-meeting. Eighty-three persons gave testimony, and these were from the very aged to the child of ten years. They gave evidence of the saving power of God's grace, and had faith that the church was on the threshold of a powerful revival. Amens and hallelujahs went up from various parts of the house, and, as Presiding Elder Pye observed, "the pentecostal power of the Spirit is present here this morning in unmistakable power." Old men shouted, old women clapped their hands, and the young people

cried for joy ; and indeed it did appear that the audience-room was crowded full of God's glory. Requests were made for prayers for unconverted parents, brothers, sisters, friends and travelers. The meeting was closed by Rev. Mr. Harrison saying, "There are those who say I am always speaking of myself. Why, bless your hearts, I must speak of myself in connection with the meetings of the past ; and yet it is not me. I am nothing, and the Lord keeps me down. I do not wish to exalt myself ; no, never ! But the success obtained wherever I go is because of the sustaining power of God. Long ago I committed all my trust to God, and that is where I stand to-day. We must take the citadel by a lively faith, and it would be utter folly to depend on singing and experiences only. I can not take every person by the hand and invite them to Christ. I must have partners who will go with me, and share the labor, and the duty, and the victory of leading the unconverted to the altar. May God help you to do your part !"

At 10:30 o'clock Dr. Vernon, the pastor, preached one of his ablest discourses, from Acts xvi : 30, "What must I do to be saved?" The sermon was full of rich thought as to the method employed in obtaining salvation from sin, and what the unconverted must do to possess the pearl of great price. From first to last the discourse was one of Dr. Vernon's happiest efforts.

The evangelist followed in an exhortation. He had "never known a revival of religion without excitement, and that, too, in churches of all denominations. Wesley and others never would have succeeded except

through these seasons of awakening or excitement and God's power. Why, bless you, there are tornadoes of nature; then why not have tornadoes of grace? I have no sympathy whatever with cold, chilly, back-sliding ministers, who do not enter into this sinner-saving work with all their hearts; for all such men love formality; they attend all the festivities of life, and sympathize with the world and its fashion and folly. Such ministers like riches and the gain of this world and the praises of men. The true Christian loves the rich and poor alike; who, by word, conversation, and their walks of life, talk to their moral natures and to deathless souls of the one thing needful. Everybody must have gospel repentance, and that answers fully the text and grand sermon of Dr. Vernon; *for unless you repent you will be lost!*" On invitation, scores of hands went up for saving grace.

At the afternoon meeting the church was crowded to its utmost capacity, and continued singing of Harrison's songs and a short talk by the evangelist made up the service. The preacher said: "I believe that that there are present very many who are saying to themselves, 'If an invitation is given, I shall seek for this salvation.' Well, come here to-night. This is not Dr. Vernon's work, nor my work, but it is the work of God. Let every Christian believer take hold of God, in unison, and, depend upon it, that priceless victory is sure to follow. There are thousands of souls in this city yearning to be saved, and every Christian has a duty to discharge in this regard. There are some who want encouragement, by a simple look of love ;

others, the gentle but affectionate shake of the hand; and many who are waiting to be pleaded with, and asked to come to Jesus. All can do these; and it is your Christian duty, in the sight of God, to clear your skirts of their blood, and, if you fail to perform that duty, God will hold you responsible at the day of judgment. Can you afford, in this day of God's willing power, to peril your acceptance at the bar of God because you failed to do his will in this matter? May my God, who is merciful and kind, help you to be valiant and strong in his vineyard, for his Son's sake." To the request, "Who are wanting this salvation—members of the church or not"—hundreds of hands were raised,

Long before the regular hour for the night service, the church was packed in every part, and hundreds were compelled to return to their homes. The main audience room never had so many inside its walls before. After introductory songs and expressions, Mr. Harrison said: "This crowded house is convincing proof that the interest is wonderfully increasing. The community is aroused, and everywhere, all over this city, this revival is being discussed, and hundreds, by and by, will find Christ, to their soul's eternal good. The Bible tells us of the throng that surrounded Jesus when the woman pushed her way through and touched the hem of his garment, and she was cured. If you decide to touch Jesus, and be healed, you can not be kept from coming to this altar, just as you are. Are you praying? God help you, you may all be praying, but possibly it is that kind of a prayer which, if you

continue, will sink you into perdition ; we ask you to change that kind of a prayer, and I am going to give you one word as a text—‘Eternity’—and my sermon will be five words—‘Where will you spend it?’” The exhortation was deeply thrilling, and all through its delivery the audience was spell-bound. “It was a question demanding serious consideration, and the answer will be recorded on the judgment record, to pass you into an eternity for life or for death. Are you praying God to excuse you? He can not. As thou decidest, so shall it be. Be careful how you are speaking to God on this matter, and may God help you in this the hour of your peril.” There was audible weeping throughout the audience ; and when the invitation was given, forty-one pressed their way to the altar, and ten experienced the pardon of their sins. Such another season of awakening was never before experienced, and only at the judgment will be known the great good accomplished by the several services, one and all, held in Roberts Park Church, on Sunday, April 3d, 1881.

CHAPTER V.

The second week was auspiciously inaugurated by a crowded house on Monday night. The preacher dwelt upon the matter of salvation that saves from eternal death ; and while God was willing to save the sinner, he required that certain conditions be met, and a will-

ingness on the part of the unsaved to accept Christ. "You acknowledge your lost condition, and express a desire to be saved; but have you come up to these meetings determined to be saved? You ask me, 'Have you not seen a great many converted and receive pardon?' I reply, yes, I have; not less than sixteen thousand. You then ask, 'Can you give me an idea when I may be saved?' Yes; the very instant you accept the promise—for the promise is, 'You shall seek me and find me when you search for me with all your hearts.' As your future destiny possibly hinges on the decision now made, who in this large congregation will accept this promise?" A large number held up their hands for prayer, and soon the altar and front benches were crowded with penitents, and twenty-two conversions were announced.

The next day, (April 6th), at 3 o'clock, a meeting of great power was held, song-singing, prayers and experiences filling up the hour. Those testifying proclaimed their full faith in the divine power, and that a revival never heard of before was imminent, and that sinners would be saved by the hundreds. At the request of the evangelist, all covenanted on their knees to assist by their prayers, personal effort and their means, to not only carry on this precious work, but do anything that God required of them. The large congregation dispersed very largely blessed with the baptism of the Holy Ghost.

At 7 o'clock about one hundred young people met the "boy" preacher, and a solemn, impressive communion gladdened all hearts. When the time arrived

for the regular service, the main audience-room was crowded in every part, and hundreds failed to gain admission. The evangelist took advantage of this fact by asking, "What means this great crowd—this throng of people? Let me answer for them: 'We are interested in this gateway to Heaven, and we are strongly tempted to enter in at this gate and be saved.' Yes, indeed, there are hundreds here who want this joy and have not got it, and for your sake we will sing

'There'll be joy by and by.'

How is it with you to-night? Are you praying a great deal? Ah! my dear sinner, this revival is life unto life or death unto death. It is not my work to preach sermons, and if you expect them you will be disappointed, for my mission is to counsel you to act upon what you have got. All in this house know that you ought to be saved. I present your claim on the atonement, and it rests with you to say I will or will not accept. What does the Bible say? 'Acquaint now thyself with God and be at peace.' You must not seek God to be happy, but seek God that you may be saved, and then you will be happy, and happiness will be your boon on earth and certainty through all eternity. I do not design to talk much at any of these meetings. Our chief employment will be altar work, for our great desire is to persuade and aid sinners to acquaint themselves with God, and be at peace with God, and forever after possess the Christian character."

The invitation to come to Jesus thronged the altar with penitents from all parts of the house, and in a very short time twenty-four professed conversion, one

of the number being a prominent Episcopal lady, who testified openly, "I never knew before what it was to have a change of heart."

The tenth day of the meeting the fame of the revivalist had gone into every household; into stores, factories, and into all parts of the city. Harrison and the revival was the all-absorbing theme, and no two could agree as to "what is this something" that is rocking Indianapolis on the great question of salvation. The ministry of the city were in attendance nightly, and by their prayers and talks with penitents rendered invaluable assistance in the great work.

On the afternoon of April 7th an increased attendance, and another reconsecration gave those present a royal feast of good things fresh from God's bounty. In the evening the young converts had a rich repast, and were refreshed and strengthened by a wave of the Divine love. Another thronged congregation was assembled in the upper room, and many hundreds failed to get inside. The evangelist said, "I never knew a lazy person to be converted. I have reference to those who are lazy in spirit, and will not seek the Lord with all their hearts, and the Bible says you must seek the Lord while he may be found; call upon him while he is near, and seek him and be saved. If you really want this you must be in earnest about your soul's salvation. As I stand before you this night I want to impress upon you that all I want, as God shall be my judge, is your conversion. Therefore I beseech you, in the name of your destiny, be in earnest. Your soul is at stake, and unless you are guarded the devil

will deceive you and you will be lost. You are out on the sea struggling for life, and now, this moment, Jesus is before the Father, pleading that you may be taken into the life-boat of God's mercy, and be housed on the other shore. But you must first have the desire, then feel your need, and by faith lay hold of the promises. I charge you, in full view of the judgment and eternity, 'Seek the Lord while he may be found; call upon him while he is near.' Incidents of a touching character were grouped in with the above exhortation, and had an impressive effect on all present. The congregation was requested to rise. "Now," said the evangelist, "you who know that you are saved will please take your seats and bow your heads in prayer, and let none take their seats who are not saved. Remember that you who take your seats are saying to God, who knoweth your hearts, and this audience, 'I am saved!' Oh, what a conclusion for you to make. If you are unsaved and sit down, you are telling a lie, and God will take a note of your falsehood. I would not do that under any circumstance. Now, you know, and please act accordingly;" and about one-half took their seats; but a few sprang to their feet again as if to say, "I will not take that responsibility." The preacher continued, "More than one-half of this great audience are standing, and thus declaring 'I am not saved.'" Now, how many would like God's saving power in their hearts, and would like that God's people would pray for them? As many as are so inclined please hold up your hands," and hundreds of hands went up all over the house; and when the invitation to

the altar was given thirty-four responded, and twenty-two were converted. The presence of God in great power was felt at this meeting, and all conceded that it portended a mighty wave soon to sweep over the community.

The next day, April 7th, at the 3 o'clock meeting, the greatest pentecostal feast of any of the series took place. The lecture room, with its crowd of worshippers, was filled with the glory of the Lord. Many a shout of triumph went heavenward to the Giver of all Good.

At the 7 o'clock assembly of young people, Mr. Harrison urged complete consecration to God by the young converts, and in a forcible manner pressed upon all the necessity of an entire yielding to the Divine will. He entreated them to go to their unsaved friends, and by prayer, by tears, and by the word of God, persuade them to come into the kingdom. Before the hour for the regular services there was not standing space in the main audience room. After the introductory services of song and prayer, the "boy preacher" said: "The Bible says, 'If I had not spoken there would not have been sin.' " The theme of the exhortation was "the wrapping of the cloak of morality around one's self, and then chopping off the branches of vice and wrong-doing, instead of striking at the root, and destroying the entire sinful nature. If you are guilty of one sin, you are guilty of all, and, unless you are completely saved, you will never enter the kingdom of Heaven. The cloak of reformation will not shield you from the storm; uprightness is not salvation, and

the cloak of resolution to be right, and the cloak of morality to be good, will not do, and all will be blown away by the whisper of God's wind. Are you willing, dying sinner, to take the chances, that when you come to die, you shall say: 'I have nothing to hold to, and will sink into perdition.' God grant that your decision may be, 'I will take Christ and his salvation, and put my trust alone in his atoning blood.'" The invitation was given, and the altar was crowded, and ten professed conversion. One of these was a prominent Catholic lady, who under great sorrow came and knelt at the altar. The light soon broke in upon her heart, and she rose, praising the Lord. When asked, "What brought you here?" she replied very sweetly, "Oh, Brother Harrison, I needed peace, and I was determined to have it; and, I thank my Heavenly Father, I have got it." On a subsequent night, her sister and father were converted at the altar, and all three are rejoicing daily.—

"I am so wondrously saved from sin,
Jesus so sweetly abides within,
There at the Cross, where he took me in.
Glory to his name!"

The 3 o'clock meeting, on April 8th, was a repetition of the preceding afternoon meetings, only more interesting, on account of the richness of the testimonies and the unusual manifestation of God's power. Those of the young converts were specially exhilarating, that they were peacefully and trustingly dwelling in the clear and unmistakable light of the sun of righteousness.

The evening was stormy and very inclement, and yet the church was well filled, a large number being strangers from other towns in the State. The meeting, from the first, was one of great power, and all were impressed that God was dwelling in his holy temple. Mr. Harrison went right at his work, and said: "‘Be not filled with wine, but with the spirit.’ Let the prayer of intense earnestness ascend to God, the giver of all good and the purest of all love. There have been conversions every night, and the question, ‘how are you taking this goodness of God,’ demands an answer. Are you accepting this display of power as a matter of course, as men ordinarily pass over God’s mercies and providences? Are you forgetting your closet prayer and morning and evening devotions? If so, you will soon relax your hold on God, and God will loose his hold on you. What then? Oh, I entreat every Christian, of all denominations, to pray to God, often and earnestly, for an abiding love, and be assured there is nothing this side of eternity more powerful with God than sincere prayer. It will lead a sinner to Christ, and give us the baptism of the Holy Ghost. I am pleased with meetings of a varied character—one time all bathed in tears, another time as quiet and peaceful as an old-fashioned Quaker meeting, and then have a meeting full of enthusiasm and fire—but in all, and through it all, let every meeting be earnest and determined, Oh, I thank God, ‘we have an advocate with the Father,’ and I am here to declare that if there are Christians who are beclouded, and can not see your way clear in the sunlight of His

righteousness, this advocate is before the Father for you; and if you, sinner, want this life, and to be relieved of your burdens and sorrow, you have an advocate with the Father. Lawyers are continually losing their cases, and physicians are losing their patients, but Jesus never one, and it was never known of any poor soul who truly repented, that Jesus did not take such soul in his arms, and no one ever died in despair who gave God his soul. Blessed be God, when we trust him, he will carry us through. When I was a boy, I put my guilty soul in Christ's advocacy, and I asked Jesus to intercede and plead with the Father for my forgiveness, and, glory to God, he carried me through. Will you, this night, put your case in this great physician's hands? Do it, and I assure you he will give you an effectual cure, and save you through all eternity. I beseech you, affectionately, by the mercies of God, to make the resolve now to place your cause in the hands of this great physician of souls. 'We have an advocate with the Father.' A few weeks ago, a message was sent across the ocean to a loving mother, living among the hills of Scotland: 'Your son Charlie has repented, and been saved through the blood of the lamb.' The happy mother, having the true ring, sent back the response, 'Praise the Lord,' thus giving God all the glory. Oh, that this night a message may go forth over the hills of time, 'Saved, saved, saved,' and angels will take up the refrain and send back the answer, 'Praise the Lord,' and 'Glory to God in the highest.' You have to die—you know that; you have got to descend into the grave—you know that; and

you must go into judgment—and you know that ; and all these you dread. ‘You have an advocate with the Father,’ and you may be saved. Will you consent, and believe this promise, or will you dare to turn Him aside, and reject his offers of mercy? Now yield to his call ; this is the accepted time ; now is the day of salvation. We will do our duty, and give you an opportunity.”

The invitation being given, forty-three came to the altar ; one lady from Peru, who came hither to find relief from her burden of sin. She obtained the pardon and returned home on the late train, giving praise to God. Twenty-three were ushered into the sunlight, one hundred having been reached, and thirteen added, and the pastors and people all full of the holy unction from on high, it did seem that the entire church was in a blaze of glory, and this night was pronounced as the most glorious and powerful of the revival. A party of young people came over from Terre Haute to attend this meeting, and returned on the 11 o'clock train, full of the revival spirit. A number of farmers came into the city in their wagons from distances ranging from three to ten miles to attend the revival, and, as far as we could learn, they went home rejoicing at the return to the religion of the fathers. One man, a well-known citizen, was so powerfully blessed that he rushed from the altar and church without his hat or cane, shouting “Glory to God !” on the streets, and hurrying to his home to tell the good tidings of a risen Savior in his heart.

No meeting was held on Saturday that a good rest might be had for the Sabbath.

On Sunday morning the class-meetings were largely attended, not only in Roberts Park, but in all the Methodist churches, evidencing a marked increase in spiritual power, which filled every heart, while the experiences were full of abounding faith in the work of the Lord. At 10:30 o'clock Dr. Vernion preached a sermon of great power, on the fifteenth verse of the 1st chapter of 1st Timothy: "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance—that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief."

The sermon was followed by a thrilling exhortation, from Rev. Mr. Harrison, on repentance: "Except ye repent and be converted, and your sins are entirely blotted out, you will be damned; but, if you will cry out to God mightily, He will forgive you. He has promised this, and He never goes back on His promises. It is not good for a wicked man to pray and hold on to his sin. God will not hear your prayer, and all your pretensions and praying to be heard of men, is an abomination in the sight of God. If one little thing stands between you and God, there must be a letting go, and then God will most surely speak peace to your soul, and give you the blessing." He illustrated this point by a touching incident of a lady, who, for twenty-nine nights, had been to the altar and failed to receive the blessing, because she was angry and stiff-necked toward a lady neighbor. "She came to the conclusion that she must go and ask the lady's forgiveness, and said: 'Dear Lord, I will do that, or

anything else,' and immediately shouted 'Glory to God.' That entire giving up was necessary for her salvation. The Bible tells us to keep the commandments, and in the keeping of them there is great reward." This service closed with a prayer of great power by the evangelist, causing scores in the audience to be melted to tears, and audible sobs were heard in various parts of the congregation.

At 3:30 P. M. the main audience room was crowded to its utmost capacity, the standing room being all occupied. One of the daily papers, of April 11th, contained the following as to the services:

"Whatever may be the sentiment of the church-going and the general public in regard to the work of Mr. Harrison, the revivalist—and it ranges all the way between contemptuous ridicule and enthusiastic approval—there is no doubt as to its having created more of a sensation, and elicited, in some circles, a heartier sympathy than any similar labors for many years in this city. The attendance at the meetings the past week has only been limited by the capacity of Roberts Park Church, and it was evident from the crowds turned away yesterday from the doors of the church, that a building three times as large could readily have been crowded. Yesterday afternoon's service was the most interesting of the day, and, in some respects, the most interesting of the series. Its principal object was the formal reception into Christian fellowship of a number of the converts of the preceding week, and, at the invitation of Mr. Harrison, about forty presented themselves, and received the right hand of fellowship,

in recognition of their professed desire to associate with one or other churches of the city. As the best means of indicating the methods of the revivalist, and the nature of the proceedings, a complete report of his remarks is appended. Upon entering the pulpit, Mr. Harrison commenced the service as follows :

“The fortieth—sing the fortieth. Everybody sing ! Most precious hymn ! Let every one pray as they sing this precious, this soul-experience hymn :

“ ‘Down at the cross where the Savior died,
Down where for cleansing from sin I cried,
There to my heart was the blood applied,
Glory, glory, glory to his name.’ ”

“Now, everybody sing. This tune is as easy as Heaven. Everybody try to get it. Now, everybody sing. The thirty-fifth for the opening hymn :

“ ‘Come, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known ;
Join in a song, with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.’ ”

“Can we sing this from our hearts? Are we loving the Lord? We may all sing it. It is a joyful hymn about Heaven. I hate death. I dread the grave. I love to sing about Heaven. I don’t like to sing about death. Now, everybody. [After the hymn had been concluded.] Will Brother Brimmeman lead in prayer, and we all will join. [After the prayer had been offered.] I have received letters from many persons who know they are in the dark and are weary. I got two letters to that effect this morning. There may be some such

here this afternoon. This may be the gracious opportunity when God shall bring you to the light and cheer your hearts. One hundred and thirteen have been converted here. Can't you be converted? If one hundred and thirteen have found God's joy within the last six nights can't you? What a wonderful week this has been. But what we have seen is nothing. There is going to be an emancipation to-night; perhaps this afternoon.

“ ‘Though the night be dark and dreary,
Though the way be long and weary,
Morn shall bring the light and cheer;
Child, look up, the dawn is near.
There'll be joy bye and bye,
There'll be joy bye and bye,
In the dawning of the morning
There'll be joy bye and bye.’ ”

“ ‘Though mine eyes are sad with weeping.’ Been a great deal of weeping the last two weeks. I have been at revivals ever since I was a boy. I have never seen a deeper conviction than the last week. Conviction that brings tears; brings a crown; brings glory. That's the kind that has been here. ‘Though your eyes are sad with weeping.’ To-night there will be scores seeking God. ‘God shall wipe your tears away, and turn your weeping into joy.’ ‘Blessed day when God gives joy.’ This church is getting happy. Other churches are sharing in our joy. Parents are glad because their children are praying. Neighbors are being brought in, and the strangers that are within your gates. Nothing goes more to give joy to a church than receiving conversions. Every real Christian is glad

because souls are coming to Jesus. If anybody is not glad it is because their souls are so cold that no fire can thaw them into Christian life. Every Christian loves to see conversions. We have had a hundred and thirteen—twenty-five last Friday. [A voice: ‘Bless God!’] Yes, we may well bless Him. We are going to get beyond the Maryland revival. So we have got a great deal of joy. But there is much more coming. We have had the drops, but the clouds are beginning to lower, and there is going to be a deluge. We want a thousand conversions. Won’t we have a good time then? Now let us all pray.

“Oh, Lord, we thank Thee for having commenced Thy work. We have made up our minds to-day, those of us that are Christians, to be better Christians—those of us that love Thee, that we are going to love Thee more—those of us that have been serving Thee, to serve Thee better. We felt the awakening and convicting power in this church this morning, when Thy servant was preaching and the people were listening, as for death and the judgment, and Thy servant was holding up Christ as the only refuge, and the cross as the only place where they can get shelter. A great many of us feel we have Thee. We are here happy, and have peace and joy and comfort. And we feel that this place is being filled with Thy glory. Thy power has been manifested. There are many here in whom friends are deeply interested. There are, in this assembly here, youths who are praying for their parents. Oh, Lord, bring them in. Here are young men who are blessed with praying parents, as I was blessed. Bring them in. Here are husbands praying for their wives. Bring them in. Here are friends that live in the same street with us, and we associate with them in the pleasures and traffic of life. We associate with them, and they tell us they are not converted. Bring them in. Oh, God, they are coming by scores—they have been already. But they are to come by hundreds. We thank Thee that we have had the breezes, but we feel that we are yet to have a cyclone. We thank Thee for the sparks that have come upon us in the work, from Thine own fire.

indicating that we are going to have a conflagration. We come to Thee just as Thou hast told us to do, for Thou wouldst be inquired of to do it for them. We would not be right if we were not thankful for the hundred souls. What joy there is in Heaven! What rapture on earth! Mothers have joy in their hearts, because they have seen the daughter that had never prayed bow the head when the father asked the blessing over the table. Parents have been made glad, as we heard last Wednesday, when that young man went home and told his father, 'I have got religion.' Families have been made glad, as when that husband went home last week, and said to his wife: 'We have not been living right. Let us have a family altar. Get the children, and let's pray.' Where shall we begin to praise Thee for what Thou hast already been doing? But, Lord, give us more—more, until a thousand houses shall be made the homes of prayer, until a thousand hearts shall let down the bars of their souls and let the loving Christ come in. They have room for the world, but no room for Jesus. Room for the poor friendships of earth, no room for the Friend of friends? Oh, Jesus, Jesus, Jesus, come. And may everyone say, 'There shall be room; I am going to make room.' Amen."

After making sundry announcements as to the services of the day and week, Mr. Harrison continued: "I now ask probationers to come forward and join the church. There are some that can not be here to-day; they have written and told me so. Some have given their names to other churches. They have parents or friends in the Presbyterian or Baptist churches; that is all right. Some who are here may wish to join Brother Talbot's church, or Fletcher Place, or Grace Church. If they do, all right. Only, if you have been converted, come forward and let me pray with you, and let Dr. Vernon give you the right hand of fellowship. Then he will give you a certificate to any church you want to join, and you won't have to go through any other form. (Twenty-six came forward to the

communion-rail.) They are coming in great numbers. Bless God! This is a goodly number for the first Sabbath of joining, and a great many more are considering what they will do. This movement will be one of the most momentous of your existence. You give your hand to the church militant until you are transferred to the church triumphant. The more solemn we can make such a moment the better. I have sung this third hymn over more than ten thousand probationers. Some of that multitude have crossed the flood, and as they did so they gave evidence they were going to glory. Here are young men, and their fathers will follow. Here is a mother; her children will follow. Husbands are here, and their wives are coming. Sabbath-school scholars are here, and their classes will come. A young man at Washington, who had been away from home during our meetings, when he returned came to me and said: 'Every one of my class has been converted; all my friends have been converted, and I want to be saved.' Here is a boy; here is a father; here is a young man; here is a young woman; they are all coming. Young men all over the house are watching these probationers, and they are saying, 'I must join, too.' Why can not every one receive a blessing here to-day? I hope the congregation will help in prayer. I want each of these probationers to pray, 'Lift us higher.' By and by we will come where it is high enough, when we get to Heaven. I promise God, I promise angels, I promise Dr. Vernon, I promise the vast congregation here, I promise all these probationers, that from this hour I will try to be faithful to

Christ. I want to work for Him every moment; and if I forget my promise, let my hand forget its cunning and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth. I make this promise as I expect to die and go to judgment. I make this promise as I expect to stand with this congregation at the judgment-seat. I will try to be faithful to Christ. And all around this altar—all of you probationers who want help, who want joy, who want peace, and who will make this promise with me, that you will be faithful unto death, lift your right hand. Every one! Now get down on your knees, and sing, and all the congregation sing, this third hymn:

“Come let us use the grace divine,
And all, with one accord,
In a perpetual covenant join
Ourselves to Christ the Lord.

“Give up yourselves, through Jesus’ power,
His name to glorify;
And promise in this sacred hour
For God to live and die.

“The covenant we this moment take
Be ever kept in mind;
We will no more our God forsake,
Or cast his words behind.

“To each the covenant blood apply,
Which takes our sins away;
And register our names on high,
And keep us to that day.’”

After the singing of this hymn Mr. Harrison offered another prayer for the probationers, and then each one was taken by the hand by Dr. Vernon in token of being acknowledged as members of the church, the

congregation, meanwhile, singing with great enthusiasm the hymn entitled "Beulah Land." With some brief concluding remarks by Mr. Harrison, the meeting was closed.

Never in the history of Indianapolis was there such a scene witnessed as this covenant consecration. Old men broke down and wept like children; old women shouted "Glory to God!" and the youth and middle-aged bowed their heads like reeds under the awful presence of the Almighty. The memory of this great event will linger as long as life lasts, and will be called up in eternity as one of the bright and precious links between earth and heaven.

Long before the time for opening the doors of the church for the evening services, the streets and avenues leading to Roberts Park were thronged with the people, and hundreds failed to get inside, and were compelled to return to their homes, or go elsewhere. After the introductory services, the evangelist said: "There is a tremendous crowd within these walls, and we ask you to be as quiet as possible and give to what may be said your serious and undivided attention. I propose to talk to your deathless-bound souls as for eternity, so that, at the judgment, your blood shall not be on my skirts, and you shall not say, 'Brother Harrison, you failed to do your whole duty.' Crowds do not prevent any person from reaching out and touching Jesus. If you want to come to the altar, and are in earnest for salvation, and can not get here, fall on your knees where you are and no power on earth can prevent your taking hold of Christ." The

preacher then read selections from the Bible: "Son of man, I have set thee a watchman in the house of Israel," etc., closing with, "Escape for thy life," found in the seventeenth verse, nineteenth chapter of Genesis. "There are worldly ministers in Indianapolis, and you know who they are, who never sound the gospel trumpet of repentance, and never stand on the walls and give one single note of warning. You will always find them maneuvering and manipulating for popularity. I am not on that line; and if you have come here to hear a sensational discourse or a sermon to please your ear, you will be disappointed, for I intend, God helping me, to give you the warning, and cry aloud, 'Repent!' Otherwise I will be condemned. 'Escape for thy life!' There are two things to every soul: First, your past guilt; and secondly, your fear of death and the judgment. In every house there is a winding-sheet, a corpse and a coffin, and you can not escape that. God has sent forth the mandate, and there is no remedy. The messenger of death is coming into every house at the midnight hour. Is the blood of Jesus Christ sprinkled on the lintels of your homes? In olden times, sheep were slaughtered to get the blood to sprinkle on the lintels and door-posts as security against the assaults of the death angel. Those who believed God, and sprinkled the blood as directed, went to sleep in full confidence that God would be as good as His word. On the other hand, men boasted that they were not afraid, and laughed; but at twelve o'clock the rapping at the doors was heard, and the clatter of the white horse with the pale rider was on.

the streets, and through bars and locks and into the houses he went, and God's sentence was executed. So it is to-day with you in Indianapolis. Over yonder hills, and in sight to many, and not far away to others, is the death rider. He is most surely coming, and when he enters your house you will cry, 'Go back, go back! I am not ready to die! Go back! Please give me one more chance!' Aha! it's too late! The sentence must be executed; you must die, and you shall appear at the judgment. Are you ready to meet that death? 'Escape for thy life!' Run to the refuge of God's grace and mercy, and be housed and saved. I remember being in a hotel on fire, and the cry went up and down the streets, and the alarm re-echoed back to the inmates of that burning building, 'Escape for your life!' Did I stop, in my perilous situation, and pray? No, indeed—never; but I *did* pray as I ran, for I was escaping for my life. You are in peril. Make good your escape. Pray as you run; get saved, and then you will challenge death, the grave and the judgment. Come then, take the step, and crowd this altar."

In response, seventy-four filled the altar and front seats, and twenty-eight were ushered into the ark of refuge and God's dear love. There was a wonderful display of God's astonishing power—never before experienced in Indianapolis.

CHAPTER VI.

The third week of the revival work opened full of promise, the especial feature being the spiritual advancement and condition of the membership, not confined to Roberts Park, but of the various denominations. Monday evening, April 11th, was wet and inclement, and yet the attendance was large. The pastors confessed an increased religious enthusiasm, and a determination to press the fight into the very citadel of Satan's domain. There prevailed the belief that great and wonderful things were to take place in the name of the Lord Jesus, and to the accomplishment of this end all were earnest and ready for the conflict that should result in a victory never before known in this country. Up to this date one hundred and forty had been won for Christ; the new recruits coming largely from the Sabbath-school, and almost entirely made up of young people, ranging from fourteen to twenty years of age. The awakening spirit was spreading everywhere, and in every house and business place and factory the great revival was engrossing the thought and causing widespread discussion. The afternoon meeting of this day, by its unusually large attendance and great interest, gave evidence unquestionable as to the hold of the Christians on God and his promises. The testimonies were full of richness and profit, and the congratulations were unanimous. "It was good for us to be here."

The audience at the night service were under the

wave of divine power, for during the opening prayer of the evangelist several were seen to rise from their seats, and falling upon their knees they cried for mercy, and were loth to re-take their seats when the prayer was ended. The preacher went directly at his work and said: "How many have settled this matter for time and eternity? All are interested in this great salvation. Souls are in danger, and ought to be saved, and there is no better time than now. One question I will propound to every church member, and every non-church member, and every sinner, and those who profess to have God's love in their hearts, and have not the slightest touch of religion, I want you, in view of your destiny and eternal welfare, to answer before God, as you will meet in the judgment—how is your soul to-night? This momentous query is filling the sanctuary, and crowding the atmosphere all around the earth as never before: 'Are you saved? Are you saved? Are you saved?' Now, in the presence of this stillness and solemnity, what is your answer? God is taking down your thoughts and your decision. Young man, are *you* saved? Young woman, are *you* saved? To the old and middle-aged, the question has a peculiar significance, 'Are *you* saved?' There are doubtless some here who reply, without weighing the cost, 'I guess I am.' Oh! I charge you in this solemn hour, as you are moving toward the grave and the judgment bar, will this guessing save your soul? It must be an absolute personal knowledge, and I pray you to rivet the question on your deathless souls, 'Am I saved or not.' That lady answers, 'I hope I am.' Oh! dear

me, as you are born to die, and are rapidly hastening to the grave, do you expect to cross the river and enter heaven on a hope? Then there is another in the gallery who says, 'I trust I am saved.' As you are in the hurried line to eternity, are you willing to continue on a trusting only? Is it not far better to *know*? I was once on a train, going as I supposed, from New York to Cincinnati. The conductor, taking my ticket, said: 'Where are you going?' I replied: 'Where that ticket says—to Cincinnati.' 'You are on the wrong train; you are going to New York?' 'Why, bless me, how is this?' Sure enough, there I was, hoping, trusting, and guessing I was on the right train, but I was all wrong. My difficulty was in not knowing for myself, and then such a mistake would not have occurred. So it is with you, dying sinner. You are on the wrong train. One car is lettered all over, 'Hope;' another, 'Trusting;' another, 'Guessing;' and you have switched off from the main track, and cut loose from the through train, and you will, as sure as the Bible is truth, land in perdition. '*Know for thyself!*' 'There is a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof is death.' Why, there are some men who imagine they are saved, *only to be damned*. You must know for yourself that you are safely housed on the good old ship Zion, lettered all over with 'Free salvation, free grace, and unlimited pardon,' and then you will reach the kingdom of Eden, 'the land of pure delight.' Oh! that you could be like the German who, when he is saved, it is through and through, lasting and continuously, and solid as a

rock. When Germans are saved they don't guess they have got religion; they don't hope they have got it; they know they have it, and they never let go. This revival tells you in language not to be misunderstood that your method of religion is all wrong, and, I may add, *you know that is wrong*, and to-night there is present that sweet power that is moving the people to do right. Will you share in this blessed privilege? What every sinner wants, and what the 'moral,' 'trusting,' 'guessing,' 'hoping' Christian wants is reality, reality, reality. God help you to obtain it before leaving this house."

In response to the call thirty-eight cried for pardoning grace at the altar, and fourteen professed conversion. One young lady, receiving the knowledge of saving grace, sprang to her feet exclaiming, "Glory to God! He has washed my sins away. I can not wait. I must go home and tell mother that Jesus has received me as his child," and away she hastened down the back stairs, all alone through the storm to the parental roof, singing as she ran, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

At the afternoon meeting of Tuesday, the lecture room was crowded for prayer and increased consecration and religious experience. It was a service of great power, as all claimed to receive additional inspiration from the Giver of all good. A number of those in attendance had come in their farm wagons a distance of many miles around. The young people's meeting was largely attended at 7 o'clock, and an unusually interesting service was had. Notwithstanding

a heavy shower was falling, the upper room was thronged in every part. The "boy" preacher said: "This journey to Christ and be saved, is the simplest thing in the world, and every one in the church may be converted if you will only let Him. Let go your sin and open the windows of your hearts, and give all to Jesus. You may say, 'I will go through tears, through struggles and through fasting.' That is all right as far as it goes, but it is not Jesus and is not salvation. This work of God's saving power may be instant if you will—that is, if you only yield to God your all; it will not take long to obtain full pardon and joy and peace and love. You are not happy, are you? You want peace, and you desire this joy, and want to enjoy this love. Now, all who feel this way inclined, hold up your hands," and all over the house the sign of hands went up by the hundred, while "Glory to God!" "Amen!" and "Hallelujah!" ascended heavenward in one mighty volume. Seventy-three came to the "mourner's bench," and twenty-five were converted. One of them, a young man, came to the altar from the gallery and shouted, "Oh, I am saved, but the only thing troubling me now is the salvation of my friends." Another, a young lady, said: "I came to this altar every night last week, and just now I gave up one little thing, and bless the Lord, I am saved." Others gave the clearest proof of their acceptance in Christ, so that all present pronounced this meeting as the greatest event of all the revival series, especially as so little was said by the preacher,

and such an unusual number of penitents were at the altar.

On Wednesday the 3 o'clock and 7 o'clock meetings were crowded with worshipers, and an exceedingly enjoyable feast was had. Reports were made from all parts of the city of the deep hold this awakening had obtained on the community. The army of the Lord of Hosts was enthused to a great degree, and was grandly stimulated for a renewal of the battle. The hour for the regular services found the main audience room occupied in every part, and many hundreds turned away, unable to get even a foothold. The churches of the city were largely represented by both pastors and the membership; and a very distinguishing feature of the work was that all the ministry and laymen labored with a hearty co-operation and zeal. The evangelist made reference to revival meetings in other places, where bankers and their clerks, and storekeepers, closed their stores and factories, and employers and employes went to church, commencing at 3 o'clock in the morning. "They were earnest in this great matter, and sought God and his love with determination, and scores were happily converted. If we have implicit faith in God, and do our whole duty we may have the same interest and the same results here; and if on any other line you expect God's help and blessing you will be disappointed. For weeks the believer and the sinner have been looking forward to this revival, when Zion will be strengthened, and hundreds will flock to the standard of Immanuel. Now this privilege is at your door, and you want to get out of

these meetings all you possibly can, for it may be your last opportunity this side of eternity. You have had instructions; you have had sermons without number, line upon line, precept upon precept, and the time has come to put into practical use what you have been taught. A great many are settling their destiny, and you can not afford to be left out, for now is your opportunity to seek the Lord and be saved. Ah, if you postpone and fail to improve this privilege, there is a time coming when you will be passing through the caverns of eternal darkness and dwelling in the realms of despair. You will then wish that you had heeded the admonitions of the Gospel and been saved. I warn you not to quench the desire brooding over your soul, nor grieve the spirit, for that spirit will not always strive with you, and you may be deserted by God and your house left unto you desolate. Oh, I plead with you *not* to neglect so great salvation. Have you ever thought, 'where will *I* live in eternity?' May God, in his infinite mercy, grant you pardon, that, in eternity, you may live as the one hundred and seventy-eight have determined thus far in this revival. You must give God your heart, all of it, if you would spend your eternity in Heaven. There is great earnestness of thought in this audience as to their spiritual welfare, and all who want the prayers of God's people hold up your hands." A general response followed, and upon invitation to come to the altar, the penitents hastened to improve the privilege, and fifty-six were asking God for mercy, and twenty-five professed conversion; one, a young lady, springing to her feet and exclaim-

ng, "I have found it! Glory to God!" Another, a young man, rose and said: "Thank God, I know where I will spend eternity. I have the light, my poor soul is redeemed," and in a moment a loving mother and a doting sister and a converted son and brother were in each other's arms, giving glory to God. The scene was deeply touching. An old man of fifty-eight years, who had lived all his life in sin, and, as he said, "violated every law of God," was sobbing and crying for mercy, and saying, "Oh, my God, take me as I am and give me a clean heart," and instantly a happier man this side of Heaven was never seen on earth. As he expressed it, "I hardly know what to do with myself—I am so very happy. Hallelujah!"

The Thursday afternoon meeting was more inspirational than any preceding, and the exercises were not only joyful, but grandly edifying. The young people's meeting at 7 p. m. was equally profitable. At the hour for the regular service the church was thronged, and hundreds turned away. The evangelist prefaced his prayer by saying, "To have religion, we go out of slavery into freedom, and two hundred and three have tasted this liberty, and hundreds of others are waiting and praying for the riches in Christ Jesus. For these let us pray:

"Oh God, our every cry is for the need of our mortal natures—Thee our only help, we come to Thee. We have for certain friends an abiding friendship, and in return we have the blessed assurance that we are blessed in this friendship! O God, grant us the great gift of Thee—our best friend—Thy love is so great. Oh, draw near to every unblessed spirit here, dear Savior! Thou hast a great abundance, and thy giving is free and full, and still thou hast an

overflow. The sinner need not have a scar left, but, glory to God, they may be washed as white as snow. Redemption is plenteous. Thou delightest in mercy and grace, and glory and peace thou wilt give freely to all those who ask liberally. We do thank Thee that the light is sown for the righteous, and to all who are seeking they shall have it abundantly. We bless God that we may have blessings not given to paupers seeking homes in the poor-house. These blessings are full and complete, and every believer may receive. We may all be re-revived, as individuals and collectively, and may have a personal blessing. Oh, Father, Father, Father, give us all the precious blessing. The young men are awakened and convicted, and we beseech Thee to throw thy arms around these eternal souls, and may they say, 'I will. I will.' They have not come to hear sermons, but to learn their escape from danger; and, above all, dear Father, they want to be converted. They may try to hush and drown the voice, but they can not. No, no, thank God, they can not. By and by, the sinner will cry out, 'Where's that voice? where's that calling', and will cry in anguish, 'Oh, God, call me again, call me again.' But no reply. God will say: 'Because I called, and you refused, I will laugh when your fear and calamity cometh.' Dear God, dear God, dear God, help us, for Jesus' sake. Amen."

In the exhortation on "I did seek you," and "I beseech you, in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God," the evangelist said: "'I did seek you,' means energy, intense feeling, importunity, and entreaty, and during this time of conversion and refreshing, I beseech you to be reconciled to God. Was you ever embittered and angry and ugly toward a fellow-being? I have been, and was so cross, and at variance to such a degree, that I thought there never could be any reconciliation, and I had a heart as heavy as death. This was before I was converted. I wanted to make up, but would say, it's no use, and postponed making the effort. But when I resolved to be reconciled, and went to them, and extending my hand, said, 'Forgive

me,' and we both smiled, and were friends again, and both happy, the great load was gone, and I was rejoiced, because I was reconciled to my friend. Dear sinner, there are a great many here who ought to be reconciled to God, and as an ambassador, I am here to beseech you to kiss the Son; kiss Jesus; and in Christ's stead, be reconciled to God. Unless you make an effort, and a struggle, you can never withstand the storm; and as you are passing through the valley, you can never breast the stream, unless God is your pilot. At the midnight hour, last night, I cried out, 'If I let go of God, I must lose all—bless the Lord, I will not let go, and he will sustain me', and I was full of joy and the Holy Ghost. How many young men are a *little* fast, and a great many *very* fast, and and what is the end thereof? It means your destruction sooner or later, and that is a dreadful thing. Oh, sinner, God says, Come home, do not remain in the storm of death, unsaved, but be ye reconciled to God. You want help to fly to Jesus—you want salvation. Come home to God, and be saved. Make a complete sacrifice, and you may be one in Christ Jesus."

The invitation brought twenty-seven to the altar, fifteen of whom emerged from darkness.

Good Friday, at 3 o'clock, there was an increased attendance and interest in the lecture-room of the church, and God's power was wonderfully manifested, for the testimonies came from souls filled with grace and love. Twenty-four stood up for prayers, and declared their determination to continue seeking until they found peace to their souls.

At the night service another great crowd was present. After the introductory exercises, the evangelist said: "A week ago we sang a jubilee for the one hundred souls ushered into the light. This night we have two hundred and nineteen precious conversions, and several hundred have been to the altar seeking Jesus, and the wave of power continues to sweep through every house in this great city, with its center in this church. To God be all the praise and glory! The Bible tells us that Lazarus was laid in the tomb, and although Jesus had been sent for, there was no sign of His coming. Mary came to the conclusion that her brother had gone too far in decay, and that it would be too late, if Jesus did come, and this unbelief overmastered her, which, with great grief, caused her to retire to a secluded spot, and sorrow and mourn over her great loss. Now, Martha had more faith, for she was on the outside, standing on her tiptoes, looking up to the hilltops and down through the valleys, and presently she saw in the distance the Master approaching. Jesus never turned any soul away who exercised an earnest faith. Mary thought it strange that Jesus did not come, for she was very anxious for his coming. She loved Lazarus with the utmost affection. There she laid on the couch, and could not be comforted, and the Jews said to her, 'Aha! Jesus has forsaken you; He is an imposter!' Martha said to Jesus, when he came up, 'Why didn't you come before?' He made no reply, for he had a plan. She continued, 'If you had been here, my brother had not died.' Still he kept silence, and then inquired, 'Where's Mary?' Mar-

tha replied, 'She is in the room.' Then Jesus uttered one of His sweetest replies, and an utterance was made by Him that every one ought to take to his heart. He made Martha a messenger, and said to her, 'Martha, you go and tell Mary to come quick.' Did she hesitate and say wait a little? No; she ran, for her faith told her there was a great event to take place, and she said to Mary, 'Jesus has come.' How many there are who dare to say that when Jesus comes it is to make them slaves? Nay, nay! It is to make you free, and give you life; for when you are sad and gloomy, He gives you great joy; and when you are downcast and sorrowful, He gives you good cheer and peace and life everlasting. See Martha, as she kissed Mary's cheek and entwined her arms around her neck, and in confidence exclaimed, 'Mary, Mary, the Master has come, and is calling for *you*!' Did she turn over on the couch, and hesitate and doubt? Nay, verily; she instantly bounded to her feet—thank God!—and did that we want you to do this night: give heed to the Savior's call, and run to his arms, as Mary did, quickly and believing. Will you? God grant you may!"

In response to the invitation, hundreds held up their hands for prayer, and forty-seven congregated at the altar, crying for help, while twenty-three gave praises to God for their redemption, and received the assurance of the Master, "Thy faith has saved thee!" This was certainly a night of demonstrative power, for the writer never saw clearer conversions nor more convincing proofs of the power of God in saving to the

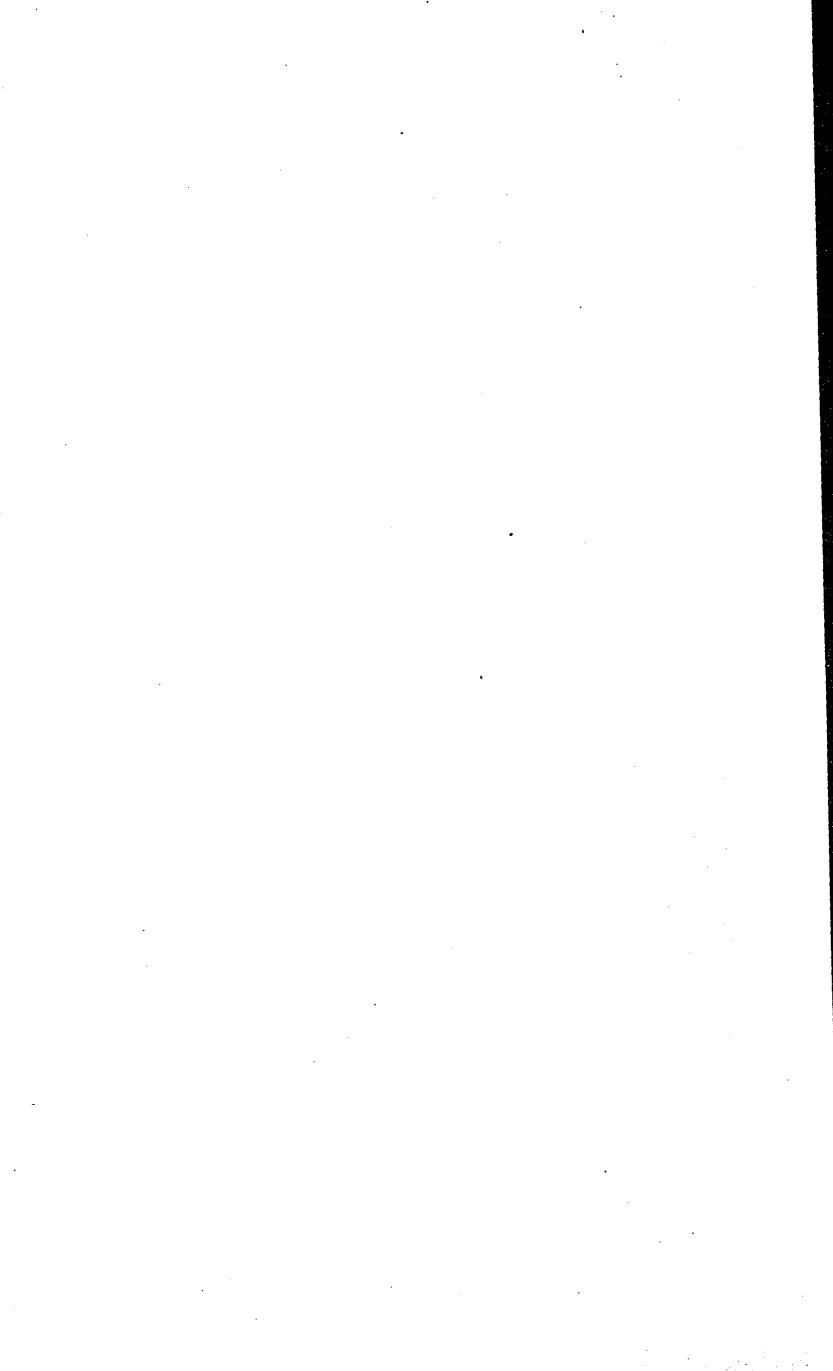
uttermost. And we may add here very properly that the almost uninterrupted song singing of the revival hymns, complete as to pathetic and soul-stirring words, has added very materially to the interest of these revival meetings, and are a great auxiliary in this grand work.

CHAPTER VII.

The fourth week opened with two hundred and sixty-five names on the official record of persons who have passed from death unto life. A looking back at what has been accomplished, and the methods adopted to bring about these results will not be out of place at this time. Roberts Park Church has been the center of attraction, "a sort of holy shrine whither pilgrims have journeyed by thousands," and the peculiarities of the preacher, his exhortations and prayers, the songs, etc., have served to daily increase in interest these meetings, notwithstanding all sorts of criticism has been provoked, and the populace are puzzled and wonder, and fail to solve the problem as to why the masses are thus attracted and held. Mr. Harrison preaches no sermons, indulges in no controversies on theological dogmas, makes no parade of oratory, nor does he indulge in flights of eloquence, nor philosophize in fine spun disquisitions. His forte lies in appeals to the emotional nature, and in this he has great strength, and is necessarily successful. He deprecates a

revival, or conversion, or religion, or an experience based on the scientific order, and without emotion or sentiment. The people are told that they are sinners, born to die; required to appear in judgment and enter an eternity, just as they decide what that eternity shall be to them. Mr. Harrison proves that God is all love, and abounding in grace and mercy, and that salvation is possible to all men, if they will do their part in the great scheme of redemption, and come to Jesus. His earnestness and action proves his great and unwavering faith in God, and that when he asks God for help and power and souls, he firmly believes that God will answer. He assures his audience of a free Gospel salvation, not to be enjoyed by a select few, but by all of God's creatures; the poor, the unlettered and the wayfaring man are invited and may possess the gift unmistakable, for God is no respecter of persons. Firmly planted on this rock the interest necessarily increases, the "excitement," or religious enthusiasm augments, and success and victory is insured.

We make the Easter service the leading feature of this chapter, on account of the immense interest attaching to that service, and illustrated elsewhere. The day was exquisitely beautiful, and the sun shone brightly, and the birds sang sweetly. It was everywhere remarked, "'Tis a lovely day." At Roberts Park, Meridian-street, Third Presbyterian, Second Presbyterian, and other churches, the decorations were elegant, consisting of a variety of rare and beautiful plants, wreaths of flowers, pure white lilies and



name to the church. Her aunt followed, and then her father and mother, neither of whom had been converted. They stood behind the daughter, sobbing, who, turning around, saw her parents. She had never suspected that they were under conviction, or had even a desire to have religion. Of course she was surprised beyond measure. Giving one scream, she grasped them around the necks, and tears of joy bedewed each other's cheeks. The pater familias soon said, "Oh, daughter, we are determined to have this washing in the blood of the Lamb, which you have received." The scene was very touching, and the entire audience were moved to tears, and men who never knew the saving love of Christ were melted, and gave audible expression of their sympathy, at what was transpiring at the altar. It was an incident not soon to be forgotten. The covenant scene was the same as on the preceding Sunday afternoon, and to be found elsewhere in this volume. To one of the probationers, Mr. Harrison said :

"Have you been converted?"

Young man—"No, but I will be."

To another, he inquired—"When was you converted?"

Young man—"Last Friday night."

"You are sure and clear about it?"

"Yes, indeed—no doubt about it."

"Yes," said the evangelist, "he was as miserable as sin, and now he is as clear as the sunlight of Heaven."

At the evening service the crowd was beyond anything ever witnessed in Roberts Park Church. The

throng filled the aisles and the windows, the vestibule and stairways, and hundreds failed to reach the front doorway, and those who saw the crowd estimated that nearly three thousand failed to gain admission.

The introductory exercises over, the evangelist said : “Men are converted in revivals, and God sends times of refreshing to whole nations, and to-day Indianapolis is being shaken from one end to the other. Over 1800 years ago the people went from Jerusalem to Judea, into the wilderness, to hear the preaching of John, ‘Repent and be converted.’ The people went in throngs, confessing their sins. At that time there was a very wealthy man living on the roadside, past which the people went to the meeting; and this rich man said to his wife: ‘We will not go down to this meeting, but we will make these people envious and jealous. We will put up a new barn of great size to house our large crops of wheat and other grain. I will send for the architect and the carpenter, and we will build the barn right away. We have no time to go to this meeting. Now, these people who are going in such numbers to the wilderness to hear John preach, at that revival and excitement down there, must go by our house, and they will see how rich we are. Aha! we are so wealthy, and have such good health we do not need to go, and will not go, to that meeting.’ Just then, far away over the hills, God was bridling the white horse, and the pale rider was mounting the steed, and, with the mandate of the Almighty, he was started on his errand of death; and God said: ‘Thou fool! This night thy soul will be required of thee.’ (Just

as on Fifth avenue, New York, a millionaire, who was dying, said: 'Dr. Hall, one million of dollars for one single ray of light.') About dusk, as the people in regiments were passing along, this man of wealth suddenly cried out: 'Wife, I hear a knock at the door, and a strange noise on the outside; I see a rider on a horse coming over the hilltops, and he is rapidly approaching this house. Wife, hurry and bolt the door, and lock securely all the windows, and under no circumstance permit any one to enter this house.' He was trembling from head to foot with horrible fear. He again sprang forward: 'Wife! wife! there he is at the corner of the barn, on a full gallop—don't let him in.' But it was no use. Bolts and locks did not keep him out. He did come in, and the poor sinner cried: 'I am not ready, go away for this time; I am not now ready.' But the rider replied: 'My orders are imperative. Thy soul is required.' And putting his arms around his victim they were gone 'to that bourne from whence no traveler returns.' Oh, my God! how is it with this congregation this Easter night. I know of a man who once said to me: 'It is no use for you to talk with me; I will do as I like, anyway.' And in less than twelve hours he was dead and damned. Before he died he said: 'I'll defy you, and defy God.' God said to them also, as he will say to you ere long: 'Thou fool! Thy soul will be required of thee.' Young man of the counting-room or store, repent and be saved, or God will require your soul, and that very soon. The Queen of England has said: 'I will give all my wealth to live, for I am not prepared

to die.' John Randolph asked for a dictionary, and not receiving one, he asked for a card, and wrote on it, 'Remorse! Remorse!' and, handing it to his attendant, died. Byron was accustomed to laugh at death; but when in his thirty-third year, and while dying on his couch, in great despair he sobbed aloud: 'Shall I sue for mercy now? God has sent his messenger and requires my soul.' He died the death of the wicked—partly debauched, and in the deepest sin. So I have known many who have died suddenly and without hope, and the Bible says to you, dear sinner: 'There is only one step between you and death.' How many are there here to-night ready to receive the light before their souls are required?"

To the invitation seventy-nine made their way to the altar and front benches, and cried for mercy. Twenty-three crossed the line and were saved, and what was specially noticeable was, that all the conversions were clear and powerful, and, as one middle-aged man expressed it: "Oh! what a radical change. Where all was darkness and blindness, now all is light, and I see clearly. Thanks be to God, who is filling my soul. Brother Vernon, there is no mistake about it, and I know it."

Another, a young lady said, "Brother Talbott, I was afraid of the pale horse and his rider; but now I am not afraid, for God is my staff and my sure support. Oh, how much more do I love Jesus now than ever before." And as she said this her aged father came up, and, clasping her in his arms, exclaimed, "Praise God for my child's conversion!"

Monday was a day of unusual interest and power; the 3 o'clock meeting being all that the most sanguine could have desired. The converts gave their experiences, which were freighted with positive assurances of the Divine love, and that they all would continue firm and unyielding in the service of the Master. The evening service was attended by a packed audience, and the spirit power impressed all with remarkable solemnity. The evangelist was on the high planes of joy and happiness, and every utterance went like arrows, tipped with Divine love, to every heart. A power other than man was dominant and overshadowing the people, and to God was given the glory, from whom all blessings flow.

The preacher exhorted, saying: "There are those who do not want an emotional conversion, but that something *they* would know to be genuine. Why, bless you, there will be no doubt when you receive the true riches. One night I had the toothache so violently that I thought I could not remain through the meeting, and that I ought to hurry off to the dentist. I rushed out and ran to the toothpuller, and he told me, 'I can relieve you in three minutes.' 'For mercy's sake,' said I, 'help me.' I took the chair and was relieved immediately. Do you suppose I failed to realize that I did or did not have that toothache? To be sure I did. So it is when you are converted; you will not make any mistake, and you will know whether you are converted or not.

"I do pray God that we will reach that point during these meetings, experienced in this city forty years

ago, in old Wesley Chapel, when every pew and every seat will be a mourner's bench, and the revival power will sweep through the city like a cyclone. At that time the members came together and made concessions and were forgiven one with another. The Bible says, 'If any one have aught against his brother, first be reconciled to thy brother and then bring thy gift to the altar.' Are you doing that, my brother, my sister? If you neglect that requirement your worship will be in vain, and if you expect a blessing of complete fullness you *must* meet the conditions laid down for your acceptance. Those dear brethren who, at that revival, met the conditions of Jehovah have passed over the flood, and are now dwelling in Paradise, and in a short time we, their product, will meet them in glory, *provided*. When I go over I hope I shall never touch the river or feel the mists. I shall hail with delight the sixteen thousand and upward converts as they spread their wings and meet me on the way and clasp me in their arms of love, and with one swoop usher me across all the hilltops and the billows of the river to the celestial pastures of the eternal Zion. Oh, that God would let down from the ramparts of his glory a mighty wave of infinite power this night. You do not want an imaginary blessing, but that something which will make you men and women in Christ Jesus. Dear Father, give us an hundred fold this Monday night. At one place where I held a revival we had no sermon for sixteen weeks, and I did not talk much over an hour in all that time, and nine hundred and sixty souls found God. Now, I am persuaded that there are

scores here who want to reach this altar, and there are angels of mercy waiting to refresh and bless you. A young man came to this altar on last Thursday night, who, through curiosity came into the church, and on Sunday he had been gloriously converted, baptized, and joined the church on probation, and is here to-night happy as an angel. If you, dear sinner, would do likewise, you must give up eating the husks and partake freely of the sweet honey. Do not conduct yourself as though you were going to a funeral, or behave well on the Lord's day and cheat anybody on Monday. How many of you are on that line? Blessed are they who taste and see that the Lord is good. We have a splendid Jesus, young man; and won't you come, young lady, and exchange your sins for this precious Jesus?" He extended the invitation, and in response sixty-four thronged the "mourner's bench." One of these was an elderly man, a leading merchant of Indianapolis, who said: "Brother Harrison, my business almost seemed to imperatively call me from the city, but I could not go. I felt impressed to come to this meeting, and here I am at the altar ready and willing to give up all for the salvation of my poor, guilty soul." On this same night a young lady suddenly rose to her feet and left the altar, and when Dr. Vernon inquired of her why she did this, she replied: "It is no use for me to try. I have not the least feeling in the matter, and I am fully satisfied that God has given me up in despair, and there is no light for me. I am lost, I am lost, and that forever," and there she sat unmoved and as stoic as so much marble stone.

Twenty-six conversions were placed on the record, with the residence of each attached.

The Tuesday afternoon meeting was one of great spiritual power, and many of the clergymen of the various churches were present. They all gave expression of hearty sympathy in the work, and said: "We will do all in our power to further its success." In addition to these were several strangers, ministers from abroad.

The night meeting was without diminution as to numbers, for every part of the church was "brim-full." After the song-singing and introductory services, the evangelist said: "Jesus saw that he answered discreetly, and concluded to answer him in a proper manner; and said: 'You are not far from the kingdom of God.' There are many here who are swaying to and fro, and hesitating to make the decision, and yet you are so near the kingdom, that if you would only reach out your tip of desire, Christ would touch the same with his kiss, and you would be saved and redeemed in a moment. The door stands wide open, and while there are hundreds on the outside, wishing to go through, you are on the threshold, and one step will take you over, and while you are so near, you hesitate; and one, or more, is saying: 'Your remarks I like, but you don't mean me, for I am too far away from this open door.' God pity you. The Bible says 'there are some afar off,' and that's you. Let me entreat you to speedily get near the kingdom; step into the river, and cross over. A steamer was returning from a joyous excursion, and had come so near the

shore that her passengers could hear the bells of the churches ringing and the rumbling of the wagons on the streets. The pilot answered the captain, 'All's well,' and young and old were hilarious and happy. Suddenly a fog was encountered; a rock was struck; and all went down amid the shrieks and cries of passengers and crew, and all were lost. Dear sinner, you are hearing God's promises and the ringing of his bells on the shore, and if you do not come into his kingdom you will drift far away, and some day, sooner or later, you will encounter disaster, and go down to perdition, and be lost. Do not resist any longer and continue your rebellion. You say: 'I am not a bad man.' But you go to the dance, the theater, and the club-room, and then drift away into something worse. Over there is a worldly young lady; she, too, delights in the dance and the theater and the novel, and goes to church to keep up appearances and exhibit her wearing apparel and gewgaws. In the name of your eternal destiny, stop! stop! and turn about face, and get into the old paths."

Eighty-three came forward, and twenty-six were converted, among them two Italian ladies, one saying, "I have obtained peace;" and the other, "It is all right now, and I am sweetly saved." A young man from Terre Haute, who was at the altar, while on his way to the depot to return home, was soundly converted when about half a square from the depot, and on the street he shouted "Glory to God!"

Up to this date, day by day the awakening increased, and while sinners cried for mercy by the scores,

the church inquired after sanctification and how to get it. On Wednesday afternoon this subject of sanctification, on the Wesleyan plan, was the theme, while at the evening service the evangelist exhorted on "As thou decidest, so shall it be." "No man can be neutral as between God and Satan. If you decide for Heaven, it will be Heaven; if for hell, it will be hell; if for Satan, it will be Satan; and if for Christ, it will be Christ, and if purity, you will be rewarded—for 'As thou decidest, so shall it be.' I knew a man who took Heaven, and died happy; while another decided to take and enjoy this life, and God summoned him, and while dying, in great agony, he exclaimed, 'I have nothing to take hold of,' and went to the realms of woe. When you decide for the right, Jesus will strike the harp, and all Heaven will shout 'Hallalujah!' and your 'name will be written there.' Will you throw yourself on the mercy of God?" and to the invitation eighty-nine responded, and thirty-two shouted redemption through the blood of the lamb.

The Thursday afternoon meeting was chiefly taken up with altar work, twenty-one kneeling at the footstool of repentance, and eight passing through the open door into gospel liberality. The night service was largely attended, although the weather was inclement. The preacher confined his talk to a plea that sinners should accept Christ. He said, in conclusion: "There is a remedy for guilt and condemnation. If you refuse to take medicine, and die, the fault is in yourself, and not in the medicine. So with the sinner. If you will reject the Great Physician and his panacea,

and are lost, who is to blame? Is it because Jesus wants to save you, or that you refuse to let him? Oh, come willingly to him now," and forty-seven responded and ten were cured of their malady.

The Friday afternoon meeting was very large, and a pentecostal blessing filled all hearts; and as God's loving grace controlled all the experiences, the lecture room became crowded full of glory and God. Twenty-three pressed forward to the anxious seat, and two received new birth. The night service was held in the presence of a "jammed" audience, hundreds being unable to get in. The preacher dwelt upon the words, "If ye seek him, he will be found of you." "He stands there beckoning you to come into his fold, just as you are, without one plea. You will soon die, and you are without hope. Will you be redeemed and ransomed? No 'perhaps' will save you, and if you say, 'I don't object to being saved,' you will never find salvation on that line. It must be earnest, determined seeking, and then the prize is yours. At a campmeeting a young man said, 'Brother Harrison, I have not been saved, and I am disappointed.' I replied, 'Are you not bargaining with God? and are you taking the proper step to find him?' He answered, 'I fear you misjudge me.' I said, 'Do I? We will see. Will you be willing to rise on your feet, and walk down the aisle, and go to the altar, and cry to God for mercy?' He rose to his feet and promptly answered, 'Yes, sir; I am ready to go and do anything to be saved.' I took him by the hand, saying, 'Come on, and I believe God will save you;' and he walked

down to the altar. He fell on his knees, and gave one scream and all was over; for he had sprung into the clear sunlight, and had been converted through and through in less than three minutes. Will you, sinner, seek God and be found of him?" And seventy-nine crowded the mercy altar, and twenty-four found to their joy and salvation the truth of the precious promise. One of the seekers observed, "I am not converted, but I will be, for my sister has found Jesus." A young man, a member of the church for five years, for the first time entered the kingdom, and was wonderfully happy.

The general class-meeting Sunday morning was a great feast of fat things, and over one hundred gave testimony that the Gospel of Christ was the power of God unto salvation. Dr. Vernon gave the young people a very cheerful exhortation. He said: "You are commencing a religious life with this revival, and it is very necessary that you begin aright; not like a young man who said to me a few days since, 'I wish to wait and see if I will hold out.' How very wrong is such a decision. Suppose a mother was to say about her babe that it was in such poor health, I will not give it food until I see if it lives. How long, think you, would that child live? It could not possibly hold out, and must die. So with the convert to God, and his precious life. You must be continuous in the discharge of every duty and service for God, and fulfill all the obligations imposed upon you, with fidelity and earnestness. You will then grow in grace and in the knowledge of God in Christ Jesus."

At 10:30 o'clock Presiding Elder Rev. Mr. Pye, delivered a most excellent sermon from the eighteenth chapter of Matthew, the eighteenth to twenty-second verses inclusive.

At the 3 o'clock meeting forty-five united with the church on probation, the covenant ceremony being postponed on account of the illness of the evangelist. A short love-feast followed, and the meeting closed.

In the evening the heat was very great, and the church was packed to its uttermost. Rev. Mr. Harrison appeared on the rostrum and said: "I have been confined to my room with illness, and the doctor was at my bedside. I prayed to the Great Physician and he cured me, and when the doctor came I said: 'I don't need you any longer; I'm all right,' and I hastened to this meeting, and I am feeling first rate." He then exhorted on, "My Spirit shall not always strive." "There are many persons who have marked across their forehead, 'Doomed and damned.' There is a boundary line, and there are those who have committed the unpardonable sin, and there are those who never go to church, or think of God as their merciful preserver and benefactor; and there are those whom God has given up. I know a man, who told me, 'I came just in time.' In his case one more quenching of the spirit, and all would have been lost. Men want to be saved on their own conditions, and will not yield to God's way, and are lost."

To the invitation seventy-nine surrounded the inquiry bench, and thirty-two gained the victory over Satan, seventeen being young men.

A daughter of a well-known citizen was converted, and her father, bowed down with age, pushed his way through the crowd, and both shouted, "Glory, glory to the blessed Redeemer!"

A champion billiard player said: "Oh! Brother Harrison, how clear. I have quit, and will henceforth give God all my service."

A gentleman, prominently known, was persuaded to come to the altar and find Jesus to the joy of his soul. He said: "I will; I can but try." A speedy conversion followed, and rising to his feet, audibly to the entire audience, he said: "I am a member of the Presbyterian church, but never was converted until a few moments ago. Glory to God! It's all right now. I am so glad I came to this altar."

Another, a young man of twenty years: "This is the happiest hour of my life. The Great Physician has also healed me, and I know that I am also a child of God."

CHAPTER VIII.

It is not too much to say that, at the beginning of the fourth week, when four hundred and twenty-six footed up the total number of conversions, the religious interest had arrived at fever heat. The work of a month was the chief topic everywhere, and all classes were giving attention to those things which concern their spiritual welfare, and it did not enter into any

one's thought that the heated weather would be an objection to holding a revival service, as all revivals are held mainly during the winter months.

On Monday night, April 25th, the rain fell in torrents, and notwithstanding this fact, the church was filled. The young people's meeting, below stairs, was most exhilarating. These babes in Christ gave their first testimony, and it did not appear to be any cross for them to rise and say; "Jesus has washed me white as snow;" "All my sins are wiped away;" "Whereas I was blind, now I see;" "I am a child saved by grace," etc. All countenances were full of smiles betokening joy and peace.

At the regular service only a short talk was given, and it was observed that a deep solemnity brooded over the audience. Fifty-three penitents came to the altar and eleven received the baptism of God's grace.

The afternoon and evening meetings of Tuesday, April 26th, were, as usual, noted for great religious zeal and spiritual power. At a quarter before 8 o'clock an immense audience were facing the evangelist, who deprecated half-way christianity as no christianity at all, and that no man or woman holding on to the world with one hand could reach God with the other; never, for when you have not time for religion you are a pauper on God's bounty; for you are a professor on both sides and therefore count as nothing, and, consequently, will sink down into perdition. "Behold now is the accepted time—behold now is the day of salvation." "There is no time like the present. A young man the other night was so powerfully blessed

that all he could do was to say 'Glory to God.' Being well known I asked him to tell how he was helped; but all he could say was 'Glory to God.' To him it was unspeakable. A stepping beyond into the fullness of glory—into the fullness of Heaven, and there you must stop. You are stripped of all your filthy rags and clothed with the beautiful robes of righteousness." Mr. Harrison urged the unconverted to improve the opportunity, and eighty-four cried for mercy at the altar, and thirty-four professed the love which is in Christ. It was a night of conviction and powerful awakening, and as each one sprang through the open door, "Praise God from Whom all blessings flow" and "Beulah Land" were sung with power and volume so as to be heard for squares distant from the church.

The Wednesday night meeting was well attended, considering the heavy rain which fell before and after the hour of opening the doors of the church. The evangelist said: "Where God is, there is paradise and happiness. It rests with us, as to how much of Jesus we may have, and the sinner may be placed on the highest mountains of God's glory by a simple touch of his divinity, if you will only let him, and you alone must make the decision. The trouble is, you don't think, or you would stay away from the theater and the dance and the saloon, and all places of amusements. You are not thinking of the future—death, the grave, and the judgment. You are admonished all along life's journey to think. The crape on the door knob; the funeral bell; the banker and merchant

taking an inventory of cash, stock and goods, are admonitions. Are you thinking of the inventory of your soul's wealth or poverty, as you will be judged in eternity? You can not take this account of stock to-morrow, for the Bible makes no mention of to-morrow, nor is it to be found in God's mercy or economy. The cold hand of death will soon be placed upon you, and what is your destiny? Come, and decide this matter to-night." And sixty-four made their way to the altar; and thirty-one were converted, one of whom fell on his knees in the gallery, and received the gift of love.

The Thursday afternoon meeting partook of a different character from the preceding day's services. Reports were made, by ministers and laymen, of the spread and extent of the revival power over Indianapolis. Children telling parents how they had found Jesus, and parents inaugurating family prayers, and admonishing their children to give their hearts to God. Others reported the names of employers who had given their help full liberty to attend the meeting, and their pay to go on.

At 7 P. M. the lecture-room was filled by the young converts, all of whom pledged themselves to each bring one person into the fold of Christ, and they gave testimonies of the religious feeling among their associates and comrades. The upper room and gallery were packed to their utmost capacity long before the opening of the meeting. A jubilee was held for about twenty minutes, over the five hundred and one souls already brought in, the converts crowding the chancel

and platform. The singing of Harrison's jubilee songs was such as to create the greatest enthusiasm and abandonment all over the house, in the general rejoicing, and the audience was in complete preparation for the closing services of the meeting. The preacher rejoiced at the wave of God's power sweeping over the city and extending to the outside, and the heat was not to be considered for a moment in the continuance of this revival. "So he shall open." "When you die and go into the grave, you want a clear way, for what will you do, in the swelling waves of death, if you have no life-boat? This verse, in Isaiah, tells us how to get through the open door. 'So he shall open.' No closed mercy, and no closed pardon; and if you will fly to it, you may go through and be secure. But, listen; it goes further. 'So he shall open, and no man can shut.' When God opens, no man nor the Devil can shut it; and if you will take one step, by faith and prayer, over the sill and through the door, you will be made supremely happy. How sweet this open way to the Christian in death, in the grave, and all the judgment! Take hold of the knob of God's promise, give it a turn, and you will see the light of a glorified Savior. This verse goes still further—'and he shall shut, and no man can open.' And yet, to all who will come, thank God this door will open, and no one can shut it. But when God shuts the door, no man can open. Dear penitent, let your cry go up for mercy. Do not decline to go in at this open door."

Forty-three presented themselves at the altar, and

eighteen turned the knob and passed through the open door.

At this service a very touching incident occurred. A well-dressed lady, led by an eight-year old girl, was seen coming up the south middle aisle and fall on her knees at the altar. This little girl had been taken to the church by a colored neighbor, and was converted about a week before, and on her return home had been telling her unconverted mother how good and sweet Jesus was, and how she loved Him, and then, with a sweet smile, said: "Mother, go with me to those meetings, and you will see how the people and ministers love Jesus." The mother, who never attended church, listened to her child, talking as never before, and consented to go, and thus please the child's wishes. They took a seat in the rear part of the church. The mother was very much interested in the exhortation, and when the invitation was given, the daughter, wreathed with smiles, commenced her labor of love. "Oh, my dear mother, I do wish you was converted, and loved God. Won't you let me take you to the altar, and you will be sure to find Jesus there?" and suiting the action to the word, took hold of her mother's hand, and continued, "Now, *do* come, mother!" The mother broke completely down, and sobbed aloud, and weeping, was led by the child to the altar. The little girl threw her arms about her mother's neck and prayed, "O, dear Jesus, bless my dear mother as you blessed me," and in less than five minutes the mother shouted "Glory!" and the happiest child on the round earth was clapping her tiny hands and exclaiming, "Oh,

glory! My mother has found Jesus, too, and we are so happy!" The scene was electrical, and sent a thrill of joy through all who witnessed the incident.

The afternoon meeting of Friday was a success in every way, for the Lord God of Hosts was in attendance, and all hearts received an overflowing fullness from his unlimited fountain of love.

The night meeting was thronged, as usual, and many failed to get inside. The preacher addressed his words to the sinner to accept Jesus as the Great Redeemer and be saved. "Jesus said, 'I came to call sinners to repentance,' and no one here, or anywhere, can stand up and say, 'Jesus never called me.' You can't and dare not do it. You know that you ought to be converted and washed in the blood of the Lamb. Along the avenues of life you are called to give God your heart. Will you make an unconditional surrender? Will you come and respond to his call!" Forty-nine came forward, and sixteen were converted, many of the saved being very clear and conclusive.

The general class Sunday morning was very joyful and impressive. Eighty-two converts, twenty-nine old members, and one penitent rose and spoke. The latter enlisted the sympathies and prayers of all present. It was a wet and rainy morning, and yet, at 10:30, a good attendance listened to an evangelistic gospel sermon, by Dr. Vernon, from the fiftieth verse of the tenth Chapter of Mark: "And he, casting away his garment, rose and came to Jesus." The topic of the discourse was the coming to Christ; the passage from darkness to light, from blindness to sight, and from

death to life; the act of coming to Jesus, because it is the way of cure, the only cure, and is rational and easy. The text was handled masterly, and in an unusually brilliant and forcible argument.

The 3 o'clock service again brought together another crowded house, to witness the interesting ceremony of thirty-five joining on probation, and seventy-four consecrated and covenanted, on Mr. Harrison's most excellent plan, as fully described in the fifth chapter of this work. In concluding the intensely interesting service, Brother Harrison said that he "believed in a joyful Christianity, and not in such a religion as makes men's faces as long as a gravestone. If you have religion, the Bible tells us to 'serve the Lord with gladness.' There are many *professors* of religion who go into the class-room and chill it through and through, with their past sorrows and cares, trials and temptations, and troubles of every character and hue known to mortality. I would not give a mite for such vinegar Christians. They are always feeding on the husks, and will bear watching. God don't recognize them, and to a true Christian they are repulsive and offensive. I much prefer—and so do you, Dr. Vernon—a religion that has for its product a clear, transparent and unmistakeable sunlight. We want a baptism of fire, through and through, and have the light of God's approving smiles reflected from his children, *all the time*, and that continually."

The night meeting eclipsed all previous ones in the crowds who began coming at 6 o'clock, and swaying

to and fro, were compelled to attend other churches or go back to their homes.

The evangelist went into his work as if to tear down the castle of the enemy and take it by storm. He said: "All persons have a refuge. There is one who inquires, 'I am not converted. Do you say, Mr. Harrison, that I have a refuge?' Yes, you have; not one will appear at the judgment but has a refuge, and may be sheltered and housed. The Bible tells us that a storm is coming; that a horrible tempest will flash over the world, and that the dead will appear in judgment. 'It is appointed unto man once to die, and after that the judgment.' Dying will be the first storm and the judgment the second storm, 'and the hail will sweep away your refuge of life,' and 'you will be exposed in the day of his wrath and the water shall overflow your hiding place.' Are you not concluding that the best thing for you to do is to get out of the hiding place of sin? God help you to seek the right shelter to-night. Ungodly men speak lightly and contemptuously of revivals. What do they know of revival power? They are against excitement. You are? Well, there is coming a time when you will groan on account of your sins, and then there will be excitement sure enough. You have been awakened from your mother's knee, and if that young lady says that she never was under conviction she tells an untruth before God. There is one who bases his refuge on the inconsistencies of professed Christians, and lies in doing so. Shall any man stand out and rebel against God because there are a few Judas devils in the church? There are a

great many who cling to the refuge of self-sufficiency. Then there are some basing their hope on resolutions, and let me tell you that no where this side of eternity will resolutions save you. There is no other name by which you may be saved except the name of Jesus, and He says you *must* be born again. God is calling; this revival calls you; will you postpone your opportunity, or will you come now? Trust God. Try faith and prayer and there will be no drifting or uncertainty." One hundred and three knelt at the altar, and thirty-three were saved through Jesus. One of the converts was an old man who had been dissipated most of his life. Another was a young lady who, as soon as converted, ran down one of the middle aisles, and throwing her arms around her mother's neck, said, "Oh, mother, I have found Jesus," so loud as to be heard all over the congregation. Hundreds wept tears of joy.

At the close of the meeting all the young men converts were invited to come inside the chancel rail, and the entire space was thronged by over one hundred young men. Led by the evangelist they sang "Beulah Land," and the organ, choir and chorus joined in the chorus. The enthusiasm exceeded anything ever before witnessed in this city, and we venture to say, the whole United States. It was an extraordinary scene, and as Dr. Vernon and other ministers remarked, "the grandest they ever saw," and what was most remarkable, was the fact that every person in the house more or less shared in the jubilee.

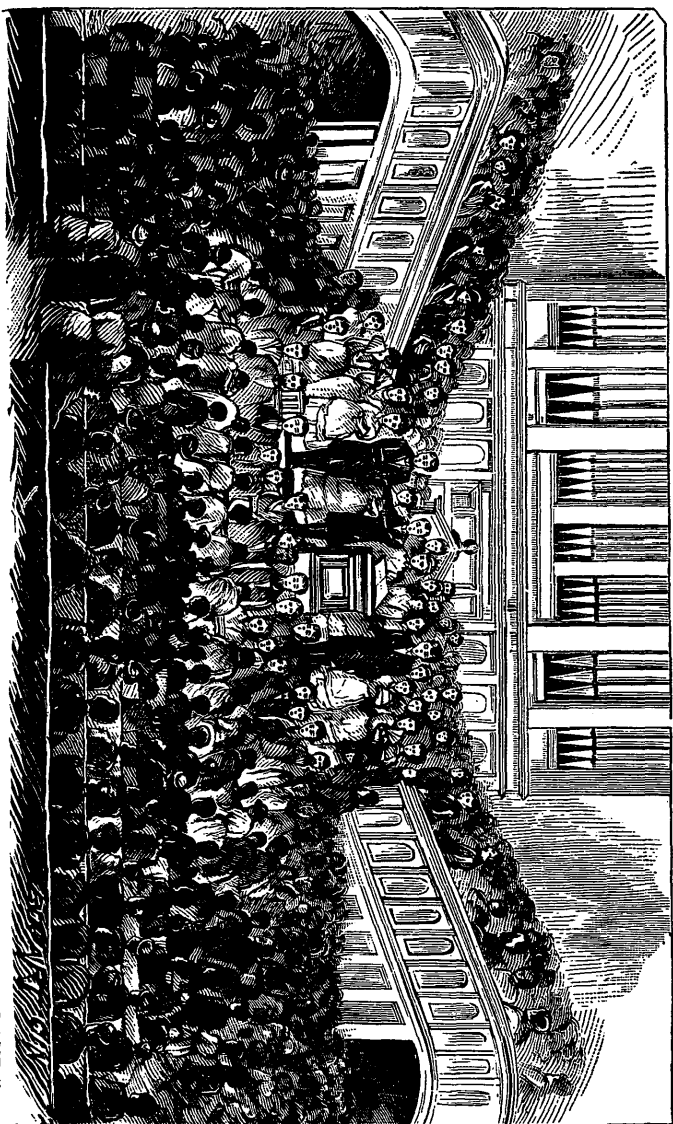
During the singing of "Beulah Land," eleven per-

sons were soundly converted. All who were present at this most remarkable meeting were unanimous in declaring that it was the most unquestionable of God's presence and power they ever witnessed. An illustration of this jubilee scene will be found elsewhere.

CHAPTER IX.

There never was a time in the history of our city where a revival had assumed such gigantic proportions, and was so universally discussed, as the great work which commenced in Roberts Park Church on March 28th. Rev. Myron W. Reed and other ministers made the revival power the theme of their discourses, on Sunday, May 13th, and on the next day (Monday) the Ministerial Alliance, composed of all the ministers of the city, Dr. Bartlett in the chair, heartily indorsed the revival work, and alluded in a very praiseworthy manner to the mighty wave of God's power as it was being manifested and felt in all the churches of the city. Congratulations were extended to Dr. Vernon, the evangelist Harrison, and Roberts Park Church for the initiatory steps taken in the salvation of sinners, and the shaking from the center to circumference the city of Indianapolis. As a matter of history, the author desires to put on record, as a fact worthy of all commendation, that the Christian ministry and laymen were a unit in this great strengthening of the Redem-

JUBILEE NIGHT, WHEN ELEVEN WERE CONVERTED DURING THE SINGING OF "BEULAH LAND."





er's kingdom, and have given their earnest and unremitting services toward evangelizing and converting the entire city. They all agree that the work has only begun, and that as soon as the heated term is over, the work will be renewed with uncompromising zeal and energy. The Lord grant that their labors may be crowned with unprecedented victory!

A banqueting of glorious richness was had at 7 p. m., Monday evening, by the converts, the dear Savior presiding in his inimitable loveliness. After all had been filled, they retired to the upper room to give efficiency to the pleasing task of leading souls to Christ. The crowd in the main audience was even greater than ever before, and a scheme was being discussed by the official board and pastor to erect a temporary tabernacle to accommodate from eight to ten thousand people.

The evangelist alluded to the instrumentalities at work all over the city portending a mighty victory. He promised the Lord when a boy not to bow to anything or anybody except to God, to whom he owed all glory and salvation. He then spoke of a recent lecture delivered in New York City by a very bad man, whom the devil will hesitate at the judgment to claim as his child. "This man had the coolness to say, 'When I am called to meet my God, and he is displeased with my conduct, I will say I regret it. I will tell God I am sorry, and that I have made a mistake.' What will be the end of such a horrible, wicked man after the judgment? If you, dear sinner, should die to-night, and appear at the bar of God, would you ex-

cuse yourself by saying, 'I was too busy during the revival to seek God?' That young lady who is now preparing her wardrobe for a trip to the sea shore and a summer tour, is she forgetting her soul and eternity? and will she tell God at the judgment, 'Please excuse me; I was too busy?' That young man who is having a delightful time with his companions, will he say, 'It wont do for me to go to the altar, and when I reach the judgment I'll tell God I am sorry, and he must please look over my conduct on earth!' What a condoling with conscience! Like the young lady at a revival meeting who wrote on the fly-leaf of a book, 'I'll run the risk,' and died in her sins shortly after, and went down to perdition. When a man says 'I'll excuse myself at the judgment,' I say, 'No, you wont; for God in his wrath will put his hand on your mouth, and his finger on your lips, and you will be speechless. When you dare to give utterance to such a thought, you are inditeing your doom for death, the grave, the awful judgment and the endless eternity of your soul's damnation. The Bible says so, and God's truth will stand forever. The Great Judge will say, 'Friend, how comest thou here without the wedding garment?' You visited the sick, saw the dying, attended funerals, went to revivals, thought of your own approaching dissolution and the future, and why are you not saved? Will you trump up a budget of excuses? Didn't you have a praying, Christian mother, or, like Ingersoll, a pious father? Then, how is it that you appear at the judgment without the wedding garment and oil in your vessel? Well, you say, 'God, I hated my father's and

mother's infernal doctrine ; and if I have made a mistake, please excuse me.' Aha ! the Bible says, 'He was speechless.' God will ask Ingersoll and all others the question, and there will be no answer, and they will be speechless and dumb. Do you say, 'I will answer God by my regrets and sorrow !' Indeed you will not ; for your tongue will be palsied, and your mouth will be shut by the whisperings of his Almighty breath. You may have hundreds of imaginary excuses here, but not one there. Oh, that you may get into the life-boat that will carry you over safely and securely through the judgment, and give you eternal peace and joy in the endless hereafter." Ninety-seven applied for passage, and thirty-two secured their passage for "the land of pure delight." An old man of sixty-two was one of the number, while a lady of ninety-six years of age was struggling hard to get on board. She secured her passage the following evening. Of the converted, two prominent young men were happily saved—Cooley Newcomb, who declared the change to be "inexpressible from the deepest darkness to the most dazzling sunlight ;" and Theodore McCune, "I am clearly converted, and there's no mistake about it." A wife rushed into her husband's arms exclaiming, "My dear husband, it came to me like a flash of lightning. Glory ! Glory !" A young lady, a queen in social circles on account of her intelligence, brilliancy of moral worth, and considerable wealth, was inducted into the joy unspeakable, and said : "Oh, what a transformation. Dear Jesus, I am thine forever. No more gayeties or useless world-pleasures for me.

Only Jesus! Only Jesus; that is all! If all humanity only knew how precious this love of God, no one could refuse, and the world would be altogether for my Savior." All radiant with smiles, she had the loveliest countenance on mortal face.

A lady came down from Lafayette, having been awakened by the reports in the newspapers, and having been grandly converted at the altar, returned home on the late night train, a new creature in Christ. Dr. Vernon thus alludes to this incident, in an interview: "There had, at different times, been many people at the services from different parts of the State. They would read the accounts of the meetings, and would become so influenced that they would take the train and come here to be converted. They would seem to have just as definite a purpose as if they had come to town to buy a parcel of dry goods. On this evening a gentlemen came up to me in the vestibule of the church, and said: 'Can you tell me if a certain lady from Lafayette (giving her name) has gone up to the altar yet?' I did not know, but, as the man was very anxious about it, I made inquiries, and found that the lady he referred to was at the altar, with the penitents. 'Then,' said the man, 'will you please try and get her converted quick, because we want to go back to Lafayette on the 11 o'clock train, but I don't want her to go until she is converted.' That looked like a very singular request—to get her converted quick, ready for train time—but it so happened that at 10 o'clock she was converted, and therefore had plenty of time to catch her train."

Tuesday evening, May 3d, witnessed another packed house and the utmost quiet and good order prevailed, as, indeed, is true as of all the meetings from the first to the last.

The "boy" preacher talked on "The light, the way and the truth." "The people, over eighteen hundred years ago, inquired of Jesus, 'How shall we get to Heaven?' and He answered, 'I am the way.' They continued, 'Show us the light,' and He said, 'I am the light, and while you are living in error, I am the truth.' All kinds of questions were propounded and each promptly answered save *one*, which never was answered. If you want to get rid of your guilt, I am ready to wash your guilt away by My blood; if you want to be full, you may be full indeed if you put your trust in Me, and you may have pardon and peace here and life beyond. But there was one question to which he opened not his mouth. Angels shake their heads and say, 'We can't answer.' The ministers and churches are still and dumb. The business man fails to answer, while the young man exclaims 'I am going to seek the kingdom of Heaven, and all things else will be added.' That one all-important question is, 'How will you escape if you neglect so great salvation?' Can you answer? Are you neglecting pardoning mercy? How can you escape if you neglect? There are hundreds here who are not sealed for eternity by the blood of Christ, and unless you repent and make your escape you will be sentenced to everlasting perdition. Let your escape and safety be secured to-

night." Eighty-three forced their way through the crowd to the altar, and twenty-six exclaimed :

"I know that my Redeemer liveth,
His pardoning love I feel."

The 3 and 7 P.M. meetings of Wednesday were all that could be desired, and God's love and power were displayed in a wonderful manner. The night service was well attended, although not so crowded as on the previous evenings, owing to the inclemency of the weather. The evangelist exhorted: "The Bible says that the King's business demands faith, and God asks you to hurry and run, for He hath no pleasure in the death of the wicked. Some men would give a million of dollars to get rid of their convictions that they *ought* to please God and be reconciled to him. Do you excuse yourself that you are not as bad as other men; that you are not a drunkard, not immoral, and being 'churchey,' etc., your lives are consistent. Jesus has said, 'Except ye repent and be converted' you must all perish. You have taken two steps: the agreement by showing your respect for Divine worship, and familiarity with the word of God and the plan of salvation. Very excellent steps. But, as an ambassador for Christ, I am here to declare that unless you take the third step you will be damned, and that forever. That step is the salvation of your souls, and, as the apostle preached, 'Lay hold on eternal life;' make your agreement with the truth; verify your knowledge of God's blessed word, from Genesis to the amen in Revelation, and *take hold of his promises and be saved.*"

Forty-three took the third step, and twelve accepted the promises and were saved. Two of these, one man from Greensburg and the other from Noblesville, came specially to obtain pardoning grace, and returned to their homes rejoicing in the God of their salvation.

Thursday evening was very stormy and disagreeable for pedestrians, and yet the church was comfortably filled. The introductory over, the preacher said: "The waves were dashing over the boat, and all on board believed that they were going to the bottom of the sea, and they began crying lustily for the Master. He arose from a pleasant sleep and they said: 'Lord, save or we perish.' This cry has been uttered all down the cycles of time and for ages. Jesus was not alarmed, but was smiling, and putting his foot down, he spake as never man spake, and there was a great calm. Now, sinner, there is in your heart a great commotion or storm—decision or indecision—resolve or failure—death or victory. You want the foot of Jesus stamped on the storm in your hearts, and then there will come the calm, the peace and the precious quiet. 'Who is this that the sea and the wind obey?' Dear sinner, as you are born to die, and will sink to the very bottom of the sea of perdition, I beg you to cry aloud, 'Lord, save or I perish.' When a steamer sank beneath the waves of an eastern sea, a telegram was sent to a distressed family: 'Edward Jay is among the lost,' and sorrow and sighing and mourning was in that household. 'Among the lost' is now harped through the universe, and you who are anxious to be saved, I beseech you to fall on your knees in prayer and cry for

mercy, for the angels are waiting to lay your foundations, and build you a mansion in eternity. A second telegram read: 'Edward Jay is among the saved!' Speedily the crape was torn from the door-knob, and the house of mourning was turned into a house of joy and rejoicing. Oh! that the refrain to glory may go up to-night from scores of souls, 'Among the saved.' With an unwavering cry to God, let sinners say, 'Lord, save or I perish!' Countless millions now in glory have made that cry, and were never mistaken. See Esther, who was admonished not to go into the presence of the monarch, at her peril. Did she hesitate? No, indeed; but exclaimed: 'If I perish, I'll perish; but I will go,' and did go, trusting in God, and the king cleared her, and saved all the people. Dear sinner, do thou likewise. Throw away your own conditions, and go to your Heavenly King, though you perish and are lost in the effort. Do it, and God will cleanse you from all unrighteousness."

Seventy-nine came up to the doorway to see the King and present their claims, and sixteen received the pardon of their sins. One lady converted is a teacher in one of the public schools in this city. She had been to Antwerp and Italy, and other places of celebrity, and had seen sculpture in all its perfection, and more especially, statues of Jesus from His infancy through the various stages to his full-grown manhood; and while all these filled her with admiration, she never, with all her intellectual endowments, realized how overwhelmingly precious was this Jesus, babe of

Bethlehem, until he became her Savior, and, as she expressed it, "Jesus is now my all in all."

A touching and affecting incident is told of a wholesale merchant on Meridian street, who was converted on Monday night. Going home, full of a saving love, he had family prayer for the first time in all his life, and the family received a precious blessing. The next morning the family devotion was repeated, and God's blessing asked at the breakfast table. The little daughter of eight summers was in bed all this time, but was present at the noonday meal, and with astonishment heard her papa ask God's blessing on the bounty of the hour. She buried her face in her tiny hands, and burst into tears, and then, clapping her hands, she exclaimed, "Oh, my dear papa, I is so happy." All hearts were joyfully melted, and the precious scene will never be forgotten.

This same night a Quaker lady went to the altar, and was powerfully ushered into the great light. She clapped her hands, and shouted "Glory to God." When Brother Harrison inquired, "How is it, that you, a Quaker, can shout and be so demonstrative?" she replied, "I will tell thee. It came to me so overwhelmingly that I could not help it."

On Wednesday night a well-known gentleman testified, in the First Baptist Church, that he had been attracted to Roberts Park Church, and becoming awakened, he went for several nights to the altar, but finding no relief he became discouraged, and concluded not to go any more to the meetings, or "have any more to do with that business," as he expressed it.

The spirit of conviction and awakening had taken such hold upon him, that he found no rest in business, in society, or in his home. On the Monday preceding he decided to take a walk, and, if possible, throw off the burden which was weighing him down. He said: "I will go by the church, and listen to the singing, but I will not go inside." He made a tour back and forth, and finally obtained the consent of his mind to go inside the church and take a back seat. He did so, and so crushing was the power of the spirit, as he witnessed conversion after conversion at the altar, that he buried his face in his hands, and said to himself: "O, my Father in Heaven, I give up all, I can hold out no longer; accept me, just as I am, without any excuse, and I will be thine forever." And God spoke peace to his soul,

Friday night, May 7th, another crowded church, and a very short exhortation on the words "not willing that any shall perish." The evangelist was very much fatigued, and the few words he uttered were directed to the unconverted, in the nature of an appeal to accept the willingness and loving desire that no one should perish, but that all might be saved. At the close forty-eight knelt at the altar, and twenty-seven were converted.

On Sunday the weather was delightful, and the general class was very largely attended—nearly all present being young converts. Dr. Vernon said, in opening the meeting, that the past two Sabbath mornings had been remarkable in the matter of the testimonies. He had been in many revivals, and had never witnessed such grand services as were now taking place. During

the hour one hundred and forty-four gave evidence of the love of God in their hearts. It was a wonderful exhibition of fullness of joy and peace and victory, and all present enjoyed the spiritual convocation.

A large audience was present at the 10:30 regular service. Preceding the discourse Dr. Vernon said: "I wish it distinctly understood as the sense of the membership, the official body and myself, that this revival is only for the conversion of sinners and the salvation of souls. I make this statement understandingly, that this revival work is not carried on for the upbuilding of this church alone. I do feel that it is best for families to remain together in the same church. At the same time, I am not inclined to recommend your entrance into a cold church. There are many dear brethren of other churches, and their pastors, who have done noble work with us in these meetings, and may God's choicest blessings rest upon them; and we want to urge all persons, after conversion, to connect themselves wherever they feel inclined and will be most happy. If you wish to hold church relation with Roberts Park we will cordially welcome you; or, if you desire to join as a probationer, and then request a letter of dismissal to another church, we will gladly comply with your wish." Dr. Vernon discoursed from Jeremiah xxix, 14: "And ye shall seek me and find me when ye shall search for me with all your heart." Dr. Vernon acquitted himself most ably in presenting the method of seeking God, and that immediately and with ALL thy heart. Man has exclusive control of his own heart, and God requires a perfect

willingness, and a spirit of obedience in giving up that heart. Your judgment must say, "It is wise;" the will, "I decree it," and the faith, "I accept it." You must throw wide open the door, and bid the King to come in and take full possession. He will not accept a part, but you must love him supremely, above everything else. The peroration was the sublimest effort ever listened to, and the penitents trembled as "reeds shaken by the wind." The service was closed by a thrilling exhortation by Rev. Mr. Harrison.

At the 3 o'clock service five adults received the rite of baptism by pouring, and twenty-two were received on probation, on the plan of the evangelist as given in full in Chapter V. The night service was attended by an immense throng of people, and thousands failed to gain admission.

The evangelist said, that in all his experience, he never had known seven hundred to be converted in a revival of five weeks duration, the first week being devoted to preparation. While Dr. Vernon was preaching this morning a young man in the gallery was struck by an arrow of conviction, and wept aloud and said, "Oh, God, have mercy upon me." At the close of the meeting he came down and inquired of Dr. Vernon, "Will there be an opportunity for penitents to come to the altar to-night?" and being assured in the affirmative, he said, "I am truly a penitent, and will be here," and that night he rejoiced in saving grace.

The evangelist then proceeded to say, that in Thessalonians i, 5-19, "A path is named, that all men are to avoid; and you are charged to beware and not

get into it. Many have got one foot into this path, and unless you take it out, you will be ruined. But, if you ask God, he will prevent you running in that path. A man in debt avoids him to whom he is indebted, and when the officer takes hold of him, he asks, 'What do you want?' It is no use to resist—he is under arrest. God has an officer on your heels, and his name is Death, and he wants you to pay the debt of nature, and you ask him, 'What do you want? I am not ready.' You can not help yourself, and being under capture, you must accompany him. What then! What then! Get into the right path, and then you will have no fear, and when called on you will be ready to pay all thou owest. Oh, how dreadful to be in open rebellion! and I beg the sinner, in this the hour of his peril, do not take the opposite line and quench the spirit. A young man, whom most of you know, was in this church three weeks ago, and to-day lies in his newly-made grave in yonder cemetery. To you who are wishing to be converted, and not making any effort, let me caution you, that quenching the spirit a few times more, you will have taken a step too far, and it will be too late. Yield to-night, yield at once, and God will give you victory." Seventy-nine publicly proclaimed their unwillingness to quench God's spirit, and at the altar sued for mercy and forgiveness, and thirty-two were converted. One young man jumped to his feet, exclaiming, "Glory to God! I have got what I came for." Another said: "I am as light as a feather. Oh, why did I not get this before?" And each and all, as they sprang into the ocean of love;

gave expressions of gratitude to God, At the close, a jubilee was held for seven hundred and sixteen conversions. The converts, male and female, crowded the chancel and pulpit, and sides leading from the organ to the gallery, to the number of about five hundred; and these, aided by the organ and choir, sang the verses of "Beulah Land," the congregation joining in the chorus. The enthusiasm was tremendous, the entire audience entering into the excitement, in a manner never before heard this country; and all agreed that this was the grandest and greatest religious meeting ever held on the continent.

CHAPTER X.

The extraordinary scene in the church on Sunday night, and the great achievements by the hosts of Israel, was the almost only topic of conversation and discussion in all portions of the city. The hitherto credulous and doubting Peters were inclined to acknowledge "there is something in it," and "if this overwhelming and unparalleled revival is not of God, what is it?" while Christians, in rapturous emotion, shouted the glad tidings and exclaimed: "Oh! how glad I am that the spirit of awakening and conversion is being manifested in all the churches." Groups of men were assembled on the street corners and in counting-rooms, and public places of business, discussing the tremen-

dous wave-power of Divine influence that was permeating all parts of the city; every household tasting the joys of heaven. It had come to be a mania to be religious, and there was a rush to get into Christ's kingdom. Church coldness was a thing of the past, and the membership were revived and warmed up and strengthened, and the query of the hour was, "Are you saved?" The ministry were alive and rejoicingly happy, and the laity trusting in God for all things.

The Monday evening (May 9th) meeting of the young converts was a refreshing season of grace; the youthful soldiers testifying of God's goodness in a manner that would have cheered the hearts of the Wesleys and all the founders of Methodism. They sang in the Spirit, and rejoiced with hearts crowded full with Divine benisons and the Holy Spirit.

At twilight the upper audience room was crowded with a deeply interested and anxious people. The evangelist said: "I am deeply impressed with the conviction that I ought not to exhort, but go at once to altar work. Let all the congregation rise and sing:

"'Is my name written there?"

"Before singing, let all who know they are saved, and can truthfully, in the presence of God, say, 'My name is written there,' and 'I know I am saved,' please take your seats, but I charge you, don't for your life, tell a lie, and take your seat unless you are positive you are saved." Several hundred remained standing, and a few who had a doubt rose again from their seats. "Now let all Christians bow their heads in prayer.

Those who want peace and the salvation of God, please hold up your hands," and this sign was given from all parts of the house. Then, upon invitation, there came forty-eight to the altar, ranging from the man of sixty to the boy of ten years. No exhortation, and yet the altar and front benches crowded with penitents!

Rev. Brother Smith, the Baptist revivalist, observed: "I have never seen anything like this in all my thirty-six years' experience. There is no undue excitement in this, and only a desire on the part of the people to save their souls and flee from the wrath to come."

Eight were brought into the light, one of these, a bright little lad of twelve years of age, who shouted and laughed and wanted to shake hands with everybody, so great was his joy. To Dr. Vernon he said: "Oh! how happy I am. I just let myself all go, and God has turned me inside out. I don't know what I am doing, I am so happy."

At the close of the meeting a gentleman of prominence came forward, and said to Dr. Vernon: "During business hours to-day, while I was engaged in solemn prayer for conversion, God spoke peace to my soul, and I want you to take my name and residence." Eight were changed in the inner man.

The Tuesday night (May eleventh) meeting was attended by an overflowing crowd of people deeply interested and very attentive. The evangelist quoted John iii, 16, as the bright side of the gospel, and the cheery side of redemption. "Jeremiah tells us how to find God, and John tells how God comes to us. John was a favorite of Jesus, and I love to think of

him, for he had a wonderful power in love for Jesus. John was one of the three on the mountain of transfiguration. John was at the last supper when Jesus leaned his head on his bosom. John took to his home the mother of Jesus from Calvary. Indeed, John and Jesus seemed to be knit together, and when our Savior came forth from the sepulcher, John was the first to cry out: 'It is He. I know it. That's my Christ!' Jesus loved that disciple. I will read you the sweetest passage in all the Scriptures, which John has given the world as a beacon of light, of mercy, of love and free grace, for your solace and comfort as you are rocking to and fro on the billows of time; and as I read it please notice that there are three glimmering ways—pardon, mercy and free grace: Here is the sweet passase: 'God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him shall not perish, but have everlasting life.' Here is the picture of your destiny—the lively hope and the shadow. 'Perish' is the dark phase, and John puts it in that you might be saved, and have the opposite—everlasting life. We take medicine to make us well, and I reach down to rescue a man from drowning, but if he declines to reach up and take my hand, he will perish. Now, John puts in the consideration, 'Whosoever believeth on Him might not perish.' Life on earth is like the lily which you pick up, and while you hold it, it fades, and droops and dies. A mother may forget her suckling child, but John tells us that God never forgets you, and if you believe on the Son, you will not perish, but

have everlasting life. 'Whosoever will,' John declares, will be among those who meet the condition—give up all and accept this dear love. I greatly prefer the sunnyside of Calvary and the bright promises of the gospels, than the thunderings of Sinai. Don't you? John believed that there would be many who would *not* come to Christ that they might not perish and have everlasting life, but are determined to go down to perdition.'

Sixty-seven, by their coming to the altar, announced their determination to be among the "whosoever will," and nineteen came under the banner of God's redeeming grace. One young man said to the audience: "I was afraid to come to this church, through fear that I might get caught. I could not stay away, and I know it's all right now. Glory to God!"

The afternoon meeting on Wednesday was largely attended, and the time was spent in earnestly making the great gift of completeness in Christ. Ten received the blessing, while all were strengthened in Christ Jesus. The heat was intense, and yet the upper audience room was crowded in every part. The preacher exhorted on the third verse of the third chapter of John: "I do not believe there is one here who will dare say, 'I do not believe the Bible.' If so, you who are sinners, let me ask you, what are you going to do with the words of this verse, which is addressed to everybody: 'Verily, I say unto you, except a man be born again, he can not see the kingdom of God.' Attending church will not do, for the devil is in every pew of the church, as he is in the pool room, and at the doorway

of every heart. Outward church ceremonies may cause your damnation. Jesus said: *‘Verily I say unto you, except ye are born again ye can not enter the kingdom of God.’* You who claim that you are doing no harm, and are doing nothing—your trouble is just there. ‘Ye must be born again.’ And if you fail to give heed to the words of Jesus, you will be dashed to pieces on the rocks of despair. Your morals, your good intentions, and your prayers will not save you. Oh that the spirit of Calvary and the spirit of Sinai may help you to resolve, ‘I will be born again.’” Thirty-three came to the altar, and eleven received the new birth.

The Wesleyan plan of sanctification occupied the afternoon hour of Thursday, and many entered into the covenant to live “nearer, my God, to thee.” The heat was very great, and yet there was a thronged audience, who remained almost spell-bound under the awakening spirit which brooded in deep solemnity among the people.

At the night service the evangelist urged personal work to win souls for Christ. “The word of God tells us that Jesus said of Mary, ‘She has chosen the good part, which shall never be taken from her.’ God holds you responsible, my dear sinner, unless you choose this good part. Will you?” And twenty-one came to the altar, five of whom were wafted into the kingdom. Governor Porter’s son was one of the chosen, and a dear friend of his, who saw his conversion, rose in the back part of the audience, came to the altar, and passed in triumph through the gates of the new Jerusalem. He said to Dr. Talbott: “When I saw my

friend so happy, it went like an arrow to my soul, and I determined to have it too, and I came forward, and here I am, at his side, on our way to Heaven." Another young man said: "This is my mother's birthday, and I want to be converted, and make her dear soul happy." Another middle-aged man jumped to his feet, exclaiming, "Glory to God, I've got it."

Friday night, though intensely hot, brought to Roberts Park an immense audience, a large number being strangers. The young people's meeting, preceding the regular services, was a grand ovation, all present rejoicing in a full and unspeakable salvation, and a complete enjoyment of Jesus's love.

The evangelist addressed the crowd in the upper room, from Mark x, 21: "Jesus smiled on one and frowned on the other; and while he was satisfied with one, a cloud hung over the other. He had the look of approval for one, and the utmost disdain for the other; and while there were many who said, 'I'll take Heaven and have all glory,' there were others declaring, 'I will not, and prefer to be a bankrupt forever.' But to these how lovely Jesus appeared. The man spoken of in the text had morality, wealth, uprightness and character, very good things to have; but notwithstanding he had all those, the Savior drew the knife and in love cut him to the quick. While I have inexpressible affection for you, I must say you are in the wrong way. You may be perfect as to your morals, and have, no doubt, kept *all* the commandments from your youth up. What of that? You deserve no credit for that. 'Yet lackest thou one thing.' 'Mercy on me!' cried

the man, for he was cut to the inward heart. The choir called on a very sick man an evening or so since, and sang, 'Are you ready?'—a man dying, and soon will be in eternity—and he said, with his pale hand raised, 'if I only had health.' That was the one thing he felt he lacked; for the one thing needful he had obtained—glory to God. There are men who have all of earth's wealth and pleasure, but have not Christ. and no hope beyond this fleeting, transitory joy. How soon they will die and enter eternity God only knows. What then? 'Yet lackest thou one thing.' The man in the Bible went away sorrowful. In a few days death will knock at the door and say, 'Young man, I want you?' and to the young lady, 'I have a summons to take you to the judgment; are you ready for the master's call?' or are you contented to enter therein, hoping that your morals, and integrity, and forms of religion will give you a passport to endless life? Ah, you are lacking one thing, and the Judge will say, 'I never knew you.' Come and secure the true riches and completeness of the Savior's smiles and approval.'" Thirty-three went to the altar, and eight stepped across the border. One of these was Mr. J. W. Howe, a leading clerk in one of the largest dry goods houses. He rose from the altar and said to the audience, "On last Sunday night week I came to Roberts Park Church for the first time in seven years that I was inside of any church. I listened attentively, and was interested in Brother Harrison's prayer, and when I realized something unusual coming over me I said to myself, 'This wont do; I must get out of here,'

and rose and left the church. I remained away from the church for a week, and was very much troubled in my mind. There was nothing right with me. I concluded again to go to church, and that night I was more interested than ever; and felt that if the world was full of sinners I must be the chief. The tears filled my eyes, and my heart bled with anguish. I came to this altar, and felt better for my coming, and repeated it for seven nights; all the time feeling easier, and more determined to go through. This Friday morning, I had occasion to go into the cellar of the store for wrapping paper, and involuntarily I fell on my knees and cried for mercy; and asked God, with all the faith and power I had to remove the burden from my soul; and instantly I felt it going, and all was as bright as the noonday sun. Oh, my friends! I tell you I was happy. For a little while I was so completely turned upside down I could not tell where to place Jesus; and thought all the time he was trying to run away from me; but I held on, and he came into my heart, and is abiding in my soul. I found relief, thanks be unto God. I gathered up my paper and ran up stairs laughing and joyous; and I have been happy all day. I came here to the altar to receive a complete blessing, and I have received it most gloriously." Mr. Harrison asked Mr. Howe: "You are sure about it? No guessing or hoping, is there?" Mr. Howe replied: "No, indeed; it is as clear as sunlight. There is no guessing or hoping about it, I assure you."

Another pleasing incident was developed at this service. A leading business man, whose wife was con-

verted a few nights since, had been scolding and protesting because his wife attended these meetings. He made sport of the revival, and was violent in his denunciation of Harrison. He had forbidden his wife going to the meetings, and he went one night and took a seat in the gallery, to see if she was there contrary to his orders. He saw his wife rise and go to the altar. He saw her weeping and struggling, and then spring to her feet, giving glory to God. He left the church and hurried to his home greatly agitated. His wife soon followed, all wreathed in smiles. She fell on her husband's neck and said: "Forgive me! I have been to church and found Jesus, to the joy of my soul." He made no reply, but for several days was in deep trouble. At the supper table this Friday evening he said: "Wife, will you help me to do up certain packages for shipment, and then we will close up the store and go to meeting?" Of course she would, for a more happily surprised wife never lived. Tears of joy bedewed her cheeks and a whispering from her loving soul buoyed her up, "Have faith in God." That husband was among the first at the altar and the third to receive the blessing of spiritual baptism. They went home full of rejoicing, and have been so ever since.

A young man of eighteen years, who had buried his distinguished father the day before, was completely subdued at the altar, and crying, "Oh, my God, I want to make sure of Heaven."

Sunday, May 15th, was a charming day, all nature redolent in the balmy and zephyr breezes, every leaflet and bird and every living thing chanting their an-

thems of praise and thanksgiving, and all hearts in inspirational unison to Him, the Giver of every good and perfect gift. The churches were filled, and as the benedictions of "Praise God from Whom all blessings flow" welled up from thousands of satisfied saints, the echo of glory from the sanctuaries crowded the air, and that Sabbath was, indeed, a heaven of love and joy to the hosts of Zion.

The 9 o'clock general class-meeting was the largest in attendance of any preceding, while the testimonies of the young converts, interlarded with experience of older Christians, were full of spiritual richness and power and purity and love and peace. Sixty-seven new converts and thirty-eight older disciples told of the free gift of pardoning love. The feast was eminently enjoyable.

At 10:30 Dr. Vernon preached an exhaustive sermon from John ix, 27, the last clause: "Will ye also be His disciples." An exhortation from the evangelist to redoubled diligence and more consecration on the part of the church made a good impression, and hundreds rose and pledged themselves to greater diligence in this revival work.

In the presence of a crowded audience at 3 P. M. Dr. Vernon baptized nine children and twenty-four adults. Following this ceremony fifty persons presented themselves at the altar to take upon themselves the consecration vows and join the church on probation. Three brothers, one of whom was near the gate-way of death, were among the number of probationers, while their

aged mother was received by letter. The scene was deeply touching and melted many hearts.

The night service was a crusher. All the standing room was occupied. The stairways were thronged, while all around the church, on the grass, the crowds swayed to and fro to hear the songs, and catch here and there the utterances of the preacher. Other churches were also crowded, and many hundreds returned to their homes. The evangelist exhorted from 1st Kings xviii., 21: "How long will ye halt between two opinions?" He introduced in a very effective manner the narrative of Elijah and the people who were at enmity with the living God, and who were worshippers of Baal and "other gods," and who, under a challenge one to the other, went up on to Mount Carmel to test the power of their respective gods. The description of the entire procedure and the triumph of Elijah, in consuming the altar flooded with water, by the power of God, and the complete discomfiture and overthrow of the Baalites, was most complete, and no report or pen inditeing could do justice to the effort. And he likened the chagrin of the followers of Baal when defeated to a great many Christians, who come to church with faces as long and sepulchral as tombstones in a graveyard. "I have an utter abhorrence for 'compromises,' for while it is and may be done in politics it could never be tolerated in religion. You can not hold to two opinions at one and the same time, or compromise salvation and damnation, and one of these you must choose. You can not escape making the decision, and you can not occupy any middle ground.

To a large number an important crisis is at hand, and your decision is soon to be recorded by the angel having charge of the Great Book. Let me entreat that you decide on the Lord's side."

Thirty-nine crowded the chancel rail, and sixteen had their names registered on the Book of Life, making the total to date seven hundred and eighty-three.

CHAPTER XI.

The eighth week was entered on with a deeper conviction resting on the minds of all the community that God was in the great revival awakening that was stirring the city to its very depth. Men who had hitherto scarcely ever entertained a thought about religion, and were always engrossed in politics over everything else—whose leprosy was like a cancer, leading them rapidly to an eternal death—these were inquiring as to the old paths, and crying for mercy, and from all phases of society the cry was heard: "Men and brethren, what shall we do to be saved?" The converts and Christians were traversing the city and visiting hamlets and workshops, factories and counting-rooms, and stores and the residences of the rich to hunt out the prodigals and wanderers, and persuade them to return to their Father's house. To this work, on Sunday, upwards of one thousand dedicated their service. The scene

must have produced intense joy in the courts of heaven, for on earth such a sight was never witnessed before.

Monday evening the covenanters to do personal work began bringing in their reports, and all expressed their surprise at the kindness and willingness with which they were received. Their faith was strong in the Lord and in the power of His might, and so anxious were all to speak of the heavenly love, that three and four were on their feet at the same time. It was certainly a most delightful repast.

At the regular service the evangelist indulged in a very short talk on repentance and the benefits of salvation to the lives and characters of men and women. "Men who are homely-looking and repulsive in their sins are handsome and joyous and happy when they receive God's love." In response to the invitation thirty-eight went forward, and ten were announced as saved.

On Sunday night a young man, well known in the city, was at the altar, but failed to get through. He was under deep conviction, and on his way home he stopped at a lumber-yard, and falling on his knees, cried out: "Now, Lord, I must be saved or I perish. I give thee all; now, have mercy and save my poor soul," and he rose entirely changed.

Tuesday night was pleasant and cool, and the main auditorium was crowded to repletion. The bowed heads, streaming eyes, and the all-pervading solemnity indicated too surely the brooding influence of the Holy Ghost and the reaching out to find God. It was so palpable that as soon as Mr. Harrison ascended the platform and stood at the lecturn looking over the

audience he said: "That's right—keep thinking. God is watching this deathless yet dying multitude. Let us pray."

"Eighteen hundred years or more ago, the cry went forth: 'To whom shall I go when in peril? to whom apply when in difficulty?' So to-night, my Heavenly Father, these sojourners and pilgrims, who are liable to be cut off in a moment, are conscious that on this earth they have no continuing. Here is a young man saying good bye, and he crosses the river unsaved, and proves the great truth that there is no exemption and no discharge from death. The queen, with her 'million for one ray of hope;' Randolph, with his 'remorse,' and Byron 'suing for mercy,' are not discharged from the demand of the King of Terrors. Oh, my God, will angels convey us across the river, to a heavenly home, or down into the darkness of despair? Oh, God, let the spirit come and work, and help this people to settle their accounts with Thee as for judgment. Oh, we know the beauties of Heaven, as the Bible tells it to us; but oh, how many are losing their hold and slipping into hell! 'What if you gain the whole world, and lose your soul?' said the Master. Dear Father, how many have not yielded, and by persistent rejection, have gone too far! Help, dear God, that they may retrace their steps and get into the shelter and be housed in thy redeeming mercy. Oh, may many be sheltered to-night under the wing of Thy love and in the arms of the Divine mercy; and may they be saved from perdition, by the scores. We are on the march and in line, moving toward the graveyard. And, Oh God! what then? Are we hurrying to the realms of joy or to the pit of ruin and despair? Oh God, how many at the judgment will the Judge address: 'How came you here and not saved?' And they will be speechless. Oh Father! Father! Father! have mercy, and save every unsaved soul, for Jesus' sake. Amen."

In his exhortation the preacher said: "Christ was invited to dinner, given by rich men, and was sumptuously feasted. Although in full sympathy with the poor, he went to the banquet and partook, but he drew the knife and cut deep into their consciences, and told

them of another feast at the table of the King, and that a certain class who were bidden would never partake of that supper. You ask, 'What supper is that, Mr. Harrison?' The supper of God's mercy and redeeming love. And of that class who will never taste of that supper is the young lady all taken up with the fashion and frivolities of the world; the business man engrossed in the worldliness of every hour and moment, to the exclusion of things divine; and the young man who is running after the pleasures of time and space that never satisfies, but is like a broken cistern holding no water. That young lady says: 'I am happy now, but if I get religion I must be somber and solemn, and that would make me miserable.' Who told you so? Jesus says, 'You were bidden.' That's the worst part of it. Suppose you die suddenly and awake in the regions of despair. There's a man who has bought a farm, and it is seed-time, and he makes that an excuse and is lost. There are thousands of souls who are thinking more about their business and their own selfish interests than they are upon the matter of salvation. A man has bought a yoke of oxen and wants to try them first, and asks to be excused. That man has married a wife, and, like a big fool always does, begins to excuse himself, instead of bringing his wife along to share the feast with him. Making excuses, notwithstanding you are bidden, will never permit you to taste of the Lord's Supper. No lands, no oxen, or wife, or any such thing should be an excuse, but when you say that religion will make you sober and gloomy and not sociable, that is a lie of the devil, and a big one, at

that. You might as well say that a man clothed in rags is unhappy when he puts on good clothes, or when he is removed from a hovel into a palace. Ah, you can never stay away from the table of God's love and mercy on such a plea or such an excuse as that. God is not going to compel you to have religion if you don't want it. He will throw his loving arms around you and offer you mercy and pardon and saving grace, but you must, of your own free will and desire, reach out and accept it. Another makes this excuse: 'Oh, there's a hypocrite in the Church who cheated me!' Well, what of that? Judas was a hypocrite, and went down to the place he merited. There are no hypocrites in heaven, and for you to pile up excuses on that line, they will avail you nothing. Another says, 'I have no feeling or desire for it,' and this is his apology. But Jesus says, in two words—'without excuse.' You are bidden, you are called, and free pardon offered. Will you continue to rebel?"

Forty-three stepped anxiously to the front, and eleven grounded the weapons of rebellion, and were made acceptable guests to the great banquet. One of these was a lady whose two little daughters persuaded and accompanied her to the altar, The trio in each other's arms, praising God, was a picture of touching pathos.

The Wednesday night meeting was largely attended, and was a meeting of very significant spiritual influence. A short exhortation was delivered on the fifteenth verse of the first chapter of 1st Timothy—"This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that

‘Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners.’ Oh, how true the apostolic declaration—‘For Jesus is mighty to save, and that to the uttermost.’” Twenty-three sought to be saved, and three gained the victory.

On Thursday night, May 19th, another mass of people thronged the upper audience room of the church, while the young people had a royal feast in the lecture room. The youthful hearts sang the songs as though they were inspired, while all the testimonies breathed the endowment of the Heavenly Spirit.

The evangelist, at the up stairs service, dwelt on Isaiah v, 4, where the prophet says, “‘There is a house erected and finished, a refuge established, a shelter secured,’ and what more does any dying man want? If you want more you can’t get it—and more than that can’t be done. No right minded man can make any reply to this sweetest of verses. ‘What more could I have done?’ Can you give an answer to that? Yes, on one condition, and that is, making a complete sacrifice. On the cross the dear Jesus called you to come to him. I stretched out my hand and you refused. I shed my blood and asked you to unbolt the door of your heart and let me come in, and you rejected me. I gave you my sympathy, and I have pressed on you my willingness to save to the uttermost. ‘What more could I have done?’ Those bitten in the wilderness were commanded to look up to the brazen serpent and be healed; others who refused, they died. Glory to God! there are hundreds here who have turned their eyes to Jesus Christ, away up on the hill top, and he kissed you and gave you a

clean heart. You who say, 'I wont,' and doubt the efficacy of a Redeemer's blood, whose fault is it if you are lost? Certainly not God's, for he never has shut the door of mercy, or pardon, or love. The door of invitation is thrown open wide, and unless you are willing you never can see his face. God may tear and uproot a city, and destroy nations, but one thing he can not and will not do, and never will this side of eternity. You may well look anxious, and say, 'Why, dear me, I am interested in that statement. Tell me, where did you get that sort of scriptural teaching?' If you will give prayerful attention I will tell you. '*Shut* on the human side.' Jesus said, 'I stand at the door and knock, and if any man will open I will go in.' Now, mark you, if *you* will open the door and say yes, come in? Jesus will instantly enter and take full possession. God himself will never open that door; and he has never saved a soul who said No! and kept the door shut. God requires a yes, a needy yes, a willing yes, an obedient yes, a complete yes, and an opening of the door by *you*, with the request, 'Yes, I want Jesus to come in and abide with me.' If you say No! and shut him out, he will shut you in. The bolt which tightens your door is a little word of two letters, but very significant—NO—and the door is '*resistance to Jesus.*' Let the bolt drop, and resist no longer, and throw wide open the door, and your victory will be complete." Thirty-seven unlatched the bolt, and nine dropped it and flung wide open the door, and Jesus took peaceable possession.

There was not a foot of standing room on Friday

night, and many returned to their homes. After a short invocation by the great Brooklyn divine, Mr. Harrison requested Dr. Talmage to state how the converts were progressing in his church since the revival several months ago.

Dr. Talmage said: "This is the practical question of all revivals. In regard to the souls brought in a year ago into my church, six hundred and seventy-eight were the result of that work. Within two weeks after the conclusion of that work the question was propounded, 'what proportion of this number will be faithful? Will three-fourths, one-half, five hundred, three hundred, two hundred or one hundred of the six hundred and seventy-eight hold out faithful?' I have answered them as I will answer you to-night. Of the six hundred and seventy-eight who were converted in the Brooklyn Tabernacle, six hundred and seventy-eight have proved faithful, not one having gone back, and I have made diligent and earnest inquiry. I repeat that there is not a single instance of unfaithfulness of those who, on a June Sabbath, consecrated themselves to God, and of this I know whereof I speak. There is another fact of which I desire to say a word. The hardest work of our recent revival was done by those who were brought into the Kingdom when Brother Harrison was with us. Dear brethren, it is your faith on which depends your success, and if you have faith in God for one thousand conversions, your faith will cause the one thousand to remain firm and faithful. I am glad to be here to-night and give this testimony, and on this summery night to say that this power in

your midst means supernatural. By the way, Brother Harrison, did you ever tell that grand incident which took place in the Tabernacle about supernatural power?"

Harrison—"No, bless you, Dr. Talmage, I never did. You tell it; do."

Dr. Talmage—"There were two persons seated in the chairs. One was an elegant gentleman, and attired in apparel very exquisite, with a fine development of body, and a brain attractive and impressive. I approached and inquired: 'My dear sir, are you here for your soul's welfare?'

"Gentleman—"No sir; I am simply here for domestic courtesy. There is my wife; please talk to her."

"I spoke to the wife, and she exhibited much feeling, while her husband sat in a stiff and dignified manner, and yet he observed to me: 'This conviction of my wife certainly shows that there is a *supernatural power* here.'

"I said: 'My dear sir, do you not feel something of this supernatural?'

"He replied: 'Oh! no, no! I am simply here on account of domestic courtesy.'

"In half an hour afterward he was bowing his head forward with his face buried in both hands. I let him alone for a few minutes, and then approaching him, I inquired: 'My dear sir, don't you yet feel this supernatural power?' He raised his head, and with tears streaming down his face, he replied: 'Yes, yes, Dr. Talmage, I feel its full force.'

"I rejoice heartily at the great supernatural work in

your city, which is now being rocked in this great wave of revival power, and I pray it may continue."

Dr. Vernon congratulated Dr. Talmage for his Presbyterian encouragement on the Methodistic line. "Thank God, Dr. Talmage, we are all as a unit together in the great work of the salvation of souls."

Rev. Mr. Harrison then said: "That statement of Dr. Talmage is a powerful sermon to dying men, and especially those without hope, and who are without the supernatural love of God; and I trust that many scores of deathless spirits may experience this supernatural love, and grace, and mercy to-night. In the fifth chapter of Daniel, and in one of the verses, we are told that there was a time of great festivity, and hilarity and joy; the band struck up the notes for the dancers and away they went in their so-called earthly pleasure; but God sent his judgment, and mercy was evoked to take the place of wrath, and love the place of punishment. Their knees trembled and their eyes stared, and they cried out: 'What does this mean?' and then came a spell. Said the King: 'This is strange. I never had such an experience before as this. Oh! if I could only solve this matter. What does it mean?' Death! Death! It means the breaking of the tender chord of experiences and for eternity. Sinner, you are on a journey which leadeth down to death. You are weighed in the balance and found wanting. Aha, God puts his judgment where He'll make no mistake. There's a man who says he doesn't want to be weighed. You can't help it. If you weigh yourself you are all wrong, and if you are weighed by God you will be

found wanting. But there is a remedy, thank God, for He will help every soul if you let Him. You put into the scale all your good resolutions, and the promises you made at your mother's knee, when you said the Lord's prayer; and all your moral acts and church-goings. God will put on the other scale—WANTING! Oh! My God, what a judgment—WANTING! A young lady attended a revival and declared that she would break off dancing, theaters, and the follies of the world. She was entreated to go to the dance, and finally yielded; but she said in sorrow: 'If I dance I must quit the revival.' 'Oh!' they said, 'you can go to the next revival.' She went to the dance, and soon after was on her death bed, when she said to her mother: 'This is awful. I have no feeling; I can't pray, and there is no use for any one to pray for me. I left the revival and went to the dance, and I grieved the Spirit, and I am lost;' and she died the death of the unsaved. God help us, that in no event we shall be found 'wanting.' 'Forty-four expressed a desire to be saved, and ten attested the all-sufficiency of a Savior's love to save.

On Sunday morning, at 9 o'clock, the general class-meeting was largely attended, but the attraction upstairs shortened it somewhat, and there was a marked diminution in the character and number of experiences. All that was said gave great comfort to those present, but there was lacking that fullness of the spirit so powerfully manifested at other meetings. All the time from 9 o'clock the surging multitude of humanity were crowding the upper sanctuary, so that at half-past 9

every part of the main audience room and gallery was packed as never before in the history of the church. Four thousand persons were unable to get inside the church door. The streets were jammed in every direction, and the cry everywhere was heard, "Too late! too late!" After the introductory service, Dr. Vernon said: "It is with no ordinary pleasure that we welcome to our service this morning, the presence of the very eminent divine, Rev. Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage, who is recognized everywhere as more than a Presbyterian and more than an American, and a divinely commissioned messenger of Jesus Christ. May God the Father give him the fullest unction of the Heavenly Spirit, and may we, his hearers, grow and be edified under his teachings and preaching."

Dr. Talmage then announced as the text, Matthew xxv, 6: "Behold, the bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him." The discourse on "Torches and Light" was published in the newspapers the following morning, and was in all respects an extraordinary effort. The audience were held spell-bound, from first to last, and there was no dissenting from the statement that a more opportune and appropriate sermon could not have been delivered.

At the 3 P. M. service thirty-four were received as probationers, on the Harrison covenanting plan. It was stated, that during the sermon in the morning, a gentleman seated in the gallery gave himself up to God, and was blessed with the divine pardon. Another reported to Dr. Vernon, that at the noon hour he determined that nothing should keep him out of the

kingdom, and falling on his knees, he was suddenly ushered into the light. Praise the Lord!

The night service did not show any diminution in numbers. The preacher did not talk much, for the reason that all the people, as he said, "were convinced of their responsibility, and the necessity of a new life, to secure the favor of God. The liberality of our holy religion can not be told, but can be enjoyed. In Proverbs you will find, 'If thou art wise, thou shalt be wise for thyself; but if thou neglectest, thou alone shalt bear it.' You will have to die alone, and if you have built upon the sand you must go down; therefore, be wise for yourself, and not for your mother or anybody else. Exchange sin and ruin for pardon and refuge—the very best thing to do—and secure salvation. No one can die for you, and you must bear the consequences of your sinning, alone. Therefore, I charge you not to neglect this important trust." Twenty-eight came to the altar, and seven received the pardon of all their sins.

CHAPTER XII.

There was, at the beginning of the ninth week, a less disposition to be captious about the revival work than at any time since the meetings began. The results silenced forever any spirit in that direction, as there was certainly nothing to find fault about. The methods inaugurated secured the conversion of

eight hundred and thirty-three persons in Roberts Park, while scores were brought into the new life in other churches, and the triumphal march of Truth continued. Conversion is not a fallacy because some people think that they do not need it. There is a growing conviction that the world stands in need of more christianity, and that there never can be too much of Gospel salvation, which always leads up and has in itself all the elements of a sublime lifting power. The time is nearing rapidly, we trust, when conditions as to a religious life, other than laid down by God, shall be totally displaced by the simple injunction: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." All disposition to speak harshly of revivals is not calculated to heighten the opinion with true christians as to those who conduct themselves in this incongruous and infelicitous manner. Truth will triumph and finally conquer over all opposition, no matter what the source.

The largest convert meeting of the entire series was held at 7 p. m., and the Divine presence was experienced and felt in an unmistakeable manner. One hundred and thirty-three testimonies of unflinching faith in God's love and gracious mercy were given in short, terse sentences. The proposition of the evangelist that all should endeavor to secure one penitent and bring him or her to the altar, met with a unanimous response.

The up-stairs audience room was packed with people, coming from all parts of the city. The commencement exercises over, the evangelist said: "If

the hundreds in this church had lived in the days of Christ they would have seen the disciples running to Jesus. Indianapolis is rocking with God's power, and men and women are talking religion in their places of business and in their houses as never before. A prominent gentleman this evening said to me, 'I have been accosted four times and asked what in the world does this mean,' and an infidel said to me, 'I can not, for the life of me, account for the mysterious manifestation,' and another said this morning, 'Brother Harrison, all the churches in the city, without a single exception, were crowded on Sunday, and there must be a God visiting and awakening among the people.' The constant enquiry is, 'What does it mean?' Over eighteen hundred years ago there was an interest when Jesus was seeking all men, and He is here in Indianapolis seeking you, and what the end will be in this city He who holds the destiny of each only can determine. Oh, how my heart goes out for those in the gallery, for that is generally the place where the sinner goes—they are so timid and afraid in the beginning. Then they venture down stairs, and then, little by little, they will get nearer and nearer to the altar, and finally yield and are converted. Those who are without hope can not understand this mysterious influence. Of course you can not. A sinner can't understand religion until he obtains it. In the days of our Savior everybody was seeking him, and cried out, 'God, be merciful to me, a sinner!' Ezra viii, 22, is one of the most comforting passages in the Bible: 'The hand of the Lord is with them who, for good, seek Him;'

‘Seek God and his righteousness and all things will be added.’ In this life religion will be a solace ; at death your soul will be joyful ; and you will be safely transported to heavenly mansions.” Forty-eight concluded to take this splendid Christ, and thirteen found Him to the glory of their souls.

On Tuesday, May 24th, the converts were out in full force, and proselyting from the enemy’s ranks ; and, from reports, they had admirable success. All parts of the church, at night, were packed, and the presence of God was marvelously displayed. The ambassador went promptly at his work, by saying : “God is asking the sinner a question, and you can never answer it this side of eternity. It is a question you can not throw aside, or cast off, or get away from. You ask oftentimes, ‘What must I do to be saved?’ and down the cycle of ages the question is repeated, and pressed, and you inquire : ‘What now is my future, and what the by-and-by?’ God holds your life in his hands, and can snap the cord in the twinkling of an eye. Only a few days since, a young man in a distant part of Indiana started for the capital, to attend Roberts Park Church, to get under the influence of the revival power, but before he reached his destination he was summoned to cross the river. What of the passage? He said, ‘No future—all dark.’ Oh, my God ! it is a testing question. Yonder funeral bell is tolling frequently, and daily ; the mourners, in their habiliments of sorrow, are on the streets continually, all admonishing us that we are going the same way. God does not ask this question of the converted—for they are

secure in the palm of his majesty—but he addresses it to the unsaved, and the sinner and church members who are floating along on their church relationship are included. These are they who say, ‘Mr. Harrison, I guess I am right.’ No, you ain’t; for to you ‘there is a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof is death.’ When I reiterate the question, God wants an answer from the gallery, and the lower floor, and all around the city—from every unsaved soul, old and young, rich and poor—everybody bound for eternity! At the Judgment, you will be speechless, if you wait until that dreadful hour. Here it is: ‘*What—will—you—do—in—the—swellings—of—death?*’ ‘Aha,’ says that young man, ‘I will make a desperate struggle to get through.’ No, you won’t. ‘Well, I’ll push my way over.’ No, you won’t, for the only thing you can do in the swellings of death must alone be through Christ, he helping and sustaining, and abiding with you. You may call in another way; but he tells us, ‘I will not answer;’ and one wave will come, and you can not overcome it in your own self, and it will dash against and over you, and you will go down. There are men who, like that Fifth Avenue millionaire, say, ‘I would give a million dollars to have Christ and get over the dark stream safely;’ but they were wrecked and sank to the nethermost bottom. The hour is coming, my friend—and not far away—when you will be a lonely passenger, having no one to go with you to try the realities of the future. Your devoted mother, whom you prize so greatly, can only go with you to the edge of the stream and kiss you farewell, and wipe

your forehead, as you launch out on the billows ; but in the swellings of the death-waves you alone will feel the spray and experience the mists, and have the terrible certainty that you are alone in the billows of death, and will inevitably go down and be lost unless you have Christ, who stilleth the tempest and stayeth the storm and helpeth you over. Will you have this Christ to reign over you?" Forty-eight said yes, and fourteen were accepted as ready for the voyage.

A young man was at the altar struggling for the victory. His young wife and aged mother were at his side wrestling with God for his acceptance through the open door. Never was there a more earnest and inviting effort made. Soon he sprang from the altar shouting, 'Thank God I am in,' and mother, wife and son were in each other's arms shouting and weeping for joy. The aged matron was the happiest saint ever seen. She clapped her hands and shouted at the top of her voice. She said, all the time gesticulating with her hands, "Oh, dear brothers and sisters, I am a Dutch woman, but I have seven children, and this is my youngest ; but, bless God, all my family have been washed in the blood of Christ. I have prayed for this, and God has answered my prayers. I was converted when fourteen years of age, and now I am sixty-four years old. Glory to God ! there will be no German, English, or any language in Heaven ; but all will sing in one voice and one tongue. Oh, bless my God, I am so happy !" Other conversions were equally as impressive, but not quite so demonstrative.

May 29th (Wednesday) was another successful day

for outside work, and the converts' 7 o'clock meeting was profitably employed in giving testimonies, and feasting on God's love. To a crowded audience Mr. Harrison indulged in a short talk, commencing with an incident in Epworth Church, where the preacher forgot his text and his sermon had gone out of his memory. At first he was troubled. Then he commenced with the first person on the front bench to the last person on the back seat, and requested each to say aloud "Jesus." "Now we will go the same line over again, and every one who can, truthfully and knowingly, say '*My* Jesus.' He admonished them to be careful, and only a very few were able to say '*My* Jesus,' and they were all put to thinking. They couldn't say '*My* Savior,' and soon there were cries for mercy, and a great revival followed. "Now, if I should go among the pews of this church and ask you the same question, how many of you, with God looking you square in the face, and death, judgment and eternity before you, could claim Jesus as '*My* Savior?' Are there not hundreds who would shrink back, and dare not say it? Oh, get my Christ to-night." The preacher then commenced singing softly and impressively, "There's a gentle voice within calls away, calls away," and the penitents began flocking to the altar. Thirty-seven thus came forward, and seven claimed Jesus as their Savior; one of these a young man from Home, who came down specially to seek the Lord. He returned to his home happy in God's love.

The Thursday evening meeting was immense as to numbers, and not excelled as to spiritual power. It

was indeed a pentecost, for everybody seemed happy, and the occasion will linger in the memory of all as the sweetest and most joyous of their lives. For instance, when the "boy" said "God is conducting this work, and will not let me go to other places where I am daily called, but I ain't going, but will remain right here and fight it out on this line if it takes all summer," nearly all the audience spontaneously rose to their feet and shouted "Amen, the Lord be praised." He then continued: "'There is no pleasure in the death of the wicked.' A man over in Ohio was asked: 'Shall we pray with you?' 'No, no,' he replied, 'sing, sing me over the chilling waters.' So it is with the dying Christian—sing me across the river. There is one thing for you to do, as told in Ezekiel: 'Turn ye, turn ye, for why will ye die?' A wicked man dies and he is lost forever. Oh, dying man, God 'hath no pleasure in the death of the wicked.' All men, who are out of Christ, shrink from dying, for they all know that they must die. God proffers you eternal life. Will you take it? You can go on in your sins just so far, and then you will come on to a barrier. Will you not place God between you and your sin? Take care that you do not go too far, and God will say, 'Your house is left desolate,' for the Bible quotes God as saying, 'My Spirit will not always strive with you.' There is a road which leadeth to ruin. Get out of it. There is a highway which leadeth to God and holiness. Get into it. Why will you die in sin and go to perdition? or why not the rather find peace in God and step into the kingdom."

In drawing the line between the saved and the unsaved, there were about two-thirds claimed to be saved; and then one-third quickly responded and held up their hands that they desired salvation. Forty-nine stepped willingly and anxiously to the altar, and twenty-one switched over from the downward road to the path which leads to eternal felicity. The conversions were of the old-fashioned type, and remarkably clear and positive.

Friday night was very warm, and yet the young people's meeting and the regular services were very largely attended and each service intensely interesting. The converts stated that the half could not be told of the general awakening throughout the city as discovered by their visitations. They have found numbers who said, 'Pray for me, for I do desire to be saved.'

At the regular service the evangelist said: "It is time to seek the Lord. There never has been a more favorable age than the present. True, you have gone through other revivals and privileges, but the prophet said, 'It is time to seek the Lord.' Now, not to-morrow, for that is not yours. That young man says: 'Mr. Harrison, wait until next fall, when another revival is commenced; then I will be a seeker.' No, you won't; for the next time you will be further off or in judgment, out of Christ. His hand of promise is extended to you *now*. To-morrow it will be the hand of judgment. If you turn toward Calvary, and find the touch of His blood, it will all be well with you; but if you are launched into judgment as a trifler and a rebellious man, God pity you. You will receive par-

don if you ask for it, and God never turned an anxious heart away. They brought to Jesus the sick, the blind, the halt, and the diseased of every character, and he healed them all. A lazy seeker never was converted, and never will be; and simply to say, 'I wish to be converted' will never make you one. Every sin-sick soul may be healed, and Jesus is standing ready by your side, to touch every heart; but he requires earnest seeking, earnest effort, and earnest crying for mercy, and then God will be found of you. Now, to have a clear conversion there must be a deep conviction. The Bible says, 'All a man hath, he will give for his life,' and 'except ye repent ye shall all likewise perish.' There are more than one hundred souls here to-night who are tossed hither and thither on the billows and waves of sin. There is the life-boat, and God is waiting to take you in. Is it not time to seek the Lord and pass into the pavilion of his mercy? Come, you who have an earnest desire to flee from the wrath to come, and be housed safely on the good ship Zion."

Seventy-four applied for cabin passage, and twenty-one stepped on board and were refuged. One of the first of these was an old lady of seventy-nine years of age, who said: "I have been seeking Jesus for over thirty years, but I have found him as my precious Savior to-night." Four young men, clerks from the Atlas works, banded together to find Jesus at the altar, and in procession they came to the front from the rear of the church. Three stepped into the light, and gave encouragement and sympathy to their fourth com-

panion, who on the following night also found shelter. Two sisters were gloriously converted, not more than two minutes elapsing between each conversion. A very finished and highly intellectual scholar, son of an eminent divine in the New York Conference, was most powerfully converted. He said: "All the languages at my command utterly fail to express the complete happiness of my soul. All I can say is this, "Praise the Lord, Oh! my soul, and forget not his benefits." A young man said: "I am so greatly blessed and relieved of a heavy burden that I feel as if the whole world was taken off my shoulders. I must hurry home to tell the news to my dear Christian mother." And away he ran down the aisle and through the darkness, to tell the "Old, old story of Jesus and his love." A young man in the rear part of the church sent for Dr. Vernon, and taking him warmly by the hand, said: "Dr. Vernon, I want to ask your pardon, for I have called you hard names, and said many harsh things about this church and this revival." Dr. Vernon, filled with emotion, replied: "That is all right." The young man continued: "Will you please ask Mr. Harrison to come to me?" "Yes, certainly," said the doctor, and soon the evangelist was at his side. "What is it you want," said Mr. Harrison, and the young man repeated what he had said to Dr. Vernon. "Why, bless you, of course I forgive you, but"—and throwing his arms lovingly around his neck, "won't you come to the altar and ask God to forgive you, and I know He will, and you will be saved and will obtain such a glorious blessing?" "I will," and taking Mr.

Harrison's arm, he went to the altar and was most powerfully converted. Other equally interesting displays of Providence were had, and the meeting passed into eternity as one of the most powerful in the history of the church.

On Sunday, May 29th, the weather was intensely hot, and yet the lecture-room was closely seated for the love-feast service. The reports of the converts, and the kindness they received at the hands of all they approached, was well calculated to exhilarate and encourage every child of God. Their religious experience was eminently refreshing and strengthening, one hundred and fifty-eight evidencing for Christ.

At 10:30 Dr. Vernon delivered a most admirable sermon from Ephesians vi, 13: "And having done all, stand." The audience was large, and the interest in the discourse very marked, while the utterances of Dr. Vernon were unusually effective.

At 3:30 P. M. twenty probationers connected themselves with the church.

The night service was as largely attended as ever, not half the people getting inside the church. Rev. Mr. Harrison said: "In Proverbs i, 28, silence reigns, and a prayer uttered never to be answered. A young man read a tract entitled, 'Eternity—where shall I spend it.' He was struck with that awful question. It was God calling. As you see that funeral train passing along the street, you stop and soliloquize: 'That's my end—what then?' That's God's call to you, and you are almost ready to exclaim: 'What shall I gain if I lose?' God's preached word is a call; this deathless

throng this hot night is a call; this revival and each awakening and each conversion is to you a call, and there are thousands of silent calls and you never answer, but continue to say: 'Go away! Go away! I don't want you!' What does this verse say? 'Then shall they call upon me, but I will not answer. They shall seek me early, but they shall not find me.' *Now!* this night God is knocking at the door of your soul and calls on you and offers to give you, without price, love, mercy and pardon, and you refuse. After a while you will call, and when you knock he will not answer. Mary, the bloody Queen of Scots, drew the dagger and plunged it deep into the heart of religion, and yet, when she came to die, and called on God and was not answered, she cried out in her anguish, 'I will give my kingdom for a single ray of hope,' and her only answer was an echo of despair. Oh, how many in the dying hour will cry, 'Lord, save me or I perish!' Oh, when, in the hereafter, you may pray, he may not answer, and if he then refuses, you will go down to hell. Improve the present and be saved." And eighty-seven surrounded the altar and cried for the now accepted time, and nineteen were placed upon the Rock, Christ Jesus. One of these was a leading, middle-aged citizen, who said: "My conversion is so clear. After this family prayer will be a leading feature in my family." His wife and children were converted a few days since, and now the entire family are "marching to Zion," and he is proving to be one of the most precious pillars in the church. May God always bless Brother Jackson.

CHAPTER XIII.

The tenth week opened well, notwithstanding the people were fatigued with the decoration ceremonies over soldiers' graves, and the threatening storm at the hour for service. The young people were out in full force, and their testimonies had a freshness and earnestness about them truly commendable. Some of the converts, male and female, voluntarily led in prayer, and it was remarked that their invocations would have done credit to Christians of riper years and a much larger experience. The fact is, that there is nearly a regiment of new-born souls showing a wonderful proficiency in Christianity.

Rev. Mr. Harrison led off in the regular service—viz., “ ‘The Spirit and the Bride say come ; and he that is athirst, let him come and drink of the water of life freely.’ ‘Anxious inquiries are made about this limited grace and this limited pardon, and, if you will let him, God will break the last cord ; for, the Bible tells us, ‘He will abundantly forgive and abundantly pardon.’ What does that mean? You have had the admonition, time and again, and the church has invited you to come ; and will you listen to the voice, or will you refuse and run the chances of quenching the spirit and receiving the wrath of the Lamb. That is an awful passage of Scripture ; but this invitation which I read, is enough to stir every soul, for it is the voice of God, the wooing of mercy, and the entreaty of forgiveness. God puts his two arms of love and mercy around you.

and hugs you to the bosom of his grace, and says: 'Come, come, come; the spirit and the bride say come, and whomsoever will, may come.' I know of a young man, of eighteen years of age, who went to a certain city, for the first time in his life, to sell wheat. After disposing of his grain, he was decoyed into a pool-room by an emissary of the devil, and was made to believe, after being drugged with what was represented to be cider, that with fifty dollars he could make one hundred dollars. He not only lost the fifty dollars, but his horses and wagon. Utterly discomfited and broken down, he concluded that he could not go home, but would go West. After a painful and tiresome delay, the father went to the city and got upon his track. He, a preacher, had the church bell rung in every town, and after preaching a short sermon, he told of the loss of his son, and that he was in search and pursuit of him. Forty days thus passed, and one evening, in a town many hundred miles from his home, he said, after the sermon: 'I have lost a son, and am in pursuit of him, and if any one knows of a lost boy, or if he is here, his father wants to take him to his home and the bosom of his family.' Away down in the rear of the congregation, a young man—dirty, and with bloodshot eyes, and garments besmeared, as a prodigal's garments always are—rose and walked slowly down the aisle. The father saw the figure as it started, and soon recognized his son, and jumping from the rostrum, met his boy, and they embraced each other as did two of old. To that audience the scene was deeply impressive. That father kissed the dirty face

of that son, and all was forgiven. God is holding out the invitation, He is persuading you by his spirit, and the bride says, return to your Father's house; He will give you the kiss of his love. Will you refuse, and go on against your best interest? Come, with your tattered, filthy rags and garment of unbelief, and throw them at Jesus' feet, and put on the robe of righteousness, which he is holding for you to put on. You will then say, 'this is a sweet way to live;' and it will be a happy way for you to die, and an exhaustive comfort at the judgment. Come, for the spirit and the bride are calling, and partake of the water of life freely." Twenty-seven hastened to the altar; and ten were saved—one of these a young man who had been forward several times, and was there converted in the old-fashioned Methodist way, and was entirely overcome, the blessing being so overwhelming. After recovering, he said to the audience, "I am the happiest man on earth, and am ashamed that I did not come forward to the altar before and secure this great blessing. Glory to God! I am so happy."

Before the hour for regular services began on Tuesday evening, a heavy storm of rain and hail came up, and there was a large falling off in the attendance. The talk of Mr. Harrison was short, and confined to a pleading with sinners to get away from the storm of God's wrath into his sunlight. Eighteen came forward, and five crossed the line, one of whom, a young man who had been twenty-three times to the altar, and this night was blessed in three minutes after kneeling down. Another, a young man of twenty-four years of

age, rose all full of smiles and a countenance beaming with joy, was asked by Mr. Harrison, "How did you receive such a blessing?" "Why, I took God at His word, and I am saved."

The seven o'clock converts' meeting was very largely attended, and the testimonies very full and encouraging, eighty-seven testifying as to pardoning grace and full salvation. The room up-stairs was crowded, and Mr. Harrison proceeded by saying, "God tells you 'I will come near to thee,' and no man or woman will dare say that God at some time or other has failed to come to you, and to every one more than once, and he will come once more and strike with one blow—death! and what then? There is another word to this verse, and the whole reads: 'I will come near to thee—in judgment.' I would rather have grace than judgment. Oh, the richness of God's grace, and the awful solemnity of the judgment. Not long ago a lady sent for me. She was dying, and I asked her: 'Shall I pray for you?' 'Oh, no; its no use; the boatman has come for me and I am not ready to go. All is darkness before me. I am even now stepping into the boat and lost! lost! lost to all eternity! Don't you see the boat pushing out, Mr. Harrison? Oh! Oh! I am not ready, not ready—,' and before finishing the word she was gone. Oh, sinner, don't delay so long as she did, but accept this mercy *now*." The preacher sang softly, "Jesus will help you if you will try," and the effect was intensely thrilling. Fifteen asked for grace, and four were converted.

Thursday night was cool and pleasant, and no room

could be found for those who were not on hand early. After a talk of fifteen minutes, covering the same ground as in former exhortations, in pleading with sinners to seek God and save their souls, he concluded: "The spirit is hard by many of you here to-night for the last time, and you will be left alone. Death is a tale, and you may laugh; the grave is a fiction, and you may jest over it; but the reality is drawing very near, and you had better listen. There was a young lady who promised an evangelist that she would seek God; that she was tired of sin and the gayeties of the world, and if spared she would certainly seek Christ on the succeeding night. She drove to her home, a penitent, with a heart yearning for peace and joy in a loving Savior. Her mother commanded her to make preparation for a dance, soon to take place. She said: 'Mother, will you please excuse me from going to the dance, for I want to be a Christian?' but the ungodly mother was unswerving and demanded obedience to her orders. 'Then,' said the daughter, 'if I go to that dance, may I go to the revival meetings every night afterward?' 'Well, yes, you may,' said the cruel mother, reluctantly, and the daughter spent her whole time for several days in obeying the mandate of her mother, but all the time her heart was bleeding, and oftentimes she was bathed in tears. The night arrived, and she went to the ball room and went through the giddy mazes and kept step to the music and the calls of the sets. Early in the morning she went home and hung up her satin dress in the wardrobe, and flung her tiny slippers under the bed. She closed not her eyes

and could not sleep, and the fever grew apace. Ringing the bell she summoned the servant: 'Please tell my mother I want to see her.' The mother responded, and the daughter said to her: 'Mother, please bring me that ball dress,' and when done as requested, she continued: 'mother, that dress and your command to go to the ball, and my obeying you rather than God, has been my ruin. When I promised God and the evangelist to be a Christian, that was my last chance. Oh! Oh! mother, I am lost!' and throwing herself back on the bed, she crossed the river into judgment. 'Where is she spending her eternity?' Echo answers, with no uncertain sound, where? That last revival meeting was her last opportunity. Like the incident told by Dr. Talmage of a man and his wife who went to a revival, and the husband was entreated by his pious wife to go forward and seek the Savior. 'Not to-night, Mary, but I will to-morrow. Not to-night, Mary.' On the way home the horses took fright and ran off, upsetting the wagon over a small precipice, fatally injuring that husband. The wife, not so badly hurt, went over and gently raised her dying husband, who, with ghastly look, turned and said, 'That was my last chance, Mary! That was my last chance, Mary! I am lost! Lost!! Lost!!!' and closing his eyes stepped into eternity, with all its untold horrors of despair. Are there any here to-night who are postponing and saying, 'Wait awhile; not to-night.' Ah, God says to you, 'This may be your last time.'

"There's danger in longer delaying;

Swiftly the moments pass by,
If now you will come there is mercy;
Jesus will help if you try.'

“‘Ah!’ says that man in the gallery, ‘Brother Harrison, you have told me the truth. It may be my last chance.’ God help you to decide, and be saved by grace from onhigh.” Fifty-three cried for pardon at the altar, and seventeen triumphed in the hour of their need, and a well known citizen was heard audibly crying for mercy in the gallery, and another was converted while standing weeping and praying in the middle part of the congregation. It was certainly a night of great power.

Friday evening, June 3d, there was sweet communion at the young people’s meeting, and all were happily blessed with God’s most precious love. At 8 o’clock the evangelist delivered the following earnest petition :

“Oh, God, we thank Thee to-night that many of us realize what it is to have the love of God shed abroad in our hearts—for the holy things given unto us. We are disappointed with the world; we are deceived and we are disappointed often in friendships, and we are disappointed in ourselves, because we live below our privileges, but, in Jesus, there is a peace that passeth all joy, and we are so glad to-night that we have something that will save—that the world can not give, and can not take away either, because Thy word says: ‘The peace of Jesus shall abide forever.’

“The Bible says there are some that the ways of peace have not known. They know the way of discontent; they know the way of trouble; they know the way of fear, and they know the way of guilt, but the way of peace—the sweet way—many have not known, but many of us, here to-night, are treading the way of peace. Glory to God! There was a time that we did not know the way—in our dreams we were troubled, and in time of health we were afraid, because our hearts were not right. We were anxious about our sins, and troubled about God. But that is ended now, and, Oh, Father, we feel to-night that we are in Thy presence, that the atmosphere of Heaven is around about us, and, that we

Have the peace that the King of Israel said passeth all understanding; that we are filled with a joy unspeakable and full of glory.

“Oh! we are so glad, so glad, that our hand is in the hand of Christ, and that, if we should die to-night, we should see the Celestial City, and breathe its holiness.

“It is sweet to be a Christian—blessed to be saved. A Christian dies and goes to the realm where the Bible says, ‘They need not the light of a candle, for Jesus’ smile lights the whole Kingdom.’ Oh, God, we are so thankful to Thee for last night.

“Oh, Father! Father! Father! there are some here who have been so stubborn, and they have been stubborn with their best friend—stubborn with Jesus; but, Jesus, help every one here to say to-night, I will be stubborn no more; I will yield to Him to-night, and be saved by his love.

“Oh, spirit of God, we pray Thee, work with these hearts.” (Here the preacher, for about three minutes, stood in silent prayer, and softly uttered—“Amen.”)

The evangelist then followed a song singing by saying: “I can read in your faces and countenances that there is a deep solemnity pervading all your thoughts, and, as a friend said to me, this congregation here to-night means business, and there are some here to-night who are making excuses. ‘I mean to be saved by and by.’ Oh, stop and consider. I want to read the eighth verse of the eleventh chapter of Hosea. It propounds a question of long-suffering by God. It is this: ‘How shall I give thee up, Ephraim?’ In the gallery it comes to the young man, and he cries out: ‘What shall I do?’ This is the question on the human side, the man side, the earth side. The business man, while immersed in business, says: ‘What shall I do?’ The question God puts to you comes down to our nature, and, that, too, while many are grieving the Holy Spirit. His mercy and wooing love proclaims his intense interest in your return to the peace and joy

he has in store for you. What did he say to Ephraim? 'Let him alone.' Oh, dying sinner, that is the worst thing he could say—to let you alone. There is one other word in this text all important to you. To-night on my knees I asked God to give me something to talk about, and this text came to me, and I really believe that it is designed for some one here. There is a young man crying out: 'Don't let me alone, dear God, but help me.' Jesus saw a tree which refused to bear fruit for several years, and said to the husbandman: 'Cut it down.' But the husbandman said: 'No, let us try it one more year, and then if it does not bear fruit we will cut it down.' Oh, sinner, the father has tried you over and over again, and called you by so many different ways, and you have refused. Cut him down; why cumbereth he the ground? But Jesus interfered and said: 'They know not what they do; spare them and give them another chance.' Then he turns to you once more and beseeches: 'How can I give you up? I want your soul. I want you to be saved. Come! come!' There is a young lady who has only one more call, and the young man only a chance; another call, and if they fail this time, cut them down. 'My Spirit can not always strive with them.' Christ wept over Jerusalem, and said: 'How can I give you up?' I do pray, Dr. Vernon, that every sinner here to-night will say: 'He shall not give me up, for I will turn and be saved.' When he went to heal the sick and raise the dead they said, 'Go away! Go away!' and while he went away he turned and said:

‘How can I give you up?’ His entire love and sympathy were with him, but he never went back.

“There are many who will say, ‘I will not yield ; I will have my own way,’ and Jesus says, ‘Do not be too stubborn ; how can I give you up ; can I not compel you to come in and be saved?’ No, I can’t. You must decide for yourself, and it may not take much compelling. You have only to reach out your hand and God will take it ; put out your lips and He will kiss you. Oh, will you come to Jesus to-night? God grant you may.”

At this point he told an affecting incident of a father who, in answer to a dispatch, took the express train to see a son who was on his death bed. The father reached the bed only a few minutes after the son had breathed his last, but before he died—only a few minutes before—he said : “Tell father I could not wait until he came, and that I died with both arms of Jesus around me.” “Oh, sinner, when I go I want both arms of Jesus around me ; don’t you? Oh, how can I give you up.” Seventy-three flocked to the altar, and sixteen were converted.

On Sunday morning there was a heavy rain storm, but the lecture room was crowded, and sixty-one testimonies were given in all their richness and power, Rev. Myron W. Reed and Hon. W. P. Fishback participating in the services.

At 10 :30 Dr. Vernon preached from the latter portion of the 4th verse of the 21st chapter of Numbers : “And the soul of the people was much discouraged, because of the way.”

At the 3:30 P. M. services, twenty-three covenanted with God and the church on probation. The preacher said: "There are young men who say: 'I don't care; I will have nothing to do with it,' and are careless and indifferent, but there are times when they do care, and have heart aches, and in their quiet moments are asking, 'Where will I spend my eternity?' Oh, that God will use us who profess the knowledge of His love to drop the nets down on the right side of the ship, and draw them on board. Good God, may the unction be sent on me as never before, and on you, that we may discharge our whole duty in the salvation of these dear souls. When I closed the meeting in Iowa, I heard a fearful scream just outside the door, and I said what in the name of goodness does that noise mean? I was told a young man is on his knees, and wanted to see me. I ran to him and asked: 'Why, what's the matter with you?' He replied: 'Mr. Harrison, it is dreadful!' I asked: 'Tell me your trouble and difficulty, and I will pray with you.' He answered: 'It's no use; I have let the opportunity go by, and it is too late. The revival has closed.' After a few words of admonition I left him still crying for mercy. Let me urge you to the discharge of your duty before this revival closes. We ought to enter on the remaining days of this meeting with a renewed consecration—every member of this or any other church, and the converts—that we will be more diligent and active than we have been. There are many members of this church who have not yet been consecrated. You have lost the light and the evidence. You too must die, and unless you

repent you will be lost. A young lady in Baltimore said: 'I will come to the altar at the next revival,' but in a few weeks Miss Emily was dead. It may be with you as with that young man who, a few months ago, said to me: "I never thought it would come to this. No, sir; I ought to have come in during the meetings, but they are passed, and it is no use now for you to pray with me." I said to him: 'You certainly have made a mistake.' He replied: 'I know it! I know it—I have made the greatest mistake of my life.' "

The night service was crowded as greatly as ever. The evangelist said: "Luke xix, 10, is a verse full of precious assurance. Let every Christian pray, that while I am talking the arrows may go forth and touch every unsaved heart. There are two sides to salvation and two sides to conversion. Seek Him in earnestness now, for time and for life. This passage is the most comforting in all the Scriptures, for every one may be found by seeking the Lord Jesus Christ, for he has sought you, lo these these many years. The text reads, 'The Son of God came to seek and save that which is lost.' We want to come down to the reality; come to Jesus, and let him in, and oh, how quick the Lord will let you in, if you will only let him. God will go so far, and then if you refuse God will leave you. Jesus follows you and is coming after you; he is coming to seek you and to save that which is lost. Don't you remember, when the procession was passing along, Jesus was pointed out as a miracle-worker, in raising the dead, healing the sick, and doing other great things?

There was a man who got up into a tree, and, as the procession was passing along, he said that was the sweet and loving John; the next was the impulsive Peter; the next, Luke the physician; and the next is he whom he saw through the branches as Jesus, the friend of sinners, who, as He passed under the tree, He looked up and called 'Zaccheus.' 'Why, how did you know me?' said Zaccheus; I never was introduced to you.' Jesus cried again, 'Zaccheus, come down.' And down he came, just as you must come, from unbelief, from your pride, and from your sins. And as Zaccheus came down, the Bible says that Jesus received him joyfully.' He went up into the tree a bad man, and came down a saint. That was a quick conversion, and a sure one, for he said, 'If I have taken anything wrongfully, I restore to him four-fold.' Dear sinner, He is trying to save you here to-night. Where is such a thing as preventing love and interposing mercy. I pity a man who has suddenly lost all his goods, or who has lost his character, and I pity a mother who has lost her children. So does Jesus pity those who are lost, and he came to seek and save such, and he says: 'What more could I do than I have done?' If you are willful, and bound to go on in your wickedness, you must leap over the cries of Christ. As a young man was told by a loving father, 'Charley, if you go out into the world of sin, you must go over my body,' and the father threw himself across the doorway. Charley gave one leap over his father's body, and was gone. I have done all I could to urge you to Christ, and now I leave you with God.'" The evan-

gelist told of a young man who died, saying, "Don't send for Mr. Harrison, mother; it's too late, it's too late."

Seventy-eight thronged the altar, and twenty-nine were graciously favored with divine pardon, and the number was announced one thousand and nine. One man rose from the altar, and cried out, "Glory to God! I am saved, I am perfectly saved." His number was the one thousandth, prophesied by the evangelist before he came here. The others—one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, and nine—followed in quick succession, and the young men crowded the chancel, and "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow," was sung ten times, and, at the last, all the converts raised their right hand in praise to God that they were of the thousand. The enthusiasm reached its climax when "Beulah Land" and "Palms of Victory" were sung. Men threw up their hats and shouted for joy, with "Amen!" "Glory to God!" "Hallelujah!" "Praise the Lord!" and similar expressions. The ladies waved their handkerchiefs and glorified God, and wept tears of love and gratitude. The oldest Christians remarked that they never saw such a scene, and were never present at such a glorious, heavenly meeting as this. One young lady who had been at the altar for thirty-four nights was happily ushered into the light.

CHAPTER XIV.

In commencing the eleventh week, the evangelist did not deem it necessary to talk much, notwithstanding the church was crowded everywhere. For a Monday night it was truly remarkable to see such a magnificent gathering of people. After the singing of the hymn "Jesus will help you," Mr. Harrison said: "This religious excitement is extending all over the country. Just think of it; one thousand and nine souls have been saved, and still there's room for more. There's room for that mother's son out there, for whom she has been praying for ten weeks past. She says it will put a blight on her life if her son is not saved. Still there's room. I am so glad there is room in Christ's heart; I am glad the door of this revival is not shut yet. I can see before me hundreds who have not made their peace with God, and still there's room. It seems to me that this church to-night is flooded with God's glory. If you want to be saved, now is the time; go in with the tide, when it is easier. I hope that when the door of God's mercy shuts to-night, all in the house will be shut in. I never felt the weight of souls on mine more than I do to-night. I will now ask everybody who is saved to rise and help me in silent prayer. Let us send one volume of earnest prayer to God in behalf of the unconverted."

Seventy-four were at the altar, and sixteen received the liberty whereby they were saved.

One circumstance mentioned in the young converts'

meeting yesterday afternoon goes to show how the news of this great revival had gone out. On the Saturday night preceding a gentleman of this city was stopping at a hotel in Terre Haute, and about midnight a stranger came to his room and asked him to go and pray with his wife, who was dying. The request was complied with, and when the gentleman from this city asked why he had been called upon to pray, the answer was, "I saw your name on the register as coming from Indianapolis, and having read in the papers of the great revival there, I thought perhaps you were one of the converted." And so he was.

As usual, the Tuesday evening meeting of the young folks was largely attended, and a beautiful feast through prayer and experience was had. The upper room was crowded, notwithstanding a storm was imminent. After the introductory services were over Mr. Harrison then said: "There is one word in the Bible that appears over seven hundred times. It has been a great joy to my heart many a time, and stands out as my beacon-light, leading me in peace and joy to eternity. It guided and drew me when a boy into the Kingdom. Glory to God! It commences in Genesis and is found all through the Bible to Revelations. Oh, I pray that all may give heed to this word. Oh, that word is so sweet. It was precious at the time of the deluge, when Noah and all his family were commanded to come into the ark. That word is come, come, come. May it ring in your ears to-night with no uncertain sound. I am so glad that I heeded that word, and I pray God that you will come and heed the word of

His grace at once. My trouble, and it was a very great trouble, was that I should get dressed in new garments, clean and nice, to enter into God's Kingdom. When I put my first garment on, I prayed: 'Dear Lord, now I am ready. I believe Thy promise now. Save me to-night.' There was no change, and the next day I cried more than I ever did. Then I put on the garment of endeavor, and felt sure I was right this time, and I prayed again: 'Lord, I am endeavoring to be a Christian; please save me.' Again I cried more than ever, and found no peace. Next, I wanted to be in the fashion with some other people, and I put on the garment of uprightness, and consoled with myself that no one shall say, 'You are not pure,' and again I prayed: 'Dear Lord, save me;' the tears began to flow, and I was more miserable than before. What am I to do? for all these garments of endeavor, morality, uprightness, etc., made me wretched and brought no relief. There are in this church, city and State those who are putting on these kind of wrappings and asking to be saved. It won't do. You must throw aside the last vestige of sin and cut in twain the last cord of unbelief, and then you will be clear, and unless you do that, you will do as I did—make a mistake. A young lady, an Episcopalian, thought that she lived a religious life, for she kept all the ordinances of her church, but she felt an aching void, and said: 'Mr. Harrison, I wish I knew what the matter was with me.' I said: 'What's your trouble? Tell me; and if possible I will try and help you.' She replied: 'All I can say is that I have never had a happy

moment since the day I was confirmed.' 'Oh,' she said, 'there was a mistake in putting on the outward garments and wrappings instead of having an inward piety, a purity and uprightness in the soul. Oh, how many there are who are members of churches and attend all the means of grace, who hold their heads high and strut to and fro in the sanctuary in their self-righteousness, who are naught else than whited sepulchers, full of dead men's bones. God impress on you that the outward form of attending the services and professing God's grace and lacking the inward comfort of God's love is not going to deliver you from the bondage of sin.

"A man was at this altar the other night, groaning on account of his sin and crying for mercy, and I said, 'What are you doing here? What brought you to this altar?' He answered—and I shall never forget that answer—'My daughter came to this altar and was converted, and, having something that I had not, I want it.' There was no mistake about him.

"There was a young lady who insisted upon my giving her advice, and I told her to come to the altar, and try what good she might receive; that she must meet God's condition, and not her own, and she surely would be blessed. Oh, how many give vent to tears in their repentance and seeking after God, and I never will stop a man crying to God, but always say, 'That's right; cry on.' Well, that young lady came that night to the altar, and while among the congregation I heard a strange noise at the altar, and I said to myself, 'Mercy on me, what's that?' and I ran up to see what

was going on, and here was that Episcopalian lady, clapping her hands and shouting aloud, 'Glory to God!' in the old Methodist way. I said to her, 'What makes you make such a noise?' and she replied, 'Mr. Harrison, I am so happy! I left my own condition, and took God at His word, and sprang into the light!' That's encouraging to you, dear sinner, for Jesus says, 'Come, for all things are now ready.' Will you answer, 'Dear Lord, I am ready, too?' Oh, to-night throw away the wrappings and get the Spirit which is able to make you free—which will give you joy and peace. Hallelujah! Glory to God! All things are now ready. Come! come, and receive one kiss of His pardoning grace—one touch of His love that dispels all clouds. Come! come! come!—the sweetest word in all the Bible. I tried for four years to get myself ready, instead of being ready at once, and stepping into liberty and the Kingdom. I thank God I have ceased my rebellion and grounded the weapon of resistance, and am His child through His infinite mercy. When death takes a good look in your face, you want God—you want life. I tell you to-night God the Father, God the Son, God the Holy Spirit, the angels in Heaven and all Christians on earth, are saying 'Come! come! come! for all things are ready; the tables of His mercy are set, and the banquet of His dear love is spread, and the hall of His power and joy is open for your reception.' God grant that you may be one of the guests, for His name's sake!" Twenty-one fell down at the altar, seeking pardon, and nine were converted.

The meeting was characterized by a depth of feel-

ing and solemnity seldom seen, and all rejoiced in the wave of God's power which filled all hearts. One young man, who turned the cold shoulder on the boy preacher six weeks ago, and had stayed away ever since, came out in the storm and was soundly converted, and said: "Thank God, I have settled it with Him. All is right now, and I know I have got the light." Another young man sprang to his feet, praising God, and immediately went to the rear of the congregation to plead with his friend. Another tried for five nights, and was grandly pulled through, and said: "I have no doubt whatever. I am so happy! Glory to God!"

On Wednesday night the weather was inclement, but a fair audience was present at the young people's meeting. The exercises were satisfactory that the youthful soldiers were moving on in the right path of grace, gaining steadily but surely in the things that maketh for their good.

At the regular service, after the singing and prayer, Rev. Mr. Harrison said: "In Isaiah, xxxviii, 14, you will find a description of every sinner entering into pardon, and when I read it you will say, 'that's me.' This text brought about comfortable results. It was a test of the King's faith, and in his case, man's extremity was God's opportunity, and you may depend upon it that when we reach the point that we can do nothing more, that's exactly the point to reach, and the quicker the better. This text properly describes your state, and to obtain peace you must have great bitterness. As the King lay on his bed he heard the

drum and clatter of war on the outside, and expected every moment to be attacked and dethroned, for the Syrian army fully meant to kill him. He was dying, and it was proper for him to get ready to die, for to all appearances he must go one way or the other, for he heard the preparations of war going on vigorously on the outside, and the pale horse and his rider stepped into his chamber and gave him one good look in his face. He was in a predicament, to be sure. Then he cried to God, and, in his extremity, with a perfect heart, he asked God to spare his life, and he would preach as he had never done before. 'Save me a little longer, and I will be thy servant, O, God!' and God kissed him. Then Hezekiah said, 'Oh, God, what shall I do?'

"How many young men are saying the same thing, and wish they hadn't trifled and acted so wrongfully in the past? They heartily wish they could get rid of their past lives of wrong-doing, and yet every step and every day they are getting nearer the grave and the judgment. They wish they could get rid of their sins, and they exclaim, 'I can't go back, for if I do I will have to face my many sins, and if I go forward I must meet the judgment, and all my life will come up in that judgment, like a panorama, to condemn me.' 'Oh God, what shall I do?' is your cry, as it was of that good king who cried out in his trial, 'Oh Lord, I am oppressed; undertake for me.' Instantly God touched the armies, and they ran away. He kissed the king's lips, and the fever left him, and he got well and was spared a little longer. Oh, mortal, deathless sinner,

come to this Jesus, this Lamb of Calvary to-night, and cry out to him, 'Undertake for me,' and you will be made free and happy. Oh, what a good, sweet text. Oh, my dear young men, what are you going to do to be saved? Ask God to save you. Come to this altar, and ask Him to undertake for you, and he will set you free. Yes, he will remove far from you the agency of your guilt, by his most precious blood, and he will take all evil from your heart. That's the Bible truth; and oh, may you avail yourself of the promise to-night!" Twenty-nine crowded the altar, and ten were clearly saved, among the number being a husband and his wife who walked up to the middle aisle and knelt together. The husband received the blessing first, and in a few minutes the wife, and they were the happiest couple ever seen on earth.

Thursday night was a repetition of the night preceding as to numbers and interest. The evangelist, after an earnest appeal to the unconverted church members to get saved, and to the sinner to be converted, said: "You have a great deal at stake, and you have an interest in this matter of eternity, and as to how you are to spend it. 'If I am wise, I am wise for myself.' That's Bible truth, and God's warning. Oh, be wise toward God, who goes further and says: 'And he that neglecteth, he alone shall bear it.' And you may reach that point that God may fail to help you and your soul will be damned. If you get sick I urge you to send for a Christian to help you over the river, for if you neglecteth you shall bear it, and when you are in the valley of death and ushered into judg-

ment, you will cry out : ‘Good God, what shall I do?’ and the answer will be : ‘You alone shall bear it ;’ and when you go down to that pit, where there is wailing and gnashing of teeth and eternal death, you will cry out in the greatest agony : ‘What shall I do?’ and Jesus will answer : ‘I called, and you refused, and now you only will have to bear it, bear it, bear it!’ Oh, my God, what a sentence ! You will scream for mercy and there will be no mercy, and God will say you must bear it. You will call for the rocks to fall on you, Ah ! you must bear it ; no help then, no pardon, no revival, no free grace, no redemption. The minister’s preaching will have been a thing of the past—the evangelist’s pleading no more, and the prayers and entreaties of Christian brethren all gone, and you alone who neglected it must bear it. ‘Oh ! why did I not hearken to the invitation away up there in Roberts Park Church in the spring of 1881?’ You must bear it. It is nothing to Dr. Vernon, nothing to me, and nothing to any of these brethren, but it is everything to you ; life unto life or death unto death, and you will have to bear it. Our invitation and entreaty is for your own good and the salvation and safety of your deathless souls. God help you to make the decision to-night. There is great power here, and God is overshadowing this people with the influence of His loving spirit.” Thirty-eight surrounded the altar, and seventeen entered into the light. One of these cried out, “Oh, what a great change has taken place in my heart ! I am wholly satisfied. I came from Madison to seek Jesus, and I have found him so grandly.” A young

man exclaimed, "Oh, glory! salvation! salvation!" and immediately, at the height of his voice, commenced singing:—

"My Savior comes and walks with me,
And sweet communion here have we,
He gently takes me by the hand,
For this is heaven's border land."

The effect was tremendous. The congregation rose to their feet, and with the great organ joined in the chorus with all their power, "Oh, Beulah land," etc., while the saints and converts shouted, "Hallelujah!" "Glory to God!" "Amen!" and similar expressions. The reader can never conceive of the overwhelming wave which took possession of the people—to the Christian a foretaste of Heaven above, and to the sinner condemnation and consternation.

On Friday evening another grand banqueting at the King's table was had by the young people, and the gratitude expressed in testimonies was pointed, and, above all, each and all gave evidence as to the grace and peace which filled and abode in their hearts.

At the 8 o'clock meeting the preacher said he would not talk long, and then only on the words, "Yes, I will go." His pleading was, as usual, very earnest and persuasive, and exceedingly effective. Twenty-three came to the altar and eight were saved.

On Sunday morning, June 12th, the general class-meeting was largely attended, and precious testimonies were given of God's saving power and grace.

At 10:30 Dr. Vernon delivered the most powerful sermon of his life, from the eighth verse of the third

chapter of Revelations: "Behold, I have before thee an open door, and no man can shut it."

The subject was eliminated from four distinct heads: 1. The open door of God's love; 2. The open door of abundant provision; 3. The open door of invitation; 4. The open door of opportunity. In concluding, the Doctor told the incident of a young lady who had left her home as a prodigal, and after being disgraced and ruined, she returned several years after her leaving to the parental roof. It was in the night. She found the outside door ajar, and she went in, and then the door to her mother's room was also open, and she went in, and falling upon her mother's neck besought forgiveness, and when granted and reconciliation was secured, she said, "Mother, why did you leave both doors open?" The mother replied, "My daughter, those doors have been open every night since you left, for I expected you to come home, and I wanted you to find the doors open to welcome you home." So does your Heavenly Parent leave the door open for your entrance when you shall return to your Father's house.

Rev. Mr. Harrison then prayed that the words and exhortations of the sermon might be saved to the eternal good of all present, viz.:

"Help the sinners to cross the door-sill of their rebellion, of their resistance, and if they fail to take hold of the knob of the door, what then? Suppose they resist, and resist all the way down to the grave, what then? Here are the old, middle aged, and the young; all classes and all conditions who have pressed their suit, and have entered the open door and been made happy. Oh, God! will there be others who will put forth the effort before the door is shut? The Bible tells us that they who were not

ready, to them the door was shut. It is open now, but may be closed in another hour, before to-night or to-morrow. What then? Oh, forbid that any here may grieve the Holy Spirit. That young man and that young lady in the gallery may have their conscience seared, and like what was said to Ephraim by God, 'Let him alone.' Oh, Father, Father, have mercy on the unsaved, we pray thee, for Jesus' sake. Amen."

The evangelist then said: "The open door has commenced to close, and will be shut possibly in twelve or fourteen nights more; and then you will scream for mercy, and it may be too late, and you will take up the lamentation, 'The harvest is passed, and the summer is ended, and my soul is not saved.' Brother Jackson, how is it with you?"

J.—"Brother Harrison, two weeks ago I was burdened with guilt, and now I have entered through the open door into the light of God's full grace, and my family are also in the light, and we are all on the way to Heaven."

H.—"Sure the burden is all gone?"

J.—"Positively sure it is all gone."

H.—"Sure that you are in the ark, housed?"

J.—"Yes, sir; myself, my wife, my son and my daughter; securely in the ark."

H.—"And happy?"

J.—"Perfectly so, thanks be to God."

The song, "O land of rest, for thee I sigh," was sung, and the benediction was pronounced.

At the afternoon service twenty-two persons covenanted on probation with the church, and Dr. Vernon baptized five infants and twenty-three adults. For

half an hour following a number of rich experiences were given.

At no time during the revival has there been a more densely crowded congregation than at the 8 o'clock service. At 7 no more could get inside the building, and were compelled to go elsewhere.

The atmosphere inside of the church was very hot and oppressive, but notwithstanding this, scarcely fifty people left until the service was concluded, at about 10 o'clock. The exercises did not differ materially from any of the ten Sunday evening services that have preceded it, since Mr. Harrison commenced his work, except that, naturally enough, it was not as exciting or sensational as the meeting of the previous Sunday evening, when one thousand conversions were reached and passed.

Mr. Harrison, in his opening prayer, said :

"We pray, Heavenly Father, that all through the remaining part of this service, Thou wilt help us to shut the door and keep the door closed to all but Thee. And the world comes in and tries to rob us of God. But we want to enjoy Thee. We want to shut the door against everything and everybody, and have a time to spend with Thee, that all in this vast congregation may be brought face to face with their eternal destiny. They have been planning and arranging, but they forget that the grave is very near—that there is only one step between us and eternity. We are daily reminded that we shall have to go. We are traveling this journey only once. What we do, we must do quickly. Oh, God, prompt those who trust Thee, to trust Thee for a great saving power to-night. May the people be brought to see that if God does not help them they are undone. But He will help. If we have any care, may we cast it on Him, for He has said: 'Cast all your care on Me, for I care for you.' " Amen.

After usual hymn-singing, the revivalist spoke from

the words: "Kiss the Son, lest he be angry and ye perish by the way, when his anger is kindled but a little." "Before I was converted my soul always recoiled from the thunders of Sinai. I never loved the dark side of Calvary. There seemed to be in my nature a longing to get where there were smiles instead of frowns, where there was friendship instead of enmity. A good many of you are still under the thunders of the law. You want to get out of sin into the light of God's streaming mercy; and there is no reason why you should not be redeemed in half an hour. The Bible says: 'Kiss the Son, lest he be angry with you.' If I had not kissed Jesus I should have been damned forever. If I had not lifted the lips of my soul towards the mercy of Christ at that time, I believe I should have committed the unpardonable sin. I remember how I heard the thunders of the law, and how, in less than a twinkling of an eye I felt the embrace of his lips of mercy upon my spirit nature. How much of the anger of God it takes to damn a soul no one knows. Just how much of a frown from God sends a man to perdition who can know? God says in his precious word—this dear old word of God [holding the Bible in his arms,] 'Kiss the Son, lest he be angry with you.' Would you have God's smile rather than his frown? How much of a frown will send a man into the midnight of despair, or cause a death-bed to be one of woe, I don't know. But if you kiss the Son—give him the sign that you desire to be his friend, and that you love him, you may escape his frown; and God says if you don't do that you will perish by the

way. If you kiss the Son, he will kiss you, and that means pardon and heaven. As soon as the lips of your soul touches God's mercy you will say: 'I am saved, for I have kissed Jesus, and he has kissed me.' The first step toward kissing the Son is to repent; and the next thing is to trust Him. If you come to Him, as sure as his name is mercy, he will kiss away your guilt."

During the after-service there was an unusually large gathering of penitents at the altar, fifty-four coming forward. Of these twenty were converted; one young man from Rising Sun, and another from Shelbyville, were among the converts. Total number to date—one thousand and eighty-nine.

CHAPTER XV.

The great truths of the Christian religion appeal powerfully to the noblest emotions of human nature, and the soul, under the influence of these emotions, grasps those truths and cheerfully acts, and is guided by them more readily. Therefore, is not feeling as essential to religion as seeing? Tears and outward emotions are not true piety, nor are they tokens of the presence of the Holy Spirit. There must, dear reader, be a laying hold and resting on the Gospel of truth and the application of the principles of righteousness to the daily life; so, then, in thought and in action, truth is the fundamental essence in religion; and there needs

to be emotion as well as intellect to receive the truth and enforce it, for the intellect receives truth more readily under the impulse of feeling. Dr. Thompson very clearly says: "Truth is the seed without which there can be no harvest; but feeling is the warmth that thaws the frosty intellect, so that the seed can drop into it, and then nurses the germ into growth." Hence, down through all ages, from the time when King David brought the Jewish church up to its highest point of splendor and spirituality of worship, by his psalms of praise, so has religious emotion, from that time to the present, taken music for its vehicle. Songs have been the instruments to awaken and foster the spirit of devotion. Song singing is the medium which the soul instinctively seeks to voice its noblest feeling; and what a power there is in holy music over human nature the world over. When Augustine was baptized with spiritual grace he tells us: "Oh, how freely I was made to weep by these hymns and spiritual songs, transported by the voices of the congregation sweetly singing. The melody of their voices filled my ear, and divine truth was poured into my heart. Then burned the sacred flames of devotion in my soul, and gushing tears flowed from my eyes, as well they might."

There is a fact that in tracing the line of the development of sacred song, whose richer fruit we enjoy to-day, the marked epochs of its progress have *always been times of great religious revivals*, for there was always a teaching value and convicting power in song, by which, in great awakenings, men were brought to

decide, and great truths were riveted and clinched ; and there has come down from Ambrose, Luther, the Wesleys, Whitefield, Sutherland, Bliss, Sankey, Phillips and others, and through all the revivals ever held in America a growing faith that song singing has been a valuable auxiliary in leading men and women to the cross. During the recent great revival in Indianapolis the Harrison songs have been a very important and felicitous factor in the services, and scores and hundreds have been melted under the inspiration and rendition of these songs. The copyright prevents the publication of any but the title, : "Is my name written there," "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by," "Bringing in the sheaves," "There'll be joy by and by," "Longing for Jesus," "What a friend we have in Jesus," "Triumph by and by," "The land just across the river," "Revive us again," "Oh, 'tis glory in my soul," "I'm thinking of Heaven," "My God, I am thine," "To Jesus I will go and be saved," "Fill me now," "Weeping will not save me," "Let the Master in," "Beulah land," "Jesus will help you," "Angels hovering round," "We're marching to Zion," "Come to Jesus," "Pass me not, oh, gentle Savior," "We'll meet each other there," "Down at the cross," "Where is my boy to-night?" "Trusting Jesus, that is all, "I need thee every hour," "He leadeth me," "Rescue the perishing," "A corner in Heaven," "Whiter than snow," "Who'll be the next," "Nothing but the blood of Jesus," "Save me at the cross," "Are you ready," "Draw me nearer," "Don't wait for to-morrow," "Just as I am," "Are you washed in the blood?"

“My home is there,” “Take me as I am,” “Over the line,” “The land of the blest,” “At the door, the open door,” “Ever I will pray,” “O, land of rest,” “That beautiful land,” “Leaning on Jesus,” “Waiting for the light,” “The flowing fount,” and many others. The production of these by the very excellent choir under the leadership of Allen P. Conduitt, and masterly handling of the great organ by Mr. William B. Kappes, added largely to the interest in these meetings, and contributed more greatly to the religious awakening than ever will be known this side of eternity. These same songs are now sung in every household, factory, store and on the streets.

In entering on the twelfth week, Monday, June 13th, there were the usual crowds and deep religious feeling. The evangelist said but little. “Life is brief, not worth even a thought; but to him who hath life it matters but little: while to him who hath not Jesus, the wrath of God abideth on him; and there is coming a time when you will wish that your head was leaning on the bosom of Christ. There are two classes here to-night, and the line is distinctly drawn—he that hath life and he that hath not life—and who will decide the question before God, whether you will repent and be saved or refuse and be damned?” Thirteen came to the altar, and two were converted.

On Tuesday evening the converts assembled in separate rooms, and had very precious intercourse with the Most High. At the 8 o'clock service the preacher exhorted on “‘Call upon Him while he is near, and while he is ready.’ You want relief, and the time is

coming when you will cry for mercy and ask, 'My God; is there none for me?' and the echoes of your own voice will answer 'No!' Call on him while he is nigh, and he will have mercy and abundantly pardon. Don't delay, for the door now partly closed may be shut forever." Forty-seven came to the altar, and twelve took the blessed Savior into their hearts. The number now reaching eleven hundred and three, a jubilee of song-singing and hand-shaking produced the greatest enthusiasm.

The 7 P. M. young people's meeting was an immense success, and one and all attested to their growth in Christ and resoluteness to be his disciples, 'whatever betide.' At the up-stairs meeting Mr. Harrison exhorted to an immediate surrender, and "All will be well, and you will be at peace with God. Do not say to your conscience, 'Hush! and wait awhile, until I have had my gay times and enjoyed a little more of this world's pleasures.' You tell me, 'I can't help it,' and I answer back, there is coming a time when you will want to help it. The Bible tells us, there is no peace to the wicked. You say, 'Well, to be sure, this meeting will soon be over.' Yes, it will, and your cry will be, 'It was a detriment to me, because I declined to give God my heart; oh, I wish I had come during that revival, but I am now on the avenue of eternity, and I am not saved.' Oh, cry to-night for peace, and God will hear and bless you. The best thing for you to do is to kneel at the foot of the Cross and hurry into the kingdom. Oh, the way of peace they shall not know who neglect to call on God. You may know the giddy

ways of life, but the ways of peace you shall not know except you forsake the ways of sin and cling to the Cross, and when you reach the grave you will grieve because you are not in the ways of peace, and God help you in the judgment and in eternity. You must meet the conditions and the requirements, and you may rest assured that in one minute, ten minutes, or in one half an hour, you will find that peace—not as the world giveth, but that which passeth all understanding. You must determine not to be leagued with the world, but, in your emergency, cry out, ‘I want Christ.’

“The world is a poor solace to the wounded heart; and I urge you to flock around this altar, where eleven hundred and three have secured this peace. There is that young man in the gallery who says: ‘I hope to be saved before I die.’ Oh, no, no! you will perish on your hoping. God grant that to-night you reach the end of your sinful career and make your final decision to accept salvation on the terms which scores and hundreds have found at this altar. Here we are, the door closing, and soon this meeting will be an event of the past, and your feeling and desire gone, the Spirit departed, and your soul not saved. I pray you to be in a hurry to get into this joy, this love, this peace. There are members of the church here who say: ‘I am not quite right. I am not clear on the matter of my eternity.’ I do pray that you may get right immediately, and be among those harvested for the skies. For several nights there have been members of churches at this altar who are not in the clear light, and how many

more who have not come to this altar, and are defying God, only He who holds their destinies in His hands knows. Oh, I charge you that church membership, and a voice of authority in the church, will not save you, and except you repent, repent, repent! you will perish."

Thirty-eight crowded the altar, and six found the light.

The threatening storm Thursday evening kept the crowds away from the church, while the heat was very intense. Only three minutes was taken by the "preacher boy" in asking penitents to the altar, when twenty-one responded, and five were accepted as God's dear children.

While the heat was very oppressive on Friday night, yet the church was packed in the gallery and main audience-room, and an unusual degree of solemnity and spiritual power brooded over the congregation. The evangelist, after talking on the necessity of improving the closing meetings of the revival said: "There is a young man who says: 'Brother Harrison, I do feel so bad.' 'What's the matter with you?' I ask. He replies: 'I feel so bad that I am unconverted, and yet I have had the chance in the past eleven weeks, but I have made an eternal mistake.' Whom do you blame? Certainly not Dr. Vernon, the singers, or myself. What more could we have done than we have done? Oh, no; you can't blame any of us, for we have tried by every means to get hold of your affections and lead you to Christ. Haven't we? Oh, dying, deathless soul! heed to-night the words of the apostle: 'The

time is short.' Indeed it is, and the best thing for you to do is to resolve at this awakening to get saved. A young lady was asked to get her wardrobe and other preparations ready for a summer visit to Saratoga, and was asked: 'You are going, aren't you?' She firmly replied, 'No; I have changed my mind, and am going to the Washington Grove camp meeting;' and to that meeting she did go; and after listening to a powerful sermon she was persuaded to go to the altar, and was happily converted, and shouted, 'Glory to God.' When she returned to her home she threw her arms around her sister and kissed her, and said: 'Wasn't it grand that I didn't go to Saratoga, but chose the better part and went to camp meeting?' Oh, the time will come when you will be glad that you yielded and was converted at this revival meeting, and to those who have resisted and refused it will be death unto death. Young man, young woman, yield and get saved, for the time is short.

"A young man dying, was called by his weeping mother to once more give her a parting kiss. The dying boy opened his eyes, and said: 'Mother, why did you call me back? I was half way up the stairs.' This is almost the last of this revival, and there is not one who dare laugh or smile. I never have seen such good order and divine power as is here this night. God bless you, and if you fail to improve this occasion, it will be to your detriment—and that is a Gospel utterance. I received a letter to-day from Meriden, Connecticut, and the writer says: 'All the converts are firm, and several of us went into the country to hold a meeting, and six

souls were converted.' I also received a letter from a convert in Philadelphia, saying: 'All the converts are doing well, and not one has gone back, and I am doing splendidly.' A young man, at one of my meetings, said: 'I am going to have this salvation, or gift of great price, even if it costs me one hundred deaths;' and he soon found the reality, the pearl, the joy, and the peace. Glory to God! and oh, may you find this reality to-night! The door is open, and there is plenty of room to get in, for the open way is wide enough, and you want to have the promise verified for the hereafter. God help you to say, 'I will, I will!' There are three little words—'Stop, stop, stop!'—which caused two young men to turn back from their destination (the pool room), and go into a revival meeting and get the light of God's grace. Oh that you may cry out 'Stop!' and call on God for mercy, and be saved. If you neglect you will be sorry, and eternal ruin will be your destiny." Eighteen came around the altar, and eight received the blessing.

There were no revival services held in Roberts Park Church on Sunday, June 19th, save a very spirited general class meeting held at 9 o'clock, at which one hundred and twelve bright and earnest testimonies were given. At 3:30 p. m. nineteen were received into the church on covenant probation. The remainder of the day was taken up in liquidating the debt hanging over the church. Mr. Edward Kimball, of Chicago, the famous church-debt raiser, officiating, and Drs. Vernon and Bayless and the evangelist Harrison assisting. The effort was very successful and exceedingly encouraging.

CHAPTER XVI.

At this time there is no questioning the truth that God's divine hand has been laid notably upon Indianapolis, and at least five thousand have publicly professed a desire to lead a better life, and while not over one-half can be claimed as converted, the fact remains, that a great force has been at work setting tens of thousands to thinking about their eternal destinies, and this, too, at the very busiest time of worldly pursuits in the year—the spring equinox to the summer solstice. The religious movement has permeated the entire city, and has been the all-absorbing topic of the passer-by and the dialogue of the children in all the schools. In the churches, without a single exception, a deep emotion and interest has been shown, and hearts have been subdued and captured for the Master. Slumbering consciences, inside and outside the church, have been aroused and vitalized, and renewed by the vivifying of the Holy Spirit. The multitudes have been touched by a "sense sublime of something far more deeply interfused, whose dwelling is the light of setting suns, and the round ocean, and the living air, and the blue sky, and in the mind of man; a motion and a spirit that impels all thinking things, all objects of all thoughts." So that what has been done in the churches has only been the overflow, the outward expression, a part of the product of a great religious awakening—only begun, while the ending is known only to Him who holds the future and infinitude in his hand.

Monday, June 20th, was a truly refreshing season at 7 P. M., when the young people assembled and spent an hour exceedingly profitable in song and prayer and acknowledgment of Christ.

At 8 o'clock the house was overflowing, and the evangelist said: "You who are sinners, first of all get converted; who are converts, be pushed further on; and who are Christians, that you may be blessed more; and that all may have a share in these closing meetings. There is not a person here to-night who ought not to yield—and there are those who say, 'Oh no, not just yet.' A young lady who attended these meetings night after night refused to yield, and is now on her sick bed and has sent for the minister, and is in agony of body and agony of mind and soul, and she is nigh unto death, and she has no hope. Oh, how my anxiety goes out for any one this side of eternal woe! How I pity the unsaved! What a great harvest for Heaven ought there to be here to-night! By and by, my voice and yours will be silent, and you and I will have to meet at the judgment bar to render up our accounts, for we will have to appear there. I have pleaded with you; and the church, Dr. Vernon, and these ministers have wrestled with you. We will all be separated soon, and some of us be gone. Oh, be wise for yourselves. Oh, bow your heads, and pray God that you who are unsaved may be converted. The young converts have taken a few steps, but you want to get further on, and the Christian wants to get further along; for there never was one who died, that had too much religion—never!

“The face of this service will change next week, and your opportunity to seek Christ will be this week. Oh, be saved now. I fear that there will be many at the close of this revival who will be in darkness. You had better not say you will not come to the altar. The members of the church who are in the gallery, and are unsaved, had better come down at once and find Christ. Oh, it is so necessary that members of the church, and those who take the communion and don’t feel right, should get right to-night. It won’t hurt you to come here and get a religious enjoyment, and the light of God’s dear Son.” Addressing Mr. Harlin: “Where did you get the light?” Mr. H.: “While away from the city I determined to return home and seek the forgiveness of my sins; and the very moment I turned my face homeward I was instantly saved and blessed.”

Harrison—“All clear now?”

Harlin—“Perfectly clear, sir.”

Harrison—“Isn’t that precious?”

Mr. Harrison then told an incident of a young man who was asked, “Are you going to church to-night?”

“No; never attend church on week-day nights.”

“Why, bless you, these meetings are the best places this side of Heaven.”

“In a very few nights the young man came here, found his way to the altar and was converted. Oh, I pray you to come into the kingdom to-night. I won’t be much longer here, but you will bear me witness that I have done my whole duty.” Thirty-three came to the altar, and five were converted.

On Tuesday evening a densely packed audience occupied the main room, and after the introductory exercises were over the evangelist said :

“‘Repent and be converted’ has been the cry of Jesus through all the ages, in every revival, and has been the victory of nearly twelve hundred around this altar ; and now, at nearly the last night, there are great awakenings everywhere, and your city is rocking and rolling in the greatest wave of power ever known, and there are some here to-night who are not housed—who are not redeemed. Oh, let him throw his arms around your neck. He wants to do this, but you will not let Him. ‘I have withstood every appeal, and know that I have to give a strict account, and yet I am saying—no, no.’ Oh, dying sinner ! you are bound to an accountability. Oh ! I beg you, as for eternity, to come to-night and be refuged from the storm, assured that if we cling to the promises of God we are saved eternally, and if his wrath overtakes you, and you put him off you will be eternally lost. There is an open door and a shut door. Which will you decide to be your destiny ? The greatest infidel in this city said to me : ‘I am troubled. I can’t understand this. I am attending the revival meetings, and there is something in those exhortations and those songs and prayer, and the faces of those converts that hurts outsiders. What does it mean ? I go to my business, and I read on the page of my counting-room books, ‘Revival—something in it.’

“Oh, yes, there is something in it ; and this man is like one of old—a king who, on his death couch, and

troubled, cried out, 'Bring me the Chronicles.' That king was miserable, and there are some in this audience who are miserable, and they are saying, 'Oh, for one touch to kiss away my guilt.' You have trod the wine press of your bitterness and sin alone, but if saved, and art abiding in Christ, you will not be afraid. Glory to God! Oh, will you now promise to lay down the weapon of your rebellion? God grant you may! You are standing out against his calls, and oh that you may ask the question, 'Where will I spend my eternity?' God tells you, and yet you shake your head and say no. The best thing for you to do, is to settle this matter with God before you leave this house. Oh, Heavenly Spirit, touch and influence these hearts to try once more and enter in at the open door. Will you? Will you?

"There's a young lady in the gallery who will soon be gasping in death, and she will recall this revival, and say: 'It came to me, but I put it aside.' Oh, she will wish that she had Christ to pillow her head upon and was under the influence of the Divine power. There's a young man who will one day regret that he did not avail himself of the privilege of this revival. There will come up in your mind a wish that you had not resisted the call of the Spirit and closed the door against God. He said, 'My Son, repent, and let me come in,' but you didn't repent. Oh, there is a time coming when you will be overwhelmed, and in the agony of death you will wish you had this feeling. The door of invitation is thrown open wide, and the call is pressing home to your hearts. Come now—and will

you dare refuse? The pressure is on you, too great to bear, and, as the apostle says, it will be death unto death.

“You have a chance to escape, and you refuse, and now the question is resounding through the vaults of Heaven, ‘Will they come?’ asked by angels, urged by God, actuated by mercy; and all the countless hosts of redeemed and washed spirits are asking, ‘Will they come? will he come? will she come?’ and if you will respond, ‘Yes,’ they will strike up their harps, and Heaven will be filled with anthems of joy, ‘Yes, they are coming.’ You say, ‘I’ll try,’ and angels will help you, while Christ, remembering the travail of his soul, will be satisfied. To you I present an open door, dear sinner. Will you step across the threshold, and come in? ‘All things are ready and I cordially welcome you,’ says Jesus. ‘What more can I do than I have done?’ Oh, dying, deathless spirit, face this matter and be serious. Think of it; all are waiting for your answer. Now, let there be a general response, ‘Yes, yes, I will go; I will yield. I can not hold out any more; and if he will save me I am determined to get salvation to-night.’ Brethren, let there be co-operative faith here. Let there be earnest, God-reaching prayer here—such as we have never before experienced in these meetings.”

The line was drawn and scores stood up for prayer, and a death-like solemnity was experienced in the entire house. To the altar twenty-eight advanced and cried for mercy, and eight received the light of forgiveness. One said, “It is all right, and I am wonderfully blest.”

Another, "There was something in the way, and I knew it; I threw it all aside, and it is all gone, and oh, how happy is my soul." Another, "I have been so long in the dark that I despaired of ever seeing the light, and that I would never find it; but I put all my trust in Jesus, and am now in the noonday blaze of his glory." Another, "My burden was so heavy that I cast it all on Jesus, and now I am in full freedom, and not a wave of trouble rolls across my peaceful breast."

At the Wednesday night meeting, to a crowded house, the following telegram was read by Rev. John K. Pye, presiding elder:

"BOSTON, MASS., June 21st, 1881.

"*To Rev. Thomas Harrison:*

"The Boston preachers' meeting having heard of the wonderful work of grace attending your labors in Indianapolis, extend to you our hearty congratulations and sympathy. May God speed the work, and bless you more and more.

"V. A. COOPER, *Secretary.*"

Mr. Harrison said: "This revival work in Indianapolis is stirring the country round about for a thousand miles, and letters are pouring in asking the prayers for an unconverted son, an unsaved daughter, a father and mother, and brother and friend, outside of the ark of the covenant. The reports of this meeting are read all over the State, and the greatest interest and stir is being had. It is truly wonderful. Next week will be our harvest home festivals, like the farmer at the close of the autumn, when the fields of grain are gleaned and the products of the vineyard are all brought in.

"Oh, young man in the gallery, will you be among

the sheaves? Can you resist and turn aside the influence of this meeting? or will you not rise in your manhood and say, 'God, helping, I will be brought in?' The Lord grant you may. Oh, do decide and resolve, 'I am coming in, and will be one of the number.' The angels are watching to see what your decision will be—life or death—and the cries and songs in heaven are, 'What will they do! Will they come in?' " Twenty-three crowded the altar, and eight were clearly converted.

On Thursday evening the weather was cool and pleasant, and the auditorium was thronged by a deeply solemn audience. The preacher said: "We ought this night to have believing hearts, for the time has come for us to put implicit and uncompromising trust in God and His love. We ought, as children of the light, be bonded in the faith that will not shrink, and God will as surely send us a deluge of blessings. Oh, for a concentration of faith and prayer just now, and just as certain as you have an unwavering faith in God he will give us victories, the greatest of our lifetime. The aged will be richly blest and the converts strengthened, for you will most probably never see again such an outpouring as this. As you are born to die, and are traveling to eternity, I beg of you to get all the good out of these closing meetings. To the dying sinner, I entreat you to be saved, and pray, if you never did before, and may scores yet be added to the twelve hundred already saved. I do not intend to exhort you long, as the time has come not to talk much, for you have had line upon line, and precept,

upon precept, and the time has now come for almost entirely altar work.

“One man went from this church last night crying and saying, ‘I don’t think I can be saved.’ At midnight he was entreating for a return of that anxious feeling for salvation, but the door was shut at an early hour this morning. If there are any here in this dilemma I beg you to make one more effort, for I tell you to-night condemnation is worse than death, and you ought to be willing in this, the hour of your peril, to cry out ‘Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him.’ Oh, God, grant that there may be desperation here to-night. Death is staring you in the face, and judgment follows immediately, and eternity will be upon you, and in the presence of God I ask your deathless souls can you afford to postpone this golden privilege? Do not be like the young lady who, on her death bed, cried out, ‘Mother, I can’t go; I am not ready to die.’ But she did go. And when the pale horse and his rider comes for you there will be no delay and you must go. Are you ready? I pause for you to answer as for eternity, and as these are the last nights of this great work let every one get all the good they can out of these meetings. Without further exhortation I will ask how many will come to this altar and take the step to enter into the kingdom of God.” Twenty-two were at the altar, and three were converted.

This Friday afternoon was set apart for the baptism by immersion of thirty-four adults — twenty-five females and nine males—all recent converts at Roberts Park. Through the courtesy of Dr. Mabie, pastor,

and the official members of the First Baptist Church, the use of the baptism was tendered to Dr. Vernon, and at 3 o'clock that church was crowded to witness the ceremony, the evangelist Harrison leading the singing. After the candidates had responded in the affirmative to the various questions of the ritual, the ordinance was administered by Dr. Vernon.

At 7 P. M. one of the most enjoyable feasts of the revival series was held in the lecture-room of the church. The utterances of the converts were most truly outward evidences of inward grace, and to God was given all the glory of their salvation. The night service upstairs was deeply interesting, and when Mr. Harrison said, "I feel like flying—I am as light as a feather—glory to God!" amens and "Praise the Lord" went up from all parts of the congregation. He continued: "I stand here to warn you, dying sinner, for there are a great many more sheaves to be brought in to Christ.

"You are going rapidly into eternity, and that little word is to decide your destiny in that infinite beyond; that little word will be the very last I shall utter in Roberts Park Church on Thursday night next; then a silent benediction and the door will be closed and the lights extinguished, and what then? I leave you to answer. While the door is wide open, but shutting, I call your attention to that single word—Jesus stood and cried, saying: 'If any man thirst let him 'come.'

"Come to this altar where angels have passed over it and brushed it with their wings, and Gabriel's trumpet notes have spoken peace to nearly twelve hundred thirsting souls. Settle your account with God as these

converts have settled theirs at this altar. Let every sincere member of the church, or those on the outside, cry for mercy—cry for the water of life. Oh, I do pray God that before this revival shall close that something strange may occur, and it will if every Christian will hold on to God, and we will yet have a wonderful ending of this meeting.” Ninety-three crowded the altar and front benches, and seventeen rejoiced in the blood of sprinkling.

CHAPTER XVII.

The mercury well up in the nineties, in midsummer, and a growing interest in the awakening and salvation of humanity, and yet the day is near by when a halt will be made. While the fields are still white, the summer is not passed, the harvest not ended, and there are yet thousands of sheaves waiting to be garnered, and the question is asked, Why are the meetings to close and the chariot of God’s unlimitable love to be stopped? The enemy are still in the field, and the conquest has not been attained. Then why not continue the battle? Never, in the history of the city, was there more interest in religious matters, and the attention of all classes of society is fixed upon the great question of the hour, and a reply must be given. The victories of the past, so grand, are surety for future triumphs, and may not sheaves by the thousand yet be gathered, and regi-

ments of converts yet be gathered into the ark of the covenant? The leaders feel the force of these inquiries, but looking over the field, they believe it best to suspend hostilities, for the present, and recuperate for more desperate encounters in the fall. God speed the time and hasten the culmination of the great achievement!

The last Sunday of the revival was a beautiful day, and the morning general class-meeting was exceedingly impressive. The converts were out in full force, and by their experience and song-singing expressed in their words and countenances the language of their hearts:

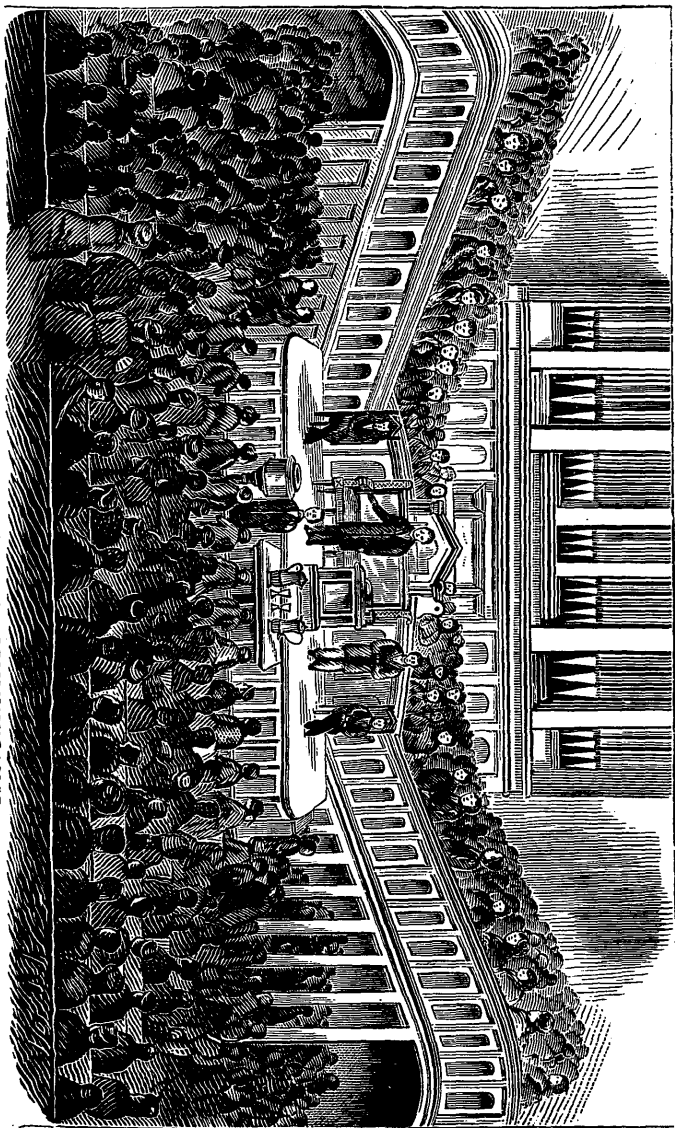
“Forever here my rest shall be,
Close to thy bleeding side;
This all my hope and all my plea—
For me the Savior died.”

At 10:30 Dr. Vernon preached a powerful sermon from the text, “God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believed in him might not die, but have everlasting life.” The church was crowded. At the close of the sermon the evangelist gave an exhortation on the love of Christ, and asked the unsaved in the audience, who desired the prayers of God’s people, to hold up their hands, and scores of hands went up. The service was one of unusual power.

At 3 o’clock an immense audience was present to witness the baptism of twelve infants and nineteen adults. Then thirty-five persons presented themselves at the altar to join the church on probation, and ten united by letter. This makes the total number of probationers three hundred and ninety. The covenant

service was led by the evangelist, the same as on the preceding Sunday afternoons. After this Presiding Elder Rev. J. K. Pye led the communion service according to the ritual of the Methodist Episcopal church, fourteen ministers surrounding the table, (see illustration elsewhere.) Then followed the administration of the sacrament of the Lord's supper to eight hundred and seventy-two communicants, with the ministers, making the total number 886. There never was such a sacramental scene witnessed in Indianapolis before. Families for the first time partook of the communion, and from the veteran of eighty-five years to the child of ten years, they crowded the twenty-two tables. All came forward with lightsome hearts and cheerful countenances, and, as hundreds for the first time partook of the broken body and shed blood, it was a season of unusual solemnity. The singing between each table was specially impressive. A general melting prevailed throughout the congregation, and the oldest Methodist pronounced it ahead of anything he ever saw or heard of. The evangelist was also astonished, and said he never witnessed such an event before, and so said the good Elder Pye, and so said Dr. Vernon and other ministers. Rev. Mr. Harrison added: "I thank God for this scene, and there is no doubt that the angels are striking their harps and singing hallelujahs. Families are happy. Young men are happy because they have given their hearts to God. We want to have a jubilant time; don't want a funeral, as we are not going to the graveyard, but we want a

SACRAMENTAL SERVICE—881 COMMUNICANTS.



jubilee, as we surround this royal feast. Let all sing as the grand finale of this glorious banquet :

“To each the covenant blood apply
Which takes our sins away ;
And registers our names on high,
And keep us to that day.’”

All knelt, and with hands raised and eyes suffused with tears, and “hearts submissive to thee,” covenanted for God to live, and for God to die. Then the audible repetition of the Lord’s prayer after the elder, and the benediction, closed this wonderfully interesting service.

The night congregation was a crusher, and many hundreds turned away. The “boy” preacher then sang alone a verse, “There’s danger in longer delaying.” Said the preacher : “I pray God that everyone here may enter into the kingdom and be sheltered and housed, in addition to the twelve to fifteen hundred already brought in, and when I say good-bye, I pray that all will exclaim, ‘I am saved ! I have been converted at this revival.’ Thirteen weeks ago, on a stormy night, there were a great many out of the ark who are now in, and, oh, how swiftly this revival has gone by ; and there is mercy for you, for if you come to Jesus he will save you if you try. I have done my duty, and there is no one who will dispute it. I have chosen a passage especially adapted to this moment, and after I have quoted the passage I will leave the result with you. I pray that God may be with me on this last Sabbath night, for I will have to meet you in the

judgment, and may you hear, and have unusual power in listening to the truth, and may you cry out in your agony: 'What shall I do?' I call upon God and all the spirits to witness against you.

'The first night I exhorted from the text, 'I pray thee, have me excused,' and scores crowded around the altar, saying, 'I do not ask to be excused.' Twelve months ago, hundreds who said, 'I am not saved,' are now saying: 'I will praise Thee; for, though thou wast angry with me, thine anger is turned away, and thou comfortest me.' There is no witness against such, for their guilt has been removed, their sins have been pardoned. Go and be pardoned. God has no accusations against you; no, indeed; for he took you by the hand and lifted you up. By and by you will get up there, where there are no accusers. But, to those who are unsaved—just as sure as you enter your coffin and the grave and the judgment, there will be witnesses against you. It won't do you any good to turn pale then; too late, too late, will be the cry. I am going to draw the line tight, and the young man or the father or the young lady not housed had better come in to-night. 'I call heaven and earth to record this day against you, that I have set before you life and death; therefore, choose life.' (Deuteronomy xxx, 19.) I have done my duty. I am human, the Lord knows; but I point to the past, and ask you if I do not state the truth. I have directed you to Calvary, and have set before you life and also death. I have pictured to you the enormity of sin, and photographed death and eternity, and have asked you to decide which way you are going—the light of

‘life or the shadow of death?’ You who have resisted—as you decide so shall it be. God thunders judgment on the sinner, for the wages of sin is death.

Oh, I beseech you to choose life. Will you make it now, this night? God grant you may. Mary said to Jesus, ‘I have no friends, no property, no health; got nothing except your love, dear Master;’ and Jesus said, ‘Mary has got something which will never be taken from her, for she has chosen the good part.’ That’s the choice of life. Now, all who want to make this choice come to the altar, and forty-four pressed forward, and twenty-two were converted, making the total one thousand one hundred and eighty-five. Some of the converted were very loud in their exclamations. One said, “Very clear;” another, “Perfectly clear;” another, “Never so happy in my life. Glory to God! I am not ashamed of Jesus. I am ready to die or live.” Another, “I have chosen life and found it.” A father was at the altar when his son, aged ten years, converted a few nights previous, came and threw his arms around his father’s neck, and the weeping of the two was exceedingly touching. When the evangelist closed he gave thanks for Dr. Bartlett’s large accession, the increase at Central Avenue and all other churches, and for those who have been added to the faith this day.

Monday evening witnessed a large crowd of converts in the lecture room to testify of the precious and abiding love of Jesus, and each one stated as to what led him to Christ, which has been given to the evangelist on cards, and given in the last chapter of this work.

The evangelist gave his flock a very wholesome and timely exhortation as to their manner of conduct, so as not to bring reproach upon the cause of Christ, and the necessity of continued watchfulness and prayer. This assembling together will linger long after the revival has closed, and with a large majority, we doubt not, accompany them to their graves.

At 8 o'clock the main room was crowded in every part, and a song service of several minutes preceded the regular opening.

The evangelist said: "There are some here to-night who can not and will not take any part in our jubilee. These are dark days to them, and they have no assurance of a saving pardon. They have gone through this great revival, and they have neither lot nor parcel in this matter. God help them. Will you not yet come in and have this pillow of comfort to your soul, this solace in death, and this certain peace and joy in the infinite beyond. Oh, young man, will you share in this jubilee? God grant that you may. I do want you to have a part in this great salvation, and be relieved of this sin, which is weighing you down. Oh, I wish all would say to-night, 'I will be one of that number, a sharer in this great joy, in this unprecedented harvest,' for the harvest is passing, the summer is being ended, and your soul is not saved. One young man in Philadelphia walked up the aisle and at the altar was saved, and one hundred more immediately followed. God grant that in His love the same may be repeated in Roberts Park Church. I have plead with you for a revival in all your hearts, and

presented His mercy and wrath in all the power and inspiration I could, and you have had a touch of his mercy. A certain minister in New England wanted a revival, and went to the church very early in the morning and prayed and wrestled with God. He was assured of an answer to his prayer, and looking out the window he saw the people coming in droves, and soon the church was packed. They were asked, 'What brought you here?' and they answered, 'We don't know; but something told us to come, and here we are;' and a revival broke out which shook the entire country. Oh, we have had a time of refreshing at the hands of the Lord. It is a light across the valley, and a life-boat on the billows all the way to the other shore.

"See that young man—how changed in his home, among his friends, in his business and prospects for the future. How greatly changed! And yet there are scores here not enjoying that change of heart. I ask you, are you coming in? And will you be compelled to say the summer of my privilege is ended? How I would like to put my arms around you and throw you into the kingdom, whether you will or not, but I can't do that. God would like to draw you in, whether or no, but he can't, and all that can be done is to plead with you to be reconciled to God, to go in the way of Jesus. But you say, 'I don't want him just now, wait a little; a little more dancing, a little more theater, another round of worldly pleasures and this life's amusements, and then I will send for you to pray with me. It will in all probability be too late, too late, and the

sword of his wrath will cut you down. You may not repel and put him off by actual words, but you will do so by your actions. I have asked you for thirteen weeks to raise your hands, or to stand up for prayer, and you would not, but said, 'Oh, wait a little,' and God all the time hearing your procrastination, and watching your pushing him aside, and you are not realizing that you are pushing your best friend aside and compelling him to leave you. There is coming an hour when you will not have Christ, and will feel lonely. Soon the door will close, and you will be sorry. As God is my judge, I don't want anything this side of the judgment but your salvation. As an evangelist I have done my best to persuade you to enter in at the open door. On Thursday I will have prayed my last prayer and given you my last charge, and finished my course with you; for I must meet this congregation and this work, and the city of Indianapolis, at the judgment, when I will give full proof of my ministry. Oh come, come to this harvest home to-night. One week ago to-night a young man was at this altar, crying for mercy; to-night he is in his shroud, waiting for burial. Once more I call you, come, come, come." Then the preacher began singing softly, "There's a gentle voice within," closing with the chorus, 'Yes, I will go to Jesus; I will go and be saved.' The invitation was then given, and fifty-nine came to the altar, and nineteen were converted.

CHAPTER XVIII.

There was no diminution in the multitude of votaries who were wending their way to Roberts Park Church to get inside its walls. The heat was very intense, and, notwithstanding the sweltering by the masses, the people held their seats and standing positions unbroken until the lights were extinguished. After the introductory services were over the Rev. Mr. Harrison began singing very softly, and with much feeling:

“And when my task on earth is done,
When, by thy grace, the victory’s won,
E’en death’s cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.”

Closing with the chorus “He leadeth me.” He broke down while singing, and the audience was melted, from the oldest to the youngest.

The evangelist proceeded to give his thrilling and deeply interesting experience, furnished to the author by Brother Charles W. Stagg, the accomplished and thorough phonetic writer and teacher, and is as follows:

“I am aware that there are reporters here to-night representing various papers, who will take down more or less of what I shall say; and I hope that one point they will get very clearly and make very prominent, and that is the secret of my success—the secret of my ‘power,’ as it is sometimes called. I earnestly desire that the reporters will seize that point, send it out, and make it known as widely as possible. There is a great

diversity of opinion. Some say it is 'magnetism;' some say 'spirit influence;' another says it is 'electricity,' while one, in a Boston paper, the other day, said that I had a power over my audience that was inexplicable and unnatural—a power to bring them to the altar whether they were willing or unwilling. That I threw a *spell* over my congregation. O, I wish I could do it to-night. Would to God I could throw a spell over every sinner in this house that would lead him to cry to God for salvation; for I tell you that a spell that is thrown over a bad man and makes him a good one is a good spell.

"I was in a home to-day. Into that home there came a letter—a letter written by a young man to his sister. He said he came to this church one night. He had not attended the church three times in four years. He came here one night, out of idle curiosity, to hear and to see what was going on, and what it was all about; but, as he went away, he said to himself, 'There's something in it.' He came again, and again and again, and the Holy Spirit fastened the arrows of conviction in his heart so deep that he could scarcely eat or sleep or attend to his business. He was a man of the world, but now, in that letter, he says: 'The church is my love and my life. I enjoy so much now reading my Bible. I joined the church, and am glad of it.'

"Awakened in Roberts Park Church! Here is where the flame was kindled! Here is where the power descended! Dr. Vernon takes none of the glory; nor do I; the glory belongs to Him that sits upon the throne. Before I came to this city, in the lecture-room of this

church, night after night, scores of good men and women pleaded with God for a revival. The united faith of the members of Roberts Park Church and its pastor went up to God, and a flame was kindled here which has been sending out its glowing sparks into Brother Mabie's church, Dr. Bartlett's church, and all the other brethren's churches, until the fire kindled at this altar has run in every direction, far and wide, all over the country. I got a letter from San Francisco speaking about it. Such things are coming to us all the time, showing what a deep interest has been created throughout the length and breadth of this country by this wonderful revival. You will never know—I myself will never know—the results of this meeting till we get yonder, where we see as we are seen, and know even as we are known. We will give all the glory to God, and thank him from the bottom of our hearts for kindling the fire here. Roberts Park Church wanted a revival; Dr. Vernon's heart went out to God continually for a revival. Here it is! The Lord be praised for it. Now I hope the reporters will get the one most important point—the secret of success in revival work; and when they get it, I hope they will underscore it; and then I hope that some of these people who can't see into this thing, and who don't know anything about it, will *read*.

“I shall hurry through my experience to-night as rapidly as possible, and shall speak of it under four heads:

“First, Awakening;

“Second, Conversion;

“Third, The baptism of fire; and,

“Fourth, The full assurance of faith.

“I have been criticised by the press for using the expression, ‘The baptism of fire.’ But the phrase is a good one, and, what is better still, it is scriptural. Christ told his disciples they should receive the baptism of the Holy Ghost and of *fire* sent down from Heaven. You are always safe in using a term that is scriptural. Dr. Vernon, you are a theologian, and I am not; I will stand by what you say: Am I not safe in speaking of a baptism of fire? [Dr. Vernon—‘SAFE!’] Now, if the press want to criticise that, they may blame Dr. Vernon and not me.

“I will take as the foundation for my experience tonight a text of scripture that I hope and pray may greatly help the older Christians who hear me, and wonderfully assist the converts, and may cause the sinner to turn to Christ for salvation: ‘We are saved by grace through faith—not of ourselves—it is the gift of God.’

“The Bible speaks of some Christians whose experience is like a morning without a cloud. For some years of my early life my own experience in a temporal way was like a morning without a cloud. I had everything to make me happy this side of Heaven—kind friends, a pleasant home, pleasant surrounding—everything calculated to make me cheery and happy; and all my plans and projects were for enjoyment. ‘I have nothing to trouble me. Life is full of joy.’ I thought of death for an instant, but I said: ‘Death, you are away out in the misty future—so far away that I need not be afraid of you. I have many long years to travel before I reach you. Aha! The blood of youth is

coursing through my veins and tinging my very cheek with color; I am happy and have everything to make me glad.' My experience was indeed a morning without a cloud. I had a doting father and mother. There was only one thing that threw the least mist over my prospects sometimes, and that was a felt want in my soul of something that the joys of earth did not bring to me—a craving for something I hardly knew what then; but I know now; it was a craving for God and glory! One morning I got up and I said to myself, as people so often say, 'Now I'm in for having a good time—a better time than I ever had in my life before.' I formed my plans to spend ten weeks in Nova Scotia, and when I had kissed my mother good-bye, and said farewell to my father and brother, whom I loved better than life, I said to myself, 'Now I am in for ten weeks of real, rich, solid enjoyment, without a tear in it.' I went away from my home full of hope and joyful anticipations of the future. But it was only a little while till the clouds gathered; till there came a tempest; till I heard the thunders of God's wrath breaking over my head. It was only a little while till He brought me down to the water's edge, where Life and Death meet, and bade me look across to the farther shore and see the waters yet rippling where my loved one had gone through to the eternity beyond; and I strained my eyes that I might catch a glimpse of his form once again, but I could not find him. He brought me to the utmost verge of Time, to Eternity's door, standing ajar upon its hinges and bade me look in! Then my mind and

soul cried out in agony: 'My God! I shall die! I shall die! O, God! Where shall I go?'

"Ah! I was planning to have a delightful time. I had been in Nova Scotia but a short time when the tempest burst. A message came for me. I took, broke the seal and read. It only needed three words to put an end to all my plans of enjoyment, and plunge me almost into despair. I read just these three words: 'Freddy is dead.' Freddy was the brother whom I loved better than life. 'Freddy is dead!' Dead! Why, it seemed to me it could not be! But it was only too true; he was dead. I felt almost as if I should die. Then it was that God's warning voice resounded in my ears, and echoed through every avenue of my deathless nature, until I cried out: 'O, God! What shall I do?' I got down on my knees on the roadside, by myself and I said: 'O, God! If Thou wilt only save my soul, so that I can some time meet him! Only give me mercy, so that I can yet embrace him! That is all I ask.' But my bleeding heart knew nothing then of the riches of Divine mercy to bring comfort and relief.

"That was one means, Dr. Vernon, that God took to awaken me—that was one line—and the other was my godly mother's prayers. Every morning my mother would lock the door, my father having gone early to business, and take her Bible—the Bible that had been her comfort and her guide from girlhood—and she would read to us out of God's word, and then she would kneel down with her children and pray, such a prayer as none but God-fearing fathers or mothers

ever pray, for her son. I will remember how I used to be affected by my mother's prayers. 'O, God!' she would say, 'If thou wilt, only save my boy!' Sometimes I would get up when she was done praying and brush away my tears, or hurry out of the room so that she would not see them. I would steal away into the solitude of my room and try to find relief there. It required the death of my brother and the prayers and tears of my mother to awaken me; and I shall rejoice in eternity that I was awakened in the old-fashioned way by the influence of God through his judgments, and the influence of my mother's love.

"I bore the aching heart on account of my brother's death, that spirit distressed because of my mother's prayers, and tears, and care for my soul, until one day I thought she prayed longer and more earnestly, if possible, than ever before for my salvation, held on to the promises tighter than ever, and cried out with all the yearning tenderness of a mother's love: 'How long, O Lord, how long?' Whether her prayer was longer than usual, or her faith firmer, I can not say; but that day I thought I should die. My heart was burdened like a cart beneath the sheaves. I tried to study, but the book was a perfect blank. I could not work; I could not talk; I could not do anything. At last I fell on my knees in my room, and asked God to show me the pathway that the vulture's eye never had seen. I cried out, in the anguish of my spirit: 'O God, this anguish is too terrible! I can not stand it! Lord Jesus, the light of eternity, show me the way!' Just like the young man who left this altar last night,

with a heart so sad and dark and distressed, and was converted right on the street, before he got to his mother's house. It chanced to be the last night of the old year. It was watch-night, and my mother had gone to the meeting to spend the night in prayer; and I was walking up and down the floor in our sitting room with an aching heart; with conscience aroused, and all my prospects as black as midnight. I could not keep still, my agony of soul was so great. I left my home and went out into the streets at a quarter before twelve o'clock. I went out into the darkness and into the snow-storm, and prayed that while God's snows were falling down from the heavens God might send down from the depths of infinite mercy some ray of light—some gleam of hope to my poor spirit.

“And now I wish to leave the point of my awakening and speak of my conversion.

“I have given you, as the means of my awakening, God's hand in judgment, his spirit, and my mother's prayers.

“I thank God that I was converted through and through. I *knew* it, just as sure as you know you are living. I felt my heart strangely warmed. As surely as I expect to meet God in judgment, the things that I once loved I hated, and the things that I once hated I loved. I was converted, as many have been converted at this altar, in the good old-fashioned Pauline, Wesleyan, Methodist way. I didn't get up from the nook in the snow-bank, and say, ‘My Lord, I guess I've got religion.’ I didn't say, ‘O, dear Jesus, I thank thee that I think I am converted.’ Not one word of it.

If I had had the toothache and had gone to the dentist, and he had relieved me, don't you think I would have known it? That is just the way it was with me when God converted me.

"It was about a quarter to 12, that cold December night, when I left my home and went out into the darkness—less dark than my sin-burdened soul was. I turned towards the church, and five minutes walk brought me to the lamp-post, just across the street from it, and I stood there listening to the people singing the covenant hymn for watch-night, my mother's voice mingling with the rest; and it broke my heart, it melted my soul, subdued my will; and as I stood there, that cold December night, a voice came to me, saying, 'Son, give me thy heart.' But I said, 'Lord, if you will just excuse me for the present—only let me go home, where I can kneel down—I will give thee my heart and spend the rest of the night in prayer, and the day too. I can't get down here in the snow and cry for mercy; the snow will blind me, and the wind will pierce me through. I will go home, and when I get there, I will give thee my heart.' Then I heard that voice again, as plainly as I ever heard the voice of my mother, and louder by far than the loudest blasts of that wintry night, and it said these words: 'Now, or never.' I believe, Dr. Vernon, as much as I believe that I stand here, that if I had crossed that line that was just before my feet that night, and resisted the spirit, God never would have come to me again, and I would have been lost forever. I had been trifling so long—walking in the paths of unbelief so long.

But, thank God, it was not yet too late. The voice of God called me. The Bible speaks of that voice as being 'still.' It did not seem that way to me; it was like unto the thunder of eternity. I heard it as I would hear my mother's voice, and it said, 'Now, or never.'

"The moments passed, and the old village clock commenced striking the last hour of the old year. I stood and listened till I heard it strike six times. I knew that in the old church the people of God were upon their knees covenanting to live better lives the coming year. At the moment when the sixth stroke fell upon my ear I heard the voice say: 'Before the tongue of that bell shall cease to strike you must be saved or ruined forever.' 'What!' I cried; 'before that clock ceases striking must I be saved or lost forever? My God! what shall I do! Can't I give Thee my heart to-morrow—or next week? or after I go home?' And louder than before, as it seemed to me, that warning voice from the depths of the infinite resounded through every avenue of my deathless spirit, 'Now or never;' and it seems to me now that just about the tenth stroke of the bell, God Himself, from the depths of his unspeakable mercy, stretched forth His almighty arm and interposed, and said: 'I will hold back the stroke of the bell while for one minute you look to me.' It seemed to me a very long time between those two strokes of that bell, and, thank God, before the eleventh stroke rang out on the air, the pent-up feelings of my poor heart broke forth in one strong cry, 'Now!' and the two 'nows' came together, God's spirit answering to my own in an instant, and I found

myself saved—redeemed! It was all right in the twinkling of an eye. I met the conditions—God blessed me. I came up to the requirements—God showered down blessings. For four years His infinite mercy had been trying to kiss my poor soul—His loving arms reaching out to embrace me; but I would not let him. But at last, all of a sudden, I extended my arms toward Him; I turned the lips of my soul toward his infinite love, and in a moment He kissed all my trouble away—all my sorrow, all my grief away, and I knew I was converted and in the kingdom. I *did* not *think* I was converted; I did not *hope* it, not yet did I *believe* it; I *knew* it.

“God grant to bless this experience this night, and may every one have a conversion that shall go to the bottom! Give me anything this side of eternity, rather than sham conversions and shallow work! Oh for the power of the Holy Ghost to-night!

“I had a wonderful experience after that. I had inward peace, inward comfort, and joy in believing. God gave me, in the day-time, the marvelous enjoyment of his presence, and he gave me ‘songs in the night.’ But I had not been converted one week before I was in a state of perplexity. I will tell you why. I felt that there was something more—something vastly higher, deeper, richer, grander, and better than anything that I then knew about. My mother, quiet and retiring, had made no public profession of sanctification; there was no necessity for her making any; her life showed it; her life was enough.

“These converts around me here to-night—it is not

necessary for you to tell me you've got religion ; your countenances show it. Some ministers say, if you have this blessing you must talk about it—testify about it. I wish some people would talk about it less than they do. It is all right to give testimony of the grace received, but it is not necessary to be all the time talking, talking, talking about your being better than somebody else. The good Lord knows we are not, any of us, any better than we should be.

“But, anyway, I had in my heart a craving, a longing, an intense desire for a higher experience if it was for me ; and I went into a religious book-store and said : ‘Give me Fletcher’s Plain Account ; give me Carvossa, Bramwell, Hester Ann Rogers (one of the sweetest of all the sainted women of Methodism.) Let me know how she got this heart purity : give me Lady Huntington ; give me Madame Guyon, a Roman Catholic, a Papist, but a Papist who said : “At noon-time, at a certain place, in my sitting-room, I received the blessing by faith.”’ She said she had tried to obtain it by giving away her good clothes, and by getting up and going to mass at 4 o’clock in the morning, and kneeling on the pavement. She had tried to secure it by giving her money to the poor, and by getting the Arch Bishop and the Bishop to pray for her. Their prayers went no higher than their heads ; but, said she : “I received it at noontide, in my sitting-room by faith.”’ I said : ‘Give me Fenelon, a Roman Catholic and a Bishop ; one of the mightiest Catholics that ever lived ; a man who stood so near the throne that he shook Rome to its center, and when he died

the people kissed the chair in which he sat while living. With all these books under my arm, I took the train for home; and when I got there I went to my room, and staid there till I had read book after book, using them in connection with the Word of God, which was the main-stay all the time. I prayed almost constantly. I cried out: 'O, God! if I can only get the fullness of love, the unction of the Holy Ghost upon me, so that I can win souls to thee, it is all I will ask this side of the grave and eternity.' I must make a confession here.

"As the children of Israel, by their own unbelief, were kept wandering about in the wilderness during forty years, when they might as well have gone through into the Promised Land in as many days, so I was in the wilderness of doubt and uncertainty two long years without experiencing the fulness of God's love, whereas I ought not to have been without it that many hours. Why was this? Because I was unwilling to trust to Jesus—to look to him without an 'if.' I was not ready to say: 'I will have the blessing of a clean heart. I will have full salvation. God has promised it, and it shall be mine.' There was the trouble. Wesley says that a member of one of his congregations received this wonderful baptism of the spirit within five hours after conversion. He says you may receive it right along with the pardon of sins, if you will. I did not so receive it, and this night, before God and men, I bow my head in shame and confess to him and to you that in my inmost soul I am sorry that I staid away, distrusting Christ, but study-

ing books, studying the Bible, and doing everything I could but the one thing that would have brought the blessing to my poor heart.

“But, thank God, the time came when I reached a point where I said: ‘Now, I have been seeking this anointing of grace—this baptism of fire—so long that I must have it or die. I will enjoy this cleansing in the blood of the Lamb or die.’ I had become as desperate as some have been at this altar, when the Holy Spirit had hold of their hearts, and was showing them how they must have salvation quickly or perish in sin, and go down to death.

“Now I am reaching the third point, the Baptism of Fire, which is a separate and distinct thing from pardon or conversion. Well, one afternoon, after I had been reading and studying and praying, I all at once formed this resolution: ‘Now I will lay the books all aside, and this one afternoon shall be all knee-work?’ I went into the mountain, where no voice could reach me, and no eye could see me, and no ear could hear me, but God’s, and I got down on my knees to pray, and pray as the fathers of Methodism use to pray—to struggle long and mightily with God for the blessing. I had made my mind up to pray that way; but I didn’t do it, for I had not been but a little while on my knees before God flashed upon my mind, and through every avenue of my soul, the truth that there was a better way than long and hard struggling with God for his blessing upon the human soul.

“I got upon my knees, and first I had a talk with my knees themselves. I said to them: ‘Now, you may as

well come right down to it ; if you must ache, ache ; and if you must break, break ; for I am not going to get up till God gives me the victory.' I thought I was in for an all-night struggle, like Jacob. I said, 'Here I am ; if I don't got the blessing before the academy bell rings to close up for Saturday evening I will stay here till morning.'

'Now, just as sure as God is love, whenever Christians get desperately in earnest with God, something is going to happen, and that something is sure to be victory, and cheer, and blessing. How long did I kneel there? Thirty minutes, think you? No. Ten minutes? Never. Five minutes? Not at all. No, thank God. I wanted to see how long it had been before God heard and answered me ; and out came my watch at the end of three minutes, and I jumped to my feet with a shout that must have made the birds in the tree-tops start from their nests in alarm. 'Glory to God ! I've got it ! I've got it !' And it never has left me for a moment. It was the baptism of fire, received by faith.

'I now come to the most important part of my experience, so far as relates to the results of my ministry. The question has been discussed in preachers' meetings ; it has been mysticism to worldlings and sinners, and sometimes even to believers—the full assurance of faith and its results. 'How is it, Mr. Harrison, that everywhere your labors are crowned with such overwhelming success? If you could preach like Dr. Vernon, it might be attributed to your powerful preaching, but sometimes you don't even exhort at all,

and yet you seem to draw people by a power that is magnetic? Where is the secret? How is it that in June weather, with the mercury up to ninety, two thousand or three thousand people crowd the church, and hundreds stand outside the door begging for admittance! Why is it that for thirteen weeks one of the largest churches in Methodism is packed from pulpit to vestibule, week after week? How is it that Presbyterian, Baptist, Episcopalian and Christian churches all catch the heavenly spark, and the whole city and State are aglow with the glory of God's saving power?" I will tell you. I will make it plain to everybody.

"My fourth point: 'The full assurance of faith.' I was a student at Dr. Talmage's Lay College in Brooklyn, and in his family, seeking for preparation for some work of usefulness. I did not know where. I concluded I would go and see an old friend at Long Plains. I told my mother I would be back early Monday morning. This was Friday night. I intended to be back on Monday, but you shall see how God led me. I reached my destination. On meeting my friend at Long Plains, he said to me, using my college name: 'Harry, anticipating your coming I have sent out circulars for eight miles around that to-morrow afternoon, at 3 o'clock, and at night, you are to hold revival meetings.' I said to him: 'My dear friend, what possesses you?' They were as cold as death in my church in Boston; had had no revivals for years; even I was not converted at their altar, but in a snow-bank. I said to my friend: 'You have made a mis-

take. I do not know anything about revivals.' I only knew what I enjoyed in my own heart. Said he: 'Harry it is out.' Said I: 'Well, let us go to your room and pray over it.' We went to his room and prayed. He prayed and I prayed, and when the time came I went into the pulpit and took a text and preached, and had a good time myself, whether the people had or not; and at the conclusion of the meeting they came crowding around and shook hands with me, and I felt happy.

About 5 o'clock, after supper was over, my friend said to me: 'Harry, I want to pray.' 'So do I,' I said. 'Let us go into your room by the fire and pray together.' 'No,' said he, I want to go behind the church into the woods and pray there. Father, or mother, or the children, might come in and interrupt us in my room.' So we went out through the snow into the woods behind the church, and we came to a tree that held its foliage all the winter through, and there was a green spot under it where there was no snow, and we knelt there and prayed. He prayed and I prayed for about twenty or thirty minutes, till we got all enthused with faith and zeal for God, and it came to be more like July than December, for we had got ourselves warm inside and hot outside. My friend rose up with his face shining with a great victory, and the tears of joy rolling down his cheeks, and he said to me: 'Harry, we are going to have a great revival to-night.' I stood still and looked at him a moment, and I said 'My friend, what is the matter with you? Talking about a revival? What do you mean?' Said

he: 'I mean just what I say, we are going to have a great revival to-night.' Said I, 'What makes you think that?' Then I saw the light; then I realized the blessing; then I comprehended the power; then I saw God as I had never seen him before. I saw the fullness of power; the power of the Holy Ghost that God can give to those who believe. Here is the secret of the power that God has given me, and which has led, under God, to the salvation of more than seventeen thousand souls. Said I: 'Why do you think that?' And the answer was: 'I have asked God, and I believe him.' I grasped his hand in mine; I put his arm in mine; my soul met his; my faith kissed his. 'Amen!' My heart's desire met his. 'Amen!' I said: 'I see it; I see it; glory to God!'

"I nearly lost my strength under the weight of glory that filled my soul when I saw the willingness of God, the ability of God, and the present power of God to give the blessing. I received the 'full assurance of faith' under the power of God in that boy, who said to me, 'Harry, I have asked God, and I believe him.' Heaven help all the people here to get on that line to-night. Your churches would soon be all aflame with the power of God.

"It will not do to ask of God and limit Him by our lack of faith in His answers to prayer. Oh, put away the milk of the word, and stand up in the full measure of manhood and womanhood in Christ Jesus, and say as that boy said to me, 'I have asked God, and I believe him.'

"I entered the pulpit that night. The church was

packed from the chancel to the entry. Curiosity was on tip-toe to see what such a boy would say. I opened the old hymn book; I was very happy. I said: 'We will sing to-night a hymn expressive somewhat of my own feelings, and I will line it for you, as some may not have books. If you prefer sitting you can do so, but I hope everybody will sing with me.' The organ played the tune, and, as God led me, I commenced with the first line, 'O, for a thousand—.' I stopped. I said: 'I will read the hymn. O, for a thousand—.' I tried it again: 'O, for a—.' I did not go as far as I did before. If I had kept on a little longer I would only have been able to say 'O!' I was then, as now, as nervous as a man can be and live.

'I was not so careful as ten years of experience has made me. I did then what I would not do now. I never said a word to the minister, but got right down and out over the altar-rail, and went straight to a young man who was crying as if his heart would break, and whispered in his ear and said to him: 'My dear friend, if you must cry, please cry to yourself; cry so that I will not hear you; I would like to read my hymn;' but he did what the man did in the Scriptures when the disciples told him to be still, he 'cried the more.' I went back again and commenced to read the hymn, but had not uttered two words till I heard back by the third window a strange noise, and said I must see to that, sure. I started and went back there, and found a large stout man crying like a baby. Said I: 'My friend, excuse me, but I would like to be able to read my hymn. If you have to cry, please cry

quietly.' But, just like the other man, he cried all the more. About that time I got back to the altar-rail, when I saw a young lady sobbing, sobbing, sobbing. I got half way to her, and stopped and said to myself: 'You must be careful here; it is a lady.' I took another look at her and said to myself: 'Oh! what is this?' Her face was very pale, her dress black, her bonnet black, with white inside. I said: 'I will not go to you; I will let you cry.' I went back to the pulpit and I said: 'I can not read my hymn while you are sobbing that way. If you have to cry, please cry quietly.' But when a man is crying to God for mercy you can't stop him. You might as well try to stop a stream of water with your hands. They cried only more and more. I thought to myself: 'Well, here I am in a pretty situation, to be sure. I haven't got a chance to make any exhortation, or read my hymn, or even take up a collection. Have I got to go out of this house and away, and not give them my exhortation? It is a strange thing. What shall I do? What shall I do? Why are all these people sobbing and crying? I made up my mind to find out.'

"I went first to the young man of nineteen who had been crying by the window, and said, 'What are you crying for? Nothing has been said to cause you to cry.' He said, 'O, I wish I was a Christian.' I went then to the man down by the third window, and he said to me, 'I wish I was saved.' I said I would go to that lady who was crying so, and I went and asked her, 'What are you crying for?' Said she, 'Oh, Mr. Harrison, I am in great trouble. My mother died a

few weeks ago, and I so wish I was prepared to meet her.' I went into the pulpit and asked the minister what I should do. Said he, 'I don't know, Brother Harrison; but pray do something quick.' I looked at the four or five seats alongside the pulpit and said, 'These seats will be vacated, and I am going to have a word of prayer with those who may wish to seek God,' and in an instant, from the first pew to the door, they bowed their heads, and sobs and groans almost shook the church. I said, 'If any here desire to be helped by faith and prayer, come and kneel,' and every seat was packed in two minutes. I said, 'Clear these front seats.' They filled the two front pews in less than three minutes. Then I said, 'If you want to be saved, kneel right where you are,' and they fell to the floor all over the church, and that night, from 6:30 to 11 o'clock, God shook that place; and instead of my going home on Monday, I have not been home since, to stay. I remained there twenty-nine nights, and God saved nearly the whole town.

"'I have asked God, and I believe Him.' There is the secret of power. There is 'mesmerism.' Take it. There is 'electricity.' Get it. There is the power to throw a 'spell' over a congregation and make them do what you will. You may have it. Men say they don't understand me, and can't understand me; that I have a magnetic power in my body. They tell 'stories,' every one of them. It is faith in God! It is faith in God! I want the reporters who are here to-night to put it down in big letters and underscore it. I want it to go out from Indianapolis to this State, and all other

States, that the real secret of power at these revivals—the foundation, the superstructure and the crowning point of all is—faith in God! ‘I have asked God, and I believe Him.’ Since that hour God has given me nearly eighteen thousand souls as the reward-answer of faith. Is not that clear, Dr. Curtis?”

Dr. Curtis—“I think so; it is all right.”

“Brother Pye, isn’t that according to the bible?”

Mr. Pye—“Yes, indeed.”

“It is Pauline, Wesleyan Methodism, scriptural to the last letter. Have faith in God, and you can unlock the treasure-house of God’s glory and have all you want. Have faith in God and you can get hold of the eternal throne. May God give the members of this church, the converts and sinners, faith in God this night. Letters come to me; reporters come to see me; editors of newspapers ask me: ‘Mr. Harrison, what is the secret of your wonderful success?’ You have my answer now. Don’t ask me any more. ‘I have asked God and I believe him.’ Have faith in God, and if the mercury stood at one hundred degrees this revival will never stop. It is not going to stop. This church may yet come to be the banner church of the world. Here are as grand a company of young men, and as noble a company of young women, as can be found in any congregation on earth; and acting in concert with the older members, they will carry the work right onward. Don’t dare to say the revival is over. It has just begun. I believe that next fall Indianapolis will be visited by such an awakening and such a baptism of

Divine power as has never been witnessed. Only have faith in God and you shall see his glory.

“I will not be confined to Roberts Park nor to the Methodist churches ; but Dr. Bartlett will be kept as busy bringing candidates, before the session closes, as Dr. Vernon in giving converts the right hand of fellowship in the Methodist church, which, I believe, is the grandest church in the world to go to Heaven in. I don’t exactly know whether I want the reporters to put that down or not. Yes, you may, too ; put that down if you like. (Voices—‘And underscore it!’) Those who are of Presbyterian proclivities, we bid them God-speed ! Those who would like to go to Heaven on Episcopalian prayers, we say to them, God bless you ! Those who think they can get rid of their sins better under the water, to them I say, Go in, head and feet ! To those who want to go to Heaven on the good, old-fashioned, scriptural, Methodistic line, we say, Come ! come ! Free salvation for everybody, and a heaven to go to Heaven in !

“I close now, once more throwing out the assurance to every one here, and hoping that it may go all over the State and all over the country, that the secret of the success of these meetings is FAITH IN GOD. Let everybody say ‘Amen !’ Let us all sing ‘All hail the power of Jesus’ name.’ ” The great audience rose to their feet, and the enthusiasm manifested exceeded anything ever witnessed in Roberts Park Church. During the singing an invitation was given to persons to join the church on probation, and twenty-one presented themselves at the altar, making the total number of

probationers four hundred and eleven. While this was progressing twenty-four persons pressed through the crowd and fell on their knees at the altar and cried for mercy, and while no effort was made at the altar to work, on account of the great crowd, three were converted. The benediction closed this intensely interesting service.

CHAPTER XIX.

The all-day jubilee arrived, and the heat was fearfully intense, although a terrific storm raged during Tuesday night. At 5 o'clock in the morning the faithful assembled in large numbers, in the main audience-room of the church. In the wreath of testimonies many beautiful Scriptural quotations were entwined. Mr. Harrison urged that those who had any special reasons for praising God should mention that. Mothers praised God for sons brought in, and wives for husbands saved. Fathers, whose brows were white with the snows of time, said that in an experience of forty years they had never witnessed anything like this. One lady went too much into the history of her experience, when Mr. Harrison cut her short by suggesting that she say amen. A number of young people thanked God that Jesus had said, "They that seek me early shall find me." One brother was blessed while listening to Brother Harrison's experience. Another: "I came from Ohio,

to be present at this winding up of the greatest revival ever held in the West." A sister said: "Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear my voice ascend higher." An Episcopal lady thanked God that his love burned away barrier walls.

At 10 o'clock the church was filled, and the first speaker was Rev. Mr. Hyde, of the Congregational Church, who said:

"Brethren, it gives me great pleasure to be here this morning. I rejoice with the pastor of this church, with Rev. Mr. Harrison, in view of what God has wrought during the past few weeks. I have lived in Indianapolis upward of twenty years, but I never knew our city to be so moved before. It has reached all the churches and congregations of the city. In this all Christians rejoice. I have occasion, on my own behalf, and on behalf of the congregation I serve, to thank God. As I have contemplated this wonderful work, it has seemed to me that it teaches us some very important lessons. It has given us more confidence in the power of the gospel, and its adaptation to the spiritual wants of mankind. I never saw a religious movement which encountered so little opposition. I have been amazed to see men of all phases of religious belief pour into these churches to hear the gospel. I am convinced that the gospel of Christ always carries the consciences of men. It gives me confidence in my hope of the speedy conquest of the world to believe this. There is not a business man in this city who does not say, in his heart, that there is no claim upon him so pressing as that of the gospel of Christ. This is a tremendous standpoint for the church, that it carries with it the conscience and the heart of mankind.

"Infidels are finally brought to believe as Ethan Allen felt. His dying daughter asked him whether she should trust to his religion, or that of her mother. 'Oh,' said he, 'trust to your mother's religion.' This is the verdict which all sincere infidelity gives at last. This work of grace has shown that men are not confident in the position which they assume against religion. It feels stronger than ever. It is not a wild imagination to expect a nation to be born in a day. It was my privilege in Chicago the other day to

address a national convention of Christian workers, and to relate to them something of the wonderful work of God here. They were made glad at the news. I have received letters soliciting the labors of Brother Harrison, but I have not had time to present them to him. I have never been so encouraged during all my work in this city. If we will preach the gospel in its simplicity we will see still greater power. In all these churches—the Methodist, the Baptist, the Presbyterian—we have been preaching the same Gospel, and I have been impressed with the concert of our faith. Oh, that we may always see eye to eye, and stand before this community as one united body.”

Mr. Harrison, at the close of these remarks, said: “Mr. Hyde is the leader of Congregationalism in this State, and so these words which he has spoken are valuable.”

Rev. George L. Curtiss, D. D., was next introduced. He said:

“The field is so large the greatest trouble is to know where to begin. I have looked forward to this day with much pleasure and anxiety. Some things have impressed me during this revival, and I have watched it closely. The wonderful power of grand and glorious singing. I don’t allow anybody to put more soul into singing than I do. There has been a tremendous convicting power in the singing. I remember a church in this State where they put an organ, and it turned things up-side down. An old man said: ‘I will never go into that church again until some converts are made by that organ.’ A hundred were converted, and the organ was instrumental in doing good. Then the contribution box has been a help. The old negro said there were three boxes which must save the South—the cartridge-box, the ballot-box and the contribution-box. It has been demonstrated that the contribution-box can go right along-side of the work of grace in the hearts of men. It has been absolutely demonstrated that money poured into the treasury of the Lord during a revival does not kill it, but helps it on. Another thing which has impressed me has been the general effect of the revival upon the churches of the city. In my own church we have felt its quickening power in our class-meet-

ings, and an increased spirituality. As I hear from other churches the effect has been the same. Then in connection with this spiritual quickening there is encouragement, as Dr. Hyde has said. We have been raised a number of degrees in religious experience. God grant that we may not settle down from our present position. I have been impressed with the effect of the revival upon sinners in producing powerful convictions followed by quick and powerful conversions. It has wrought an entire change in some men. Some years ago in this church, at a convention, an old minister said that he did not believe in angular conversions. What he meant by angular conversions was breaking right off short from sin and turning the other way. If he had attended these meetings I think his views would have been changed. May God give us more of these tremendous conversions. Then I have been impressed with the marvelous manner of the Spirit's manifestations. I tell you we ignore this Divine Spirit too frequently. It is an overwhelming influence. It is unknown by the ordinary senses of our life. The influence of this work has reached to distant parts of the country. I want to say to Brother Harrison that I am glad God makes use of instruments, and I am convinced that the secret of success is to lie in the hands of God and let Him use us for His glory."

Rev. Mr. Morey, of the Third Presbyterian Church, was the next speaker. He said :

"Dr. Vernon came down and found me in the back seats, and asked me to come up and fill the places of Dr. Bartlett and Rev. Mr. Reed, who were expected to be here, but were out of the city. I can not fill the places of two such men, but will say a few words. I want to express my sympathy with this whole movement. My prayers were united with Dr. Vernon, before this meeting commenced, for God's blessing. I have not been personally present with you much, but my prayers have been for you. We have felt a reflex influence from the work here in our own church. It has been the kind of influence I have longed for during the year and a half that I have been in Indianapolis. Some of our own young people have been converted here, and when they have come before the Session for examination they have given as good evidence of conversion as I ever saw. I believe that as a result of influences

originating here by the blessing of God our Presbyterian churches here have been revived. I do not think we would have received a blessing but for the earnest work and faith here preceding the work in our own church. I am glad to speak thus honestly. I rejoice greatly at the manifestation of cordial feeling among those of different names. Our work is one—the salvation of souls. We work in different ways, but it is one work. I think that hereafter Christians of different names will be bound together by nearer ties than ever before. For the sake of our skeptical friends I am glad this is so. We are touching elbows as they did in the army. One charge which the world has brought against us has been swept away. This is a jubilee occasion, and we count the sheaves. We may count a thousand converted and a large number of backsliders reclaimed. We may count a higher ideal from henceforth of what it is to be a Christian. We may expect, early this fall, in all our churches, an effort to secure still greater results. I thank God for what has been accomplished here. Dr. Vernon, I have always had a warm side toward the Methodists. I was converted in a union meeting where we could hardly tell the difference between Methodists or Baptists. I have never known anything else only to love all the churches. I trust we shall gather around those who have been converted and hold them up. After a little necessary rest for our bodies we will take this work up in the fall and God will bless us more and more."

Hymn 17 was sung—"The prize is set before us."

Rev. Dr. Talbot, of the Meridian Street Church, was the next speaker. He said:

"I am glad to unite this morning in thanksgiving for God's blessing upon the church at large, and we are glad to unite in honoring His servant who led the church in this victory. This has been a wonderful revival in its effects; so many hearts and homes have been made glad because of loved ones saved. I never saw a darker time in the history of the churches than we saw before this meeting began. We had held extra meetings, but little was accomplished. It seemed as though the Christian church in this city could not hold up its head in the presence of the great opposition with which it met. But Brother Harrison, under God, was sent to

us, and our faith was united and the Lord poured out His Spirit upon us, and to-day the Christian church is stronger than ever, and has the ring of victory in her tread. It will be a sad thing if we fall back into our former condition. The present effects of this revival are not to overshadow those which are more ultimate. We have learned this great lesson, that revivals are possible. Of course, we have always believed this in a general way, but have not acted as though we believed it. The truth is, many of us thought that the time for old-fashioned revivals had gone by, but this meeting has changed our ideas, and we see that God is just as he was on the day of Pentecost: that He honors faith just as He honored it then. It has been a great thing to have this so clearly demonstrated once more.

"In the years to come I hope we shall profit by this. I think we may gather another thing from this, that God is willing to work through the same agencies that he has in the past. He will work through the ordinary means as well as through the extraordinary. I am not reflecting upon evangelism in this remark. God has sent us this extraordinary means to teach us this lesson, and it will do us good if we profit by it. I am thankful for the influence of this revival upon my own charge. I believe that this is only the beginning of this mighty work."

Singing, "Down at the Cross."

At this point Dr. Vernon read the following letter from Rev. Mr. Mabie, pastor of the First Baptist Church:

"MY DEAR DR. VERNON: I exceedingly regret that our annual Sunday-school picnic to-day precludes my presence at the interesting services in connection with Mr. Harrison's farewell.

"From the day that Mr. Harrison arrived in our city he has had my prayers, and I have taken frequent occasion, in private and in public, to speak of his manifest and exceptional earnestness and singleness of devotion to the one aim of bringing souls to Christ. His strong faith, too, has been a lesson and an encouragement to us all. I am sure the Baptist people of our city congratulate Roberts Park Church, and its pastor, and the laboring evangelist on the large measure of blessings received, and congratulate the city at

large on the widespread and general revival which is abroad, and will ever pray that it may abide and increase.

"In the best of bonds, your brother in the Gospel,

"H. C. MABIE,

"Pastor First Baptist Church.

"CITY, June 29, 1881."

After the reading of the letter, Dr. Vernon's heart seemed to warm, when he said :

"As I stand here and look back over the thirteen weeks which have passed, I am filled with wonder. Well do I remember the state of things referred to by Dr. Talbot, when coldness was in our midst, when God's people were despairing, when our trusted leaders began to say, 'This is an age of steady growth; Christianity is undergoing a change.' Then some were moved to cry: 'O God, is there no help for Zion.' It was, I think, not only to Christians in our own Church, but in all the denominations, a period of profound solicitude. As Brother Morey has said, there were a few who were crying daily for the coming of what has been so graciously realized. In the past two winters we held meetings with a slim attendance and meager results. In this condition of things my mind turned to Brother Harrison, whom I had known for three years. When I first saw the sword he wields in the name of God, I hailed it as a token of promise. I proposed to the church to send for him. It was a strange proposition, for they thought they had never needed the labors of an evangelist, for in years past they had all been evangelists living in the fear of God. The proposition was not kindly received at first. After some six months I proposed it openly in the official board, and to my surprise it was universally agreed to. As time passed I thought I saw this revival gathering. We almost gave up. Brother Harrison was to come in January, but could not; in February, but could not, and on the 28th day of March, that Sunday night, this great work dawned upon us, and we are to-day in the midst of such an outpouring as this city has never seen. And it is to go on leaping over the vacation and breaking out again with new power in the fall. If the people of God will be steady in their faith this work has not yet seen its close nor its middle. I would be glad to speak of the elements which have entered into this revival. I

must speak of one which I put first after the evangelist. That is the daily reports which have been made through the Sentinel of this city. I think the Christian people of this city owe a debt of recognition to that paper which they will pay. Also to our good brother, J. C. Belman, who has prepared these reports. Loving friends have sent them to England and Scotland baptized with prayer, and the tidings have come back from the Old World that 'the revival has reached us.' These papers have gone out every morning, and in distant places persons have read the reports, and have come to kneel at this altar that they might be saved. One night at the door a stranger inquired of me if a certain lady was at the altar. He said, 'She came with me from Lafayette, having read the Sentinel reports, to get converted, and I want to see that she is converted before the train goes at 11 o'clock.' [Laughter.] I hope we shall not forget how much we owe Brother Belman for these reports. Brother Curtis has spoken about the singing. I have gone out and found persons hanging on the gates, drinking in the beautiful strains of song. The singing has been sustained by the organ as I have never known an organ to be handled before. I have heard laboring men singing 'Washed in the blood of the Lamb.' On the streets the children and the aged fathers are singing these revival hymns. May the blessing of God be upon my Brother Harrison, whom I love so tenderly, and whom I shall miss so sadly when he is gone."

Mr. Harrison followed, saying this is an hour for hallelujah. We do not want any bad feelings here. O, what a blessed time we have had. Mr. Harrison said facetiously that the Presbyterians were the next best to the Methodists.

The benediction was pronounced by Rev. Mr. Pye.

At 3 P. M. a grand lovefeast was held, and nearly a hundred testified—old and young, rich and poor. At this and the other services a large number of ministers from this city and elsewhere were present, and the Christian churches were all largely represented by the membership.

The night service was very large as to the attendance, and the heat intensely severe. Rev. Mr. Harrison led in the following prayer :

“We praise Thee, O our Father, that there remaineth, therefore, a rest to the people of God. There is a rest in Heaven; the Bible tells us so, and our own experience says it is so. There we shall be in the enjoyment of Thy smiles, where there are pleasures forevermore, and fullness of joy. But, dear Father, we are so glad that we have not to wait until we die before we enjoy that rest, for it commences here. Some of us know what it is to be tired of sin; our own consciences made us weary. We did not know what to do nor where to go. We said, if we walk this way we shall go to hell; then, in the darkness of our guilt and the forebodings of our fears, there came a voice so kind, so sweet, come unto me all, no exception; all may come and rest in perfect joy, for where God gives rest, it is rest. When God bids the weary one be restful, it is enjoyment which is pure and constant. Glory to God! A good many of us to-night are in the Beulah Land of rest. We have entered into rest. Our accounts are settled, we are ready; we rest our hope in Thee. This life is only for an hour, then we will be gone to great eternity; and, O, to have the favor of God, is to have a Heaven to go to Heaven in. We thank Thee that to-day has been a day of jubilee. The pastor said when a thousand are converted, we will arrange for a jubilee; the members of the Church have said when a thousand sheaves are gathered in, we will have a jubilee, and the converts have been saying, ‘I want to be in that number;’ and to-night, O Father, a thousand are saved, and this has been our jubilee day. O how kind Thou hast been to us, dear Father. All through the great heat of this day Thou hast blest us. In the morning service we were cheered; in the afternoon we seemed to come nearer to Thee, and to-night it is better than ever. We thank Thee that we are here to-night to send to Thee our united hallelujahs for what has been done. The Psalmist says, ‘Praise is comely, praise is right,’ and we ought to praise Thee. We thank Thee that in this church the aged pilgrims have seen such a victory as they never expected to witness. They say ‘we have belonged to the church for half a century, and have never known such a time.’ God has said to them, ‘You shall have one more glory

time, and then I will kiss you to the skies.' They have seen it, and soon they will go. O Father, bless the aged Christian to-night. They will not stay to see such a time again—the whole city breathing the breath of prayer, and rocked with the power of God; my God, will we ever see such a time as this? And the dear converts who have come in on this wave of glory, bless them to-night. Glory to God! May this power keep their lives peaceful, and make them hopeful and expectant.

"The Lord bless the converts, for did not Jesus say He would carry the lambs in His bosom? Oh! Lord, we thank Thee for this meeting, which has cheered Heaven and astonished hell. Bring in those who have stayed away. We have tried to show them that their excuses will not avail—to show them that their cloak must be torn from them. We have tried to show them that when weighed in the great scales of Heaven and the judgment, they will be found wanting. We have tried to exhort and show them that though they argue with the minister now, then their lips will be silent, and their tongues will not move to say a word. What more can we do? Has not the pastor done his duty? He has labored in his home; he has labored on his knees; he has done all he could. Has not Thy servant done his whole duty? Father, I have. Father! Father! may we all bow before thee to-night! The choir have sung the hymns of invitation, and some of them will have many stars in their crown, for converts have said: 'While you were singing my heart broke, and while you were singing of faith I believed in Jesus.' Oh! Lord, bless the leader; a grander leader there is not this side of Heaven for revival work. And bless the organist, oh! Lord; he has played every tune just right and on time, so that we have not been kept waiting. Oh! Lord, bless this great judgment-bound congregation. Some are on the eve of being lost. Oh! help us to send up one more cry for their rescue. Father! Father! Father! Father! hear us for Jesus' sake. Amen."

After another song, the evangelist said: "To-night is the last opportunity, and the door will be almost closed; and while the door is still open, I am glad to say I am here to ask you, for the almost last time, 'Will you come in?' and the sooner you crowd around

this altar the better, and get converted. Here are a band of loving, sympathizing Christians, and all are asking you to come. For thirteen weeks I have entreated, and plead, and exhorted you to come to the Gospel feast, and yet you hesitate. You want to hug your darling sin and cling to your shrined idol, and you are yet out of the ark. Will you demolish this last idol, and shatter in pieces the sin you so much love, and come at once into the Kingdom? We will all, pastor and people, drop a tear for your conversion. If I was to advise you not to be alarmed, and that you should push aside this matter of death, judgment and eternity, and wait until another revival, or until after you have gone to the mountains or the seaside, and in the fall you might turn to God, you wouldn't stay in this house five minutes.

“You expect me to urge you now, and if I failed you would blame me in the judgment day, and you would blame me in the screams of the dying hour. Yes, you would; but God, the Holy Ghost, the minister and church are crying to you now! now! and as was in my case when the two nows kiss each other you will bless God for your salvation. I was saved instantaneously, and so may you be. I let all go, and said, ‘Now, Father,’ and he kissed away my guilt, and all my condemnation was gone, and like a little lamb I was taken into the fold. It must not be to-morrow, for there is none such with God; it is to-day. It is now. You must meet the requirements of mercy as now offered you, and then you will be saved. A week from now I won't be here. Two more nights and I will not.

be talking to you, but will have left the results of all I have said to you with God. Oh, my God, help me in these last moments—this last effort—to reach every heart in this church. I have done my duty, you all know; and I now leave you to that day when we shall appear at God's bar, and answer for the labors of this great revival. Will you come before the door closes? God grant you may."

The usual invitation was given and a number stood up and asked the prayers of God's people. These were urged to kneel at the altar, and nineteen responded and seven were converted, making the total number one thousand two hundred and sixteen. It was requested if any desired to join the church on probation to come forward, and five were received. Thus closed one of the most memorable days in the history of Methodism.

On Thursday night the great revival was attended by an immense congregation, hundreds failing to get into the church, or even the church yard. After singing, Hon. Washington De Pauw, of New Albany, eloquently invoked the Divine blessing. Rev. Mr. Harrison then said:

"This revival is practically ended, so far as constant work is concerned, and to-night there are some here to whom I am going to speak from a particular text that has been in my mind all day. I have no great burden, no distress in regard to the past, but I have solicitations for the future. This text was taken over eighteen hundred years ago, by a wealthy man, who said, 'Soul, take thine ease.' There are many here to-night

who are saying that. They think that because I am going to leave, the work can not go on. They think the direct exhortation of the evangelist and the pungent sermon of the preacher will trouble them no longer. They are saying that now they will not worry any more over the question of salvation. They say, 'Soul, take thine ease.' The very moment that rich man said that, God said, 'You are damned!' This meeting has troubled thousands, but they would not find peace. Over the wrecked nature of these God will say, 'Thou fool!' Grasping time instead of eternity—grasping a bauble instead of the jewel—they will live to mourn their loss. There is a young man in front of me who is saying in his heart, 'I am glad there will be no exhortation to-night, for I do not want to be troubled by Christians any more.' Before this meeting closes, I pray that all such as he may see the error of their ways.

"I have my hand on the knob to close the door of this revival, but it is not yet too late. Before I say good-bye, I shall extend the hand of invitation once more. In a few moments I shall call for prayer from every Christian here, a silent prayer for the unconverted, a close communion with God. I feel that I would not be doing my duty unless I make one more prayer for the sinners. Now let every Christian pray two minutes with me, for those who have not yet come in. [Here followed a short and impressive season of silent prayer, previous to which Mr. Harrison asked all who desired to be remembered, to raise their hands, there being a generous response.] There may be some

here to-night who desire to join the church on probation, and if so, let them come forward and get the hand of Christian fellowship. That is the good old Wesley plan. I am a Wesleyan and a Methodist through and through. Paul and Wesley are the rocks of my faith."

To this invitation sixteen persons responded by coming forward and giving their names to Dr. Vernon. Mr. Harrison then continued: "For more than thirteen weeks we have been enjoying the best thing this side of Heaven. Every true Christian is in his element during a revival. These aged Christians who were converted in a revival, who have grown up in a revival, are now about to die in a revival. They, who fifty years ago heard sinners scream for mercy, now see the old times over again. We want to see those old-time revivals. Nowadays, in some churches, by simply holding up their hands people can go to Heaven, so they say. That may be right in a degree, but it is wrong in a measure. I believe in the old-fashioned way of salvation by faith. This meeting will go down into history as a green spot, and I am glad that all these converts saw light in a great tempest—in the old-fashioned way. These old men here know that this meeting is one of the old-fashioned kind. It has been a meeting where the convictions have been: 'I must be a Christian or die—I must be, or go to hell.' In my thirteen weeks' work here no one will dare to say that I did not bring words of joy, as well as words of warning. When I came here, a perfect stranger, my reception was most fraternal. The very first night E

had the sympathy and love of the pastor and congregation. When I first saw Dr. Vernon, I loved him at first sight, like a young man and a maiden. When I was in the darkest hour of my conviction, Dr. Vernon spoke kind and sympathetic words. I have loved him since that time, and we have worked happily together. We have had a great time here.

“Dr. Vernon has done a great work. He has done it in the homes of the sinners; he has gone out in these galleries and saved dying souls; he has done it by working day and night. And we have both been happy. I want to send up a thanksgiving to God that we have had a revival of the old-fashioned kind. I am glad that these young men and women have been in a revival where there was power and glory, for they will remember it to their dying days. I pray that the Lord may give us another Pentecost here to-night. Oh, how I hate to go. It is like tearing my heart out. There is no love outside of home like that of the young convert for the man who helped him to God. Let a young man get religion, and it is a fortune to him. Get Christ, and you have got everything. I am glad we have been on the old-fashioned Wesleyan line—salvation by faith. I am glad that we have made genuine conversions. Dr. Vernon and I did not try to work for great numbers—that was no object to us. We wanted to save souls, and, of course we have tried to save as many as possible. We have let God tell them that they were saved—we let them find that out themselves. This is the greatest revival, in many respects, that I have ever seen. We have only been here three

months, and twelve hundred have been converted, and I am glad they were genuine conversions. Christ came to those suffering souls and gave them peace. Now, all you have to do is to keep yourselves in the love of God. I charge upon you, precious converts, born to die, keep yourselves there.

“I want to tell you how thankful I am to the membership of this church for what they have done. They have labored incessantly, night and day. May God bless those men and women who have done so much. I pray that the blessing of the Holy Ghost may rest on the membership of this church. Some churches I have been in—I won’t mention them, for the reporters are here, and sometimes they do strange things—have been troubled with petty jealousies. But none such here; everything has been done in the kindest manner; everything has gone smoothly. The leader of this choir has done noble work. The hymns have always started right—neither too high nor too low, except when I started them myself. I hope he will keep on in his good work, and go to camp-meeting this summer. I thank the organist, for he is the best one I ever saw; and I want to thank the choir, that has done such effective service. When we get to Heaven we will all have stars. Doctor Vernon will have some—I will have some—more, I hope, than anybody else—and everybody who has done something to help in this revival will have some. I want to thank the trustees of this church, who have done everything for us. When we praise God, we want to put in a note for those who have acted as ushers; for, if there is anybody this side

of Heaven that needs praise, it is an usher. We ought to praise God for the scribe, Brother John A. Wilkins, who has taken the names of the converts, and who has worked so faithfully. He has taken the names on earth, and the recording angel has taken them in Heaven. I want to put in notes of praise also for the reporters of the daily papers, for the work they have done—for the Journal and Sentinel, and a little note for the News. Oh, may God bless all the reporters, And, oh, let us praise God for everybody I have forgotten to mention. ”

At this point Mr. Harrison was interrupted by J. M. Olcott, a leading member of the church, who said that he wanted to offer two resolutions, which he read as follows :

“*Resolved*, That the sincere thanks of this church and congregation. and of the entire community, are due Brother Harrison for his zeal, his fidelity and his effective labors in winning souls to Christ; and as a token of regard for him and his methods, we tender him a vote of thanks.

“*Resolved*, That as heartily and earnestly as we know how, we invite Brother Harrison to renew his labors in this city and in this church in the latter part of September.”

These resolutions were adopted by a rising vote, everybody in the house voting in the affirmative, and “Praise God” was sung with great enthusiasm. In response to the compliment, Mr. Harrison said: “The Lord is good to me, and everywhere I go I have great multitudes of friends. I have traveled extensively, but in no other city have I made more friends and met with a more enthusiastic co-operation than I have in Indianapolis. Not only this church, but the Presbyte-

rians, Baptists, and every denomination, have done all in their power to help on the great work. I believe that this work has but fairly commenced here. May the Lord make the capital of this State beautiful for righteousness. May the good work go on to glory. I am in daily receipt of letters, from all parts of the country, asking me to come and hold meetings. I am in the hands of God. I don't know what I will do. There is yet great work to be done. I am not going to say, as I have in other places, 'Perhaps so.' In the last seventy years there has been no revival that has created such national interest as this one has. Now, as this vast congregation has invited me to come back again, I shall commune with the Lord, who has guided me from my mother's knee. If I do come back here in the fall, it will be an exception, for it has never been my custom to go to the same place twice. This is an exceptional revival, and if I do come back, it will be an exception.

"And now let me read the 20th chapter of Acts, commencing with the 17th verse. (The reading was made as indicated.) I have done what I could in this city for sinners. After these weeks of labor and incessant toil, I must go, not knowing what is before me. I only ask one thing, that the ending of my ministry, the closing of my life's work may be with joy. I want the recollection of the sinners thus far saved to bring me joy. I want the remembrance of this great revival to be with me as a comfort. I am about to leave my work in this church and go elsewhere, and now comes my final charge. As I have preached the kingdom

here, 'I take you to record this day.' I stand here to disrobe myself of the garment of responsibility. I charge these converts to be faithful, not to be perjurers with God. I beg you to band together for firmness and faithfulness. In the name of your eternal destiny, I beg you to keep in the love of God. May every convert here to-night say: 'By the grace of God, I'll be faithful.' I will tell you three things that will help you in this faithfulness. Never neglect the daily reading of the Bible. Never forsake your morning and evening prayers. Never neglect your regular weekly meetings. These three things will prevent you from back-sliding, and I leave the rest with God."

Mr. Harrison requested that the occupants of the front pews of the church give way and allow the young converts to gather around the altar, which was done. Soon all the space in front of the pulpit was filled, and it became evident that it was impossible for all the converts to get forward. The evangelist, therefore, directed those who could not get to the altar to remain where they were—they could pray as fervently there.

When quiet was again restored, Mr. Harrison earnestly besought the converts to remain true to their trusts. He urged upon them the necessity of working together for God, and asked them all to remember him in their prayers. He said: "You will never forget this revival and this night, for it will be an event in your history. To-night you have made a solemn covenant with God to do right and keep his commandments. I hope and trust there will be no backsliders among you. You can not afford to be faithless. A

crown of glory awaits him who is faithful. You will never forget this farewell meeting, when you gave your solemn promise to God." Then all were requested to kneel, and the covenant hymn was sung, viz. :

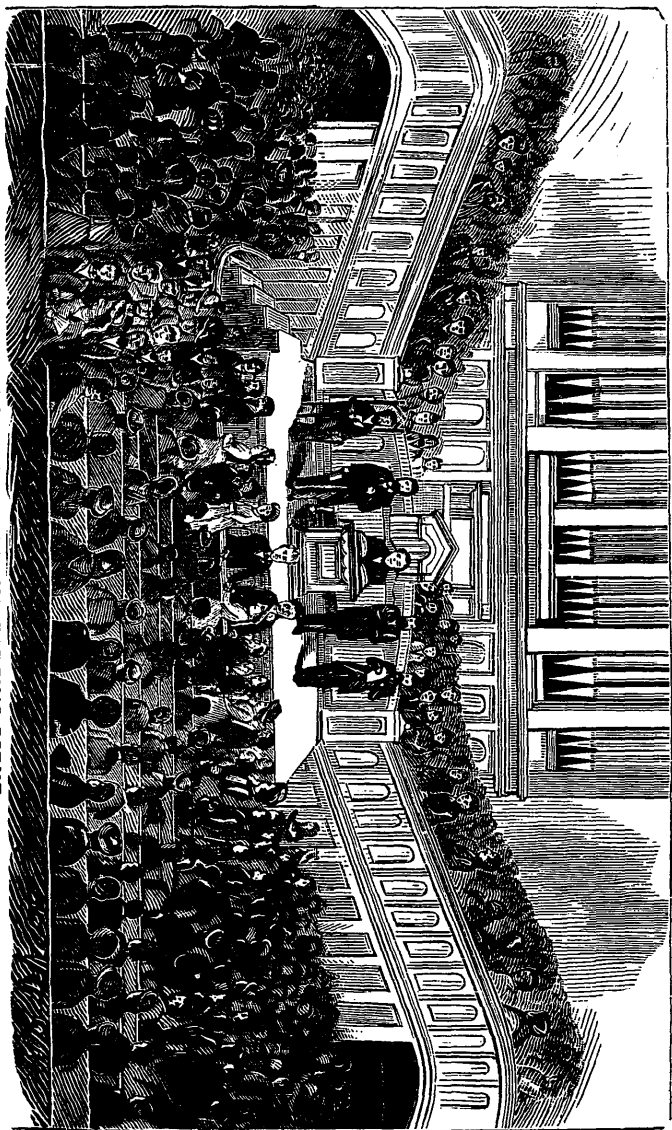
"Come, let us the grace divine,
And all with one accord,
In a perpetual covenant join
Ourselves to Christ, the Lord."

All four verses were sung amid the deepest solemnity ever witnessed on earth. That good and loving Brother DePauw said: "It is the grandest sight I ever saw." Father Beck: "All right; I am too happy to shout." And others, old veterans in the army of the Lord, said it was by far the nearest to Heaven's fullest joy they ever witnessed. Indeed, tongue can not express it, pen fails to write it, and even the heart of man, ever so holy, would be inadequate to take in the depth and height and breadth of the divine power, as it rested on this people. The strongest men broke down, and all melted under the brooding love of the Heavenly Spirit when "Come ye that love the Lord" was sung. The singing was in the spirit and understanding, and when "Beulah Land" and "Palms of Victory" broke forth from the deep-toned organ, with every stop pulled out, it did seem as though the roof might be raised or the building ought to shake. Suffice that the melodies of those grand anthems of praise were heard for many squares round about.

It was then arranged for the evangelist to shake hands with the converts, who came up one aisle and

passed down the other, while the choir sang the Harrison songs. Then came the rub, and as the "boy" sat on the chancel rail and took each by the hand and said farewell, the scene beggared description. A young man who kept count, tallied nine hundred and eighty-seven who thus bade the "boy" farewell. A large handful of cards, with the name of the giver and what led them to Christ, were given Mr. Harrison, until Elder Pye came to his relief, and received the missives of love and experience. Among the brethren who passed in line and gave the "boy" a grand Methodist shake was Rev. Mr. Graves. He expressed great joy and pleasure at what was going on. The evangelist returned the salutation very warmly, with his eyes full of tears.

A hymn was sung, and at its close the young converts were requested to join hands, kneel and unite in prayer. Mr. Harrison prayed long and feelingly. He invoked the Divine blessing on all alike, sinners and saved. He recounted the triumphs of the thirteen weeks of the revival, the great work that had been done and the victory achieved. In conclusion he only asked that the converts might remain faithful to their trusts and remember him, the humble instrument in the hands of the Almighty, in their prayers. During the prayer the amens were frequent and fervent. At its conclusion Mr. Harrison spoke a few words of farewell, his remarks moving many to tears. The young converts were especially affected, and it was evident that their regard for him amounted almost to veneration. The scene was impressive and dramatic, and



FAREWELL SERVICE AND PARTING SCENE.

to have a home where my parents were ;” “It may be too late to-morrow ;” “What then ?” “Come to the fountain, so rich and sweet ;” “‘Friend, how camest thou here without the wedding garment ?’ and he was speechless ;” “Thou art weighed in the balance, and found wanting ;” “The door open for all ;” “Not wishing to be left out of saving love ;” “Wishing to join my brother ;” “A mother’s prayers ;” “A dream of my lost condition, and your words of comfort ;” “He leadeth me ;” “He said he would take me as I was ;” “There’s a gentle voice within, calls away, calls away ; ’tis a warning I have heard o’er and o’er ;” “The happiness of my two sisters over their conversion ;” “A mother’s invitation ;” “Wishing for light ;” “Except ye be converted, ye can not see the Kingdom of God ;” “Thou canst fill me, gracious Spirit ;” “A longing for the dear Saviour’s pardoning love ;” “Who’ll be the next to follow Jesus ?” “The decision rested with me alone ;” “My duty to my God ;” “Are you saved ?” “Lost, lost, lost, when the breath of death would drive away the clouds ;” “Dr. Talmage saying God’s time was *now*, or I might be lost ;” “What God had done for you, He would do for me, and He sent me peace ;” “God’s blessings bestowed on me—so abundantly on me—and I so ungrateful ;” “The request for all to rise who wished to be prayed for, and the fear of offending God beyond forgiveness if I did not ;” “The responsibility of raising my three little ones, and how should I answer for it ;” “Your prayer concerning the hopeless Christian awakened me, and when you said the winds of heaven would blow their mantles of righteousness

over me, I wanted to be *sure* my name was written there ;” “Wishing to be one of those garnered in the harvest ;” “The longing for the pearl of ‘Beulah Land’ in my soul ;” “The promise that Jesus would help if I tried ;” “The fear that the Saviour would pass me by ;” “Are you ready should you hear the midnight call ?” “A dying brother asked me to meet him in Heaven, and your exhortation showed me the way ;” “The remark, ‘Religion is like the yellow fever, it is catching,’ caught me ;” “Will your soul be ready for the mansions bright ?” “Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb ?” “Eternity—how shall I spend it ?” “The open and shut door ;” “Is your name written there ?” “Are you ready for death, judgment and eternity ?” “Religion never was designed to make our pleasures less ;” “God’s love for me, and I had none for Him ;” “There is a way which seemeth right, but the end thereof is death ;” “The wages of sin is death, but the end of the Christian’s walk is everlasting life ;” and nearly everyone differing from the other, as to the influence which provoked their hearts to yield to God’s divine grace—some a song, another a prayer, one a closet prayer of a ten-year-old boy, another a mother melted and awakened by her daughter of twelve summers singing “Oh, Beulah Land,” and then, with clasped hands, saying, “Mamma, may I pray with you ?” another brought in by a good friend ; another by reading the newspaper reports ; another hearing Mrs. Cooley Newcomb sing so sweetly “Crossing the Line ;” and all showing the various instrumentalities of God to advance His children into the Kingdom.

[Suggested by Miss Ada Terhune, on witnessing the consecration of converts at Roberts Park Church, on Thursday evening, June 30th, 1881.]

“INTO THY FOLD.

“Kneeling around the altar,
I saw the young and old,
The heads, white with the frosts of winter,
And the youth, in the spring-time glow,
And the tears from mine eyes were flowing,
Such a glorious sight to see,
Gathering to meet the Good Shepherd,
Who suffered and died for thee.

“Hark! and a voice of sweetest accent
Rose above that vast, vast throng:
Be thou faithful, and God will give thee
A bright and starry crown.
Into his fold He will keep thee
Safe and secure away.
Oh! wander not from the Shepherd—
Live nearer to Him day by day.

“Pray to be kept from temptation,
Forget not His word to read:
I will love thee and keep thee forever,
If all my commandments you'll heed.
No clouds shall darken your pathway,
But God's blessed sunshine stream in,
And the features be radiant with glory,
For the spirit is shining within.

“Faith in God is all that is needed;
To each and all he would give
The gifts of the Holy Spirit,
If we ask Him in faith and believe.
I will never, no, never, forsake thee.
Such a promise to all has been given.
With faith, and a trust in the Savior,
All can enter the Kingdom of Heaven.

“The memory will linger forever
Of that blessed, blessed night,
When the silver hair and golden
Knelt in unison alike.
May the Father gently lead him,
Who so earnestly did plead :
‘Have faith in Christ, the Savior,
And a pardon you’ll receive.’ ”

CHAPTER XXI.

[The author is indebted to Rev. J. D. Jones for the following chapter of the revival work in the several Presbyterian churches of the city.]

While the great revival was in progress at Roberts Park Church, the Presbyterian and other ministers, together with many Christian workers, kept close watch of its growth from day to day. At first it was at least an open question whether the whole movement would not end in a ridiculous failure, disastrous to the best interests of religion in the city. Mr. Harrison himself is *sui generis*, full of strange eccentricities, that at the outset shocked the starched dignity with which society doth hedge a minister, while his methods of work involved such a wide departure from accepted usages as to call forth severe criticism, if not denunciation, from those who adhere more to the letter which killeth than to the spirit that maketh alive. Praying standing, kneeling and walking, sometimes with eyes shut, sometimes with eyes open ; often stopping in the midst of a prayer to deliver an exhorta-

tion, then resuming the prayer again ; once in a while bursting out with great dramatic effect, then abruptly closing an eloquent strain with one of his revival melodies as a climax thereto ; displaying on the surface no art, and yet having that which conceals art and is the perfection thereof ; manifesting no superior generalship in the conduct of such a huge movement, nevertheless directing all things to a common end that was never lost sight of—all this was so startlingly different from the common rut and the old-fashioned routine as to make it seem to some not only a questionable innovation, but against the eternal fitness of things. Then, again, the philosophy of his plans and methods was apparently without foundation in truth. He proclaimed himself to be no preacher ; it was not his vocation of God to preach, as men generally understand that work ; and with a bluntness that was exceedingly refreshing, he told the unconverted before him that they had been preached and prayed for to death ; that what they needed was not more knowledge, but more will-power to decide at once the question of their eternal destiny ; not a clearer explanation of the way of life, but a determination to “come to Jesus just now.” He was a reaper, not a sower ; his one great mission being to gather in the sheaves of the harvest, the result of the faithful sowing by others, of years of toil and tears. To cap the climax, Mr. Harrison’s predictions, on the second evening of his labors, seemed so presumptuous, so lacking in the foresight of true faith, that to many devoted men and women there could be but one out-

come, and that was to prove the revivalist a false prophet of a false and vicious system!

But when one prediction after another began to be verified; when that great audience-room was, indeed, proving far too small to hold the throngs that crowded for admission; when sinners were converted in increasing numbers at each service; when the revivalist's methods, in spite of their strangeness, were blessed of God to the stirring up of multitudes as never before, until the great revival was the one topic of conversation in every circle through the city—the genuineness and thoroughness of the work of grace became too apparent to be questioned, even by the most conservative. Cool and level headed ministers business and professional men, strong in the equipoise of common sense and orthodoxy, all gave way before the mighty manifestations of God's power. As a well-known merchant, an elder in one of our prominent Presbyterian churches, said one evening there to the writer: "I had not been here five minutes before I was convinced that of a verity the Holy Spirit was present." It was no longer a question whether God was in the work; the only question now was, would the revival be confined to Roberts Park Church alone? or, would it spread so as to embrace the whole city? It might be a great blow to the natural pride of intellect and culture to behold a man so ignorant of the learning of the schools, so far behind many of the resident ministers in the acquirements of knowledge, as well as in pulpit power, employed of God as the instrument of such mighty religious upheaval. People might cavil

at the means and the methods used, and seek to account for the wonderful success on other grounds than those given by St. Paul in 1st Corinthians. I, 27, VIII, 29. But the revival was here, increasing its sweep day by day. Would the whole city, according to one of the revivalist's predictions, be indeed "stirred by a wave of Divine power from center to circumference?" God's people had been sending up prayers to this end for many years. Sometimes the heavens had seemed like brass above them, and the earth like iron beneath their feet. God had appeared to them so very far off, and their intercessions had come back like echoes from an immense cavern. Once in a while they seemed to catch the momentary despair of Isaiah, and to cry out with him: "Who hath believed our report? and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?" Were all these prayers now to be answered? Was it to be in their experience the story over again of Jesus tarrying at Bethabara, and then returning leisurely, instead of responding with hurried footsteps to the touching message of the afflicted sisters of Bethany? Was this waiting of years intended to test and call out a larger faith in the Lord of life and light; and to enable him, in his own time, to do for them as with Mary and Martha far more than they had ever dreamed of asking? These and kindred questions were now asked by many anxious praying men and women, some of whom had kept entirely aloof from the movement at Roberts Park, or who had been there only as lookers-on of a strange episode in the religious history of the city.

The Presbyterian ministers, at their regular Monday morning meetings, long before Mr. Harrison came, had frequently discussed several questions intimately related to revivals of religion. The character and office work of the Holy Spirit; the nature of true revivals, together with the best methods of securing and conducting the same, had been specially dwelt upon. That the one crying need of our churches was a baptism of the Holy Ghost and of fire, was time and again freely acknowledged. It needed not much observation to discover that religion was at a low ebb in the city, and that something had to be done to stimulate Christian believers to greater spirituality and activity, in order to keep alive what little of the Divine life was left in them. But discussion and conversation, however pleasant and profitable, even when supplemented by prayer, will not bring about a spiritual quickening. At length, however, the revival at Roberts Park began to tell upon Presbyterian ministers and churches. Several young people, members of Presbyterian households, had been among the first of the converts there, and these had carried the revival fire into their homes, until many a family altar, that had long been cold, was now made to burn again with the morning and evening sacrifice of prayer and praise. At the Monday meeting, May 9th, it was resolved that a union prayer meeting be held on the Friday evening following, at the Third Church, and that a series of union meetings should be commenced at the Second Church, on Monday evening, May 16th. A committee of three was also appointed to secure, if possible, the services of some minister

from abroad, of well known revival ability, to conduct these meetings. The whole movement, however, was still deemed inopportune by some. The season was far advanced, and the weather was already becoming sultry. It was questionable whether the people could be induced to attend the projected services with the thermometer at ninety degrees, and mounting higher day by day. None such had ever before been held in the Presbyterian churches of this region, save in the fall, or immediately following the "Week of Prayer." Perhaps, also, by the law of association, some had come to believe that conversions could be wrought only in the winter's cold—not in the summer's heat. At the union prayer meeting, held at the Third Church, pursuant to the resolution referred to, it was the unanimous sentiment of all present that advantage should be taken of God's evident visitation of grace to our city—that the meetings should be held, as resolved upon, no matter what the weather might be. But, as an acceptable leader could not be secured, it was again questioned whether it would not be better to postpone the whole matter until after the summer's vacation, and the evenings had become cool. In the meanwhile, however, the Sixth Presbyterian Church, on the Southside, was opened for a series of union meetings, on May 10th, in which the Seventh Presbyterian and the South Baptist churches heartily co-operated. These services were held a week at a time in each church, and were attended with wonderful manifestations of the Divine presence in converting power. During a part of this time Rev. A. P. Graves, a well

known Baptist revivalist, conducted the meetings. In a few weeks it is computed that two hundred and fifty souls were brought to a saving knowledge of Christ Jesus, while many backsliders were reclaimed, and the members of the churches engaged therein were spiritually quickened.

The growing interest on the Southside and other parts of the city helped to decide the question of special efforts with the Presbyterians of the Northside. It was felt by some ministers that in their then tired condition, the heavy burden imposed upon them by such a movement would be hard to bear; yet, in view of all the circumstances, it was manfully met, trusting to Him whose strength is made perfect in our weakness.

The meetings were commenced at the Second Presbyterian Church on Monday evening, May 16th, and continued for three weeks. Every morning during their continuance the people came together for conference and prayer. The large lecture-room was frequently too small to hold the crowds, and the time allotted for the service far too short even for the proper presentation of the many requests for prayer that came pouring in from all quarters of the city. Such intense longings for a personal baptism of the Holy Spirit, and for the conversion of souls were seldom if ever before witnessed here. The prayers were those of believing faith, relying unquestionably upon the divine promises, and full in the very utterances of the assurance of victory. The praise, too, had an inspiring fervency that was almost a revelation. God had no dumb children there; all hearts were full almost

from the start, and the difficulty was to find an opportunity to give utterance thereto. And there were signal responses to these prayers and songs of faith ; frequently souls were richly blessed before they knelt down in prayer, and the conversion of this and that one sought for was wrought while the request therefor was on its way upward ! The spacious audience-room of the church was crowded at each evening service. On the first Sabbath evening of the series, Rev. Dr. Talmage, of Brooklyn, preached to a congregation that not only packed the house to its utmost capacity of endurance, but filled all the approaches thereto far beyond hearing. His address on the occasion was not what might be deemed a revival effort ; it was the old hackneyed theme of a defense of the Divine origin and the authenticity of the Bible. It was, however, so fresh, so rich in illustrations, and delivered with that dramatic fervor for which the speaker is noted, that great results flowed therefrom. At its close, large numbers stood up all over the room, or, when unable to do so because of the great pressure, lifted up their hands, in token of their desire to become Christians. Rev. Dr. Bartlett, the pastor of the church, was ably seconded throughout all the service by Revs. Reed, Morey, Carrier, Edson, Dudley, Jones, Hay, Mitchell, Sammis, Herriott and Richter, of the Presbyterian churches, and by Dr. Hyde of the Mayflower Congregational Church. Several laymen of experience, also, lent their assistance in conversing and praying with inquirers. It was recognized by all these brethren that it was the one great opportunity of a lifetime,

wherein precious souls might be garnered for Christ and glory. Certainly nothing like it had appeared in the city since the dark days of 1857, when universal bankruptcy drove the people in their temporal poverty to seek spiritual riches. Now, pre-eminently, was the accepted time, and now the day of salvation for Indianapolis.

There is a good deal of the anthracite in Presbyterian Christians, generally; it takes a long while to get them kindled through and through, but when once they are on fire, they burn with a steady and long-continued glow. It proved to be so now. It had taken some weeks to stir up our ministers and churches, but after the movement was fairly under way, it did not take long to become irresistible—sweeping everybody and everything before it. Some of the ministers were wrought up to a pitch of enthusiasm of which their best friends never dreamed they were capable. There was a fervency, too, about all the addresses and prayers that would have done no discredit to the days of the fathers; while the revival melodies sung by the vast audiences and led by the great organ, thrilled all hearts through and through with their simple yet telling gospel truths and sweetness.

These union services lasted three weeks, and it is known that upwards of two hundred souls were converted therein. Here, also, as on the Southside, nominal members of the churches who had been practically in the world for years, recovered their lost love; many whose letters of dismissal had been allowed to moulder away in some forgotten receptacle, hunted them up

and presented them; and a wonderful impulse was given to spirituality and Christian activity.

At the close of these services, the various churches were opened for special efforts therein, as the ministers believed they could thus reach more effectively a larger class of their own people. In this way, the revival spread all over the city, and nothing could be heard save the story of the great Pentecost. Most of these continued until the close of June, and some for days thereafter. The results thus far have been truly gratifying, causing all pious souls to exclaim, "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad." Truly this whole work was of God, and it is marvelous in our sight.

The services at the First Church were quiet, yet exceedingly effective. They not only led to many conversions, but were instrumental in developing the piety of the membership, and summoning all the new spiritual activities. Not only were the veteran saints built up in the faith, but the youth also were caused to take hold of the duties of the Christian life. In this way, heaven and earth will be made better—the one by the greater meetness of those about to enter it, the other by the inspired zeal and earnestness in the Master's work of those just verging on manhood and womanhood.

The meetings at the Second Church were very helpful to pastor and people. This is the strongest Presbyterian church in the city and the State, numbering now upward of seven hundred members, comprising many men and women of note. It has great wealth

and culture, and is capable of exerting a potent influence upon the moral and spiritual life of this community. In all his long ministry, never was the pastor so stirred through and through as in and by the revival, and never did he preach the gospel with so much plainness, pungency, and directness. The members, too, received a fresh baptism from on high, that will have a powerful effect upon all their future life. The numerical addition to this church, unprecedentedly great as it was, comprised not a tithe of the real power added thereto. It was not only made stronger in numbers, but acquired a spirituality that will tell for Christ and men for years to come. The whole church is now organized for Christian work as never before, and has an enviable career of influence opening before it.

The Third is an old church, accustomed to conservative ways, but having on its rolls the names of men and women who have left their impress upon the history of the State. Rev. H. W. Brown, a Baptist evangelist of Chicago, assisted the pastor here for a time. His afternoon Bible readings were a prominent feature of his daily labors, and made the Bible a new book to many. His evening efforts were mainly directed toward securing a deeper experience among professional believers, and in this he was greatly blessed of God. The aged saints were not only ripened for immortality, but were strengthened by beholding the youth converted; promising young men and women, who will take up the work of the church when they shall lay it down to go to their eternal reward and rest. Rev. H. M. Morey, the pastor, received an inspiration in his work

by the revival that he had long yearned and prayed for. He has now behind him a united church, all freshly consecrated to the work of our Lord and Savior.

The Fourth Church has been known, in the dark and trying times of the past, as one full of love to country as well as to God. During the days that tried men's souls, its pastor and many of its most prominent male members were in the army, all doing what they could for the salvation of our imperiled nation; while many of the women gave up the comforts of home and society to nurse the sick and wounded soldiers in the hospitals. A church with such a record is not apt to be much behind in any great movement that has for its ends and aims the good of men. The revival found it prepared to take upon itself its share of work and responsibility. Old and young were enlisted in all the services, rendering effective aid at the Union meetings as well as at their own. The result has been that a new impulse was given to the entire church, which will doubtless result in greater activities than ever. Rev. A. H. Carrier, the pastor, was among the foremost in every good work and word during the entire progress of the revival, laboring oftentimes at great risk to his strength, and yet rejoicing in being made an instrument in the hands of God for the salvation of men.

The Memorial Church occupies a very important section of the city, and the services therein were far-reaching in their influences. Rev. Dr. Edson, the pastor, was among the first of his brethren to recog-

nize the revival as the one great opportunity of a lifetime, and do telling work for time and eternity. The services here were, perhaps, as successful in themselves, as well as in their actual results, as those of any Presbyterian church in the city. The revival reached a class of people that were almost unreachable by the Gospel, and many were converted whose cases were deemed nigh hopeless. The members here have always been noted for their activity; but they all received such a baptism of the Holy Ghost now as to render them far more efficient in the future. In this church, as in the Second, the good accomplished and the strength acquired are not to be measured by the very large accessions thereto. The souls converted were indeed many, but eternity alone can tell the value of the spiritual power given to the Center Church. All the members were consecrated afresh on the altar of Christian duty.

The Fifth, Eighth and Twelfth churches co-operated heartily in all the union services at the Second Church, and were all greatly blessed thereby. Their separate meetings resulted in a deep work of grace wrought in the hearts of all their members, as well as the many conversions. These are largely mission fields, occupying portions of the city where the gospel, as yet, does not seem to make much progress, but where its regenerating influences are much needed. It is believed that good seed was sown during these gatherings that will yet bring forth fruit abundantly to the glory of God and the salvation of men. Rev.'s Mitchell, Sammis and Herriott, the pastors respectively of these churches,

have been much cheered in their work, and take courage at the happy outlook before them.

Rev. Dr. Hyde, pastor of Mayflower Congregational church, assisted his Presbyterian brethren with great zeal, and at the same time instant, in season and out of season, laboring with his own people. Prayer meetings were held for several weeks each afternoon at his church, and the young people were organized into a class for catechetical instruction, the better to fit them for the duty now upon them. These personal labors were very effective, not only increasing the spirituality of the church, but also adding greatly to its numbers.

Rev. C. C. Herriott, in addition to his labors at the Twelfth Church, conducted a brief series of meetings at the North Presbyterian Mission, which resulted in the conversion of some thirty persons, nearly all of whom united with the Second Church. A few services were held at the "Zoo" and the Academy of Music Theaters, conducted by Presbyterian ministers, which were productive of great good to a large number of people who are seldom seen at our sanctuaries.

There were some incidents connected with the revival in these churches that are of great interest. At the Second Church two of Rev. Mr. Carrier's sons were converted, one at the commencement of the union services and the other at their close. Alluding to the case of the latter at the jubilee service held in this church, Sabbath evening, June 26th, Mr. C. told a story that was deeply affecting. It seems that the young man, while a resident of New Haven, Conn., narrowly escaped drowning in the Sound. As he was

sinking for the last time, he thrust his hand upward, which was opportunely seen and grasped by a friend who came to his rescue, and thus, when nearly gone, he was saved from a watery grave. "So," said the happy father, "when the union meetings here were about to close, and this, my son, was yet unsaved, a friendly hand took hold of him and led him to Christ."

Among the converts here was an aged woman of seventy-two years, who was publicly baptized on profession of her faith at the communion Sabbath. A prominent business man stepped one evening into the Third Church to listen to the Rev. Mr. Brown. He had no intention whatever of taking any stand there for Christ. Indeed, he had informed his intimate friends that it was useless to talk to him on the subject of religion; he had made up his mind to present himself to the church some time in the fall, after everything had assumed its natural quietness. But God had plans of grace concerning him which were not to be frustrated by his purposes. He was invited to the inquiry-room, and was there prayed for, and finally called upon to pray for himself. The first thing he knew he was led captive to Christ. He is now a member of the Second Church, and rejoicing in the hope of the glory that shall yet be revealed. On communion Sabbath, at the Third Church, a grandmother aged eighty years stood side by side with her grand-daughter, aged ten, and both entered into the solemn covenant with God and his people. It was a touching sight when the pastor gave them and the other converts the right hand of fellowship, greeting them into

the fold of Jesus Christ. A little girl, converted on her sick-bed, was received into this church, in her sick-room, and while still laboring under a lingering illness. The pastor and a few others went to the house for that purpose, and the occasion was unusually affecting.

A volume might easily be written of interesting incidents of the revival in these churches. Husbands for whom Christian wives had been praying many years were gathered into the Kingdom ; wives whose conversion pious husbands had been long waiting for were happily led to Christ, and children whom believing parents had nigh given up were saved by the grace of God. Whole households were regenerated and reunited to each other by the ties of a common faith in a common Redeemer, and made to travel together toward the better land.

The communion services at the various churches were attended by great multitudes, and were made occasions of much joy. Those at the First, Second, Third, Fourth and Memorial Presbyterian churches, and at the Mayflower Congregational Church, will not soon be forgotten. The audience-rooms were profusely decorated, the pulpits, platforms, stands and tables being one mass of living plants and foliage, artistically arranged, while suggestive designs, wrought of cut flowers on background of evergreen, were suspended at every possible point in front of the congregations. The scenes, also, in many instances, were very thrilling, as fathers, mothers and children came forward, to take upon themselves the solemn vows to walk

henceforth and forever with the Lord, and to sit down for the first time at the table of the crucified Redeemer. It was truly an antepast in them all that feast in glory which the redeemed shall eternally enjoy in company with the Elder Brother.

The revival meetings proper were appropriately closed with a jubilee service at the Second Church. One of the features of the occasion was a thanksgiving prayer, in which the hearts of all present were poured out in joy and gladness to God for his wonderful mercies. The service ended in praise, as was befitting, the whole vast audience singing together the grand hymn, "All hail the power of Jesus' name," to the old yet ever new "Coronation."

The accessions of all kinds thus far are reported as follows :

CHURCH.	PASTOR.	No. of Accessions.
First Presbyterian	Rev. Myron W. Reed	46
Second Presbyterian	Rev. W. A. Bartlett, D. D.	147
Third Presbyterian	Rev. H. N. Morey	35
Fourth Presbyterian	Rev. A. H. Carrier	27
Memorial Presbyterian ..	Rev. H. A. Edson, D. D.	81
Fifth Presbyterian	Rev. J. R. Mitchell	15
Sixth Presbyterian	Rev. C. M. Livingston	...
Seventh Presbyterian	Rev. J. B. Logan	15
Eighth Presbyterian	Rev. J. H. Sammis	19
Twelfth Presbyterian	Rev. C. C. Herriott	31
Mayflower Congregational	Rev. N. A. Hyde, D. D.	30

These are but the first fruits of a great harvest which, it is believed, is yet to be reaped in Indianapolis. As soon as the summer's heat is over, it is expected to resume the services in all these churches. Many

devoted Christians are hoping and believing we have yet scarcely seen the beginning of the revival in our city, and that greater things by far are in store for us; Let us pray that these hopes may be fully verified by the subjection of all Indianapolis to our Lord and King. Amen.

CHAPTER XXII.

It is thought by some that Baptist churches, as a rule, are opposed to evangelists, and to distinctively revival work. This is a mistaken impression. Some of the greatest evangelists the world has ever known have been Baptist ministers. First and foremost on the list stands the name of Elder Jacob Knapp. In the city of Baltimore alone twenty thousand people were converted under his labors. Rev. A. P. Earle, D. D., is a Baptist evangelist whose labors have been greatly blessed from ocean to ocean. Elder Jabez Swan has done a great work in this field of Christian labor, as has Elder DeWitt, Rev. A. P. Graves, D. D., and the Balcom brothers. In the East, the name of George Balcom especially is well known and respected.

The coming of Mr. Harrison to Indianapolis was the impulse of a popular movement which extended to all the churches of the city, and among them the First Baptist, one of the largest and strongest of our city churches. Rev. H. C. Mabie, the earnest and devoted pastor, a man of liberal education and of a catholic

spirit, was quick to discern that the spirit of God was moving the hearts of the people. There had been a special interest in the First Church since the work of prayer in January, and this interest had increased up to the time of Mr. Harrison's coming. The feeling was general among the brethren, soon after the work commenced in Roberts Park, that it was the right time to make a special effort. The pastor suggested to the church that they send for Rev. C. T. Roe, of Rockton, Illinois. The church voted unanimously in favor of inviting him to come and labor with them in word and doctrine. In response to their invitation he came, and held nightly meetings for about four weeks, as a result of which the church was greatly strengthened, and some forty souls were converted. As the Baptist anniversaries came on, the regular revival meetings had to be discontinued. Since Mr. Roe went away, one and another have professed faith in Christ, until some sixty have been baptized into the fellowship of the First Church.

Mr. Roe was a very calm and concise interpreter of the word of God. Every sentence he uttered was the result of years of study and thought. He was not a man of special fervor, but his appeals were made directly to the consciousness. As a pleader of Bible doctrines, he was rather on the line of the old-fashioned preachers. He impressed the doctrines of the soul's enmity to God, and of the wrath of God on unbelievers, with great earnestness. It must be admitted that the Baptist anniversaries which were held in the First Church, were helpful to the general revival

influences which pervaded the city. The sermons of Dr. McArthur, Dr. Henson, and others, were full of the gospel, and left a salutary influence behind them.

At the South Baptist Church, as an indirect result of the Harrison revival, a glorious work was wrought. For some time previous to Mr. Harrison's coming a special interest began to manifest itself in this church. There was a quickened pulse, the prayer-meetings were better attended, and there was more earnestness in prayer. More than usual anxiety was felt on the part of Sunday School teachers for the conversion of their scholars. The week of prayer was observed, followed by extra meetings, which were continued three or four weeks. The church was brought into a better state of unity, effort and desire. About this time the coming of Mr. Harrison awakened a general interest in religious subjects throughout the city. Some of the members of the South Church attended the Roberts Park meetings, and were thus quickened to go to work at home, and interest themselves for a meeting at home.

About this time the Baptist anniversary meetings occurred, and the South Church was greatly benefitted by them. A sermon by Rev. Mr. Carter, of West Virginia, in particular, made a profound impression upon them. About this time the services of Rev. A. P. Graves, D. D., a Baptist evangelist, were secured for a series of meetings. He commenced his labors the second week in June. Immediately the growing interest seemed to ripen into a golden harvest. The church went to work, and inquiries were numerous.

from the beginning. The inquiries ranged from children to those in advanced life. Backsliders, who had stood disconnected from the church, were quickened and brought into the church. Three or four heads of families in this condition were reached. The meetings increased in vigor and enthusiasm from the beginning to the close. The beneficial effects of the meeting abide. In every department of church work there is a quickened fervor and interest. The accessions to the church have been about fifty, the largest proportion of them being by baptism. It is hoped that several more who professed conversion in the meetings will yet connect themselves with the church.

Rev. Mr. Graves is a very clear and positive expositor of the word of God. In his presentation of doctrinal themes he is eminently practical and scriptural. He is a close preacher of the law, and strikes at the conscience heavily, and then as a remedy for sin he brings the cross and the atonement into the greatest prominence. He has labored as an evangelist for the last fifteen years, and his work has been greatly blessed in all parts of the country.

The pastor of the South Church is Rev. J. M. Clark, a man of prudence and careful methods, and devoted to his work. In the North Baptist Church, as an indirect result of the Roberts Park meetings, a good work has been accomplished by the pastor, Rev. G. H. Elgin. As an outcome of a few extra meetings the church has been greatly revived, and about a dozen have been baptized into fellowship.

During Mr. Harrison's labors in Indianapolis he

made day visitations to the following towns and held revival services. The churches were all crowded, and an unusual spirit of awakening was indicated, as a sequence many backsliders were reclaimed and scores of sinners convicted and converted. The places visited were: Greensburg, Edinburg, Richmond, Eaton, O., Dublin, Knightsville, Lewisville, Ind., Spiceland, Franklin, New Albany and Noblesville.

At one of the general class meetings a young man, after giving his testimony of God's grace in his heart, and how he was led to the altar by Mr. —, his friend, he then added: "As a token of my gratitude and appreciation of your seeking me and persuading me to go to the altar, and your kindly help to find Jesus, I here tender you this testament and pray that God will keep us faithful and meet each other on that other shore." The recipient replied: "Thank you, my dear brother; by the grace of God I will meet you in Paradise."

As an evidence of the feeling in the community an attorney went into a business house on Meridian street, and slapping the merchant, not a professor of religion, on the back, asked: "Well, how do you like the circus and the leading clown, or monkey?" The merchant, throwing his pen on his desk and rising to his feet, indignantly answered: "Are you, sir, simply airing your ignorance, or do you intend an insult to the fast friends of Mr. Harrison?"

Attorney.—"I owe you an apology." And he backed out of the store.

A well-known citizen and a leading Presbyterian

has handed the author a very carefully prepared and highly interesting review of the revival work, which is here given :

Dr. S. M. Vernon, in an interview with the *Indianapolis Times* reporter, made the following lucid statement of the situation after the revival closed :

Reporter—"Did your revival services reach any considerable number of what may be called the harder classes of society?"

Dr. Vernon—"Among the converts were quite a number of low women and persons of intemperate habits. Some men came to the altar under the influence of drink, and one man was converted who had, I understood, a day or two before, threatened to take his own life, and was at the time carrying a pistol for the purpose. I was coming down the stairs of one of our business blocks, one morning last week, when a young lawyer, sitting in one of the offices, called out to me, and said: 'I wanted to tell you, Dr. Vernon, that I was at the church the other night for the first time, and that one sermon by Mr. Harrison swept all my infidelity away.' That has been one of the remarkable features of this revival—that a great many people have been led to renounce skepticism and infidelity, more than at any similar services with which I have been familiar. I account for this from the fact that the plain, simple, fundamental truths of Christianity were preached—just the kind of truth that fits every man's nature and meets every man's wants. I regard it as one of the strongest proofs of the genuineness of the work accomplished that the great majority of the

converts were from the more intelligent classes of society—young men and young women from well-conducted families, who were not ignorant of religious truth, but yet had never taken any decisive step in religious matters. More than a dozen young women who are teachers in the public schools have been converted and joined our church, with many of the high school boys and girls and members of the senior grades. Of course there will be some spurious cases out of such a vast number. That is to be expected. Some of the women, when asked their names and places of residence, gave fictitious addresses; perhaps because they were ashamed of their condition or their poverty and did not want to be visited; but at all events they could not be found, and therefore no track can be kept of such persons. But there are not over two hundred—probably a good deal less than that—of the converts who are not known to have been brought into church relationship. Over four hundred have joined Roberts Park Church, another three hundred have gone into other Methodist churches in this city, while the same number were already church members, but up to the time of this revival had never been converted, or enjoyed the privileges of Christian faith. That accounts for one thousand of the twelve hundred, and of the remainder many were not residents in the city.”

The evangelist returned to this city, and commenced a series of four revival services in Central Avenue M. E. Church, in which the pastor, Rev. J. N. Beard, assisted by Mrs. L. O. Robinson, had been holding

very successful meetings for several nights preceding. The church membership were revived, and were brought to a renewal of their covenant to do more work for the Master. The pastor of Pattison Church, Rev. R. D. Black, united with the brethren of Central avenue, and all in one faith co-operated for the salvation of souls. At each of the Harrison services the church was crowded to overflowing, and hundreds occupied the lawn outside. The exhortations were given in Harrison's inimitable style, and were powerful in impressing his hearers with the truth of repentance and pardon as necessary to salvation. He urged the sinner and unbeliever to "acquaint now thyself with God and be at peace, and good shall come to thee". The result of the revival work in this church is given elsewhere.

Interesting revival services were also held in Grace M. E. Church, Rev. Duncan, pastor, assisted by Rev. Mr. McMullen, with the same glorious results as obtained in other churches. Also in the Methodist Protestant Church, Rev. J. P. Williams, pastor, assisted by Rev. Graves, the revivalist. This church is in a splendid spiritual condition. Also in the Edwin Ray church, Rev. Jameson, pastor.

One interesting feature of the revival work is the fact that nearly all the churches who were under a burdensome debt have nearly, as to some, and wholly, as to others, liquidated their indebtedness; and in this regard the churches of the city were never in such a healthy and excellent financial condition as at the present. To God be all the glory.

The Christian Church, Rev. David Walk, pastor, had a week of profitable service, and much strength was obtained by the membership.

The following is from the pen of an eminent theological student, a Presbyterian, which we commend to the careful perusal of the reader :

At the request of the author of this book, I furnish the following thoughts and convictions concerning the Great Revival at Roberts Park Church; more especially concerning Mr. Harrison personally, and the criticisms his presence and success elicited from the people of Indianapolis and vicinity.

I am not a member of Roberts Park Church, nor am I a Methodist; neither, indeed, can I record myself as a warm personal friend or acquaintance of Mr. Harrison. As the sequel will show, I admire him as we admire the successful; as a helper; a benefactor of men; as one who gives timely warning, or points the weary to rest and refreshing.

I attended his wonderful meetings; observed him closely during those memorable thirteen weeks. and heard him, his talks, his methods, and his deportment liberally discussed *pro* and *con*. by an intelligent, church-going people, by an observant and discriminating public, and read what was published concerning him and his work by the lynx eyed and metropolitan thinkers of the press. In the beginning nearly all criticisms were adverse. Indeed, nearly all comments were of a bantering, flippant character—expressing neither belief in Mr. Harrison as an evangelist, nor in revivals as a means of grace. The churches of the city were, at the beginning of the revival, and had been long hitherto, in a state of intellectual frigidity. The sun of spirituality seemed to have given place to intellectualism. Science and literature, sensational phenomena of mind and matter furnished the bulk of material for popular Sabbath discourses. The pulpits of the prominent churches were supplied with scholarly *thinkers*, keen observers, omnivorous readers, whose sermons were rich in brain but poor of heart. Carlyle, Herbert Spencer, George Eliot and others, with the sayings of the heroes of the world, seemed to be strongly crowding out the pure and simple teachings of the Carpenter of Nazareth. Whether this was the result of theological training, or a mere

yielding to an imperious public appetite, I will not attempt to say. I state the facts in order that I may present Mr. Harrison, the central figure, with his unpromising surroundings on his arrival, and the discouragements that seemed to threaten his work. He was announced as coming with full expectations of one thousand converts.

Upon reading this the reckless ones of the community amused themselves and shocked the sedate by wondering whether Mr. Harrison had made a contract with the Lord for a thousand—and why he didn't make it for two thousand; or whether the Lord had given him a roving commission to pursue proselytes, some saying they would give him a thousand dollars if he would convert them, etc. Others of the Nast genius verbally painted ridiculous cartoons, making the boy evangelist illy compare with our own intellectual ministers. Thus unfavorably heralded, Mr. Harrison arrived, bearing nothing in his personal presence to assure and enthuse even those who had refreshed their souls with the spray of his reputation, as it was blown abroad from the fountains of blessing opened up for the fainting thousands in Baltimore and Boston. To add to all other discouragements, the amusement resorts of the city were flush with the best star attractions, and the weather was and continued to be for the first few weeks, of the most disagreeable character.

As Mr. Harrison passed down the aisle to the pulpit on that first meeting night, he seemed the very epitome of a panorama of pictures, which his singularly boyish appearance suggested to the thoughtful mind. How helpless looked the boy evangelist! How mighty seemed the hosts of sin he had come to attack. How strikingly it reminded us of the stripling David—before he had thrown the stone—while yet he stood before Goliath, and saw his hosts on the mountain side encamped over against Israel. Like the brethren of the son of Jesse, who thought David's pride was likely to get him into trouble, that the prowess of the sheep-fold could win no laurels on the field of Mars—so we said in pity, "Why camest thou hither?"

Again, how like it seemed to Joan of Arc (an ignorant shepherd girl) going to take command of a vanquished and disorganized army, and promising to rout and destroy a hitherto victorious and boasting foe. To us it all seemed as unpromising of fruition as did Jordan to Naaman, when he compared it to the rivers of

Damascus after Elisha had said to him, "Wash and be clean." But the sequel shows how David rejected the armor of Saul—was true to his sling, and so missed not his mark, but took away the reproach of Israel; how the Maid of Orleans was true to her "voices," and so raised the siege of the city, and delivered France; how Naaman, to please his servants, against hope, against reasonable expectation, dipped himself seven times in the insignificant river, and was cured of his leprosy; and also shows how the boy evangelist was true to his *faith*, and, with God on his side, proved himself in the majority, attacked the giant sin, hit his mark, raised the siege of the starving heart, married it to the boasting brain, and set the soul regnant on thousands of individual thrones. Like Elisha, he pointed out the way of restoration to the Naamans smitten with the leprosy of sin; they went down exceeding sorrowful, their souls were full of agony, but finally the mighty wave swept over them, and they came out with shining faces, full of unutterable joy, for in that moment an unspeakable peace passed into their hearts, and now they, too, bear witness.

A crowd was assured from the first. As of old, many went out to see they knew not what, "a reed shaken by the wind." They turned away from the earnest face of a Boston boy to see for the first time the pleading face of a loving Savior.

Mr. Harrison seemed throughout to be oblivious of obstacles and discouragements. Confident from the first, he reckoned with his host, and unfalteringly pushed on. He seemed at all times to catch inspiration from the vast concourse that thronged the church. He was in marked sympathy with his people, and swayed them by his power and to an extent hitherto unparalleled by any pulpit in the west. During the meetings the seating and standing capacity of Roberts Park Church was taxed to its utmost, and as many as five thousand persons were refused admittance on a single night. The ministers of other churches who stood by as if to "see if this thing is of the Lord," did not seem to be convinced until some seven or eight hundred conversions had occurred, when they generally threw open their own churches, held Gospel meetings, and God met with them also and blessed them, and filled with the great comfort of peace and assurance many who before were without hope in the world. The ministers of the city churches began, also, to surprise and delight their congregations by eschewing scraps of popular literature, and revived the teachings of Him

who spoke as never man spake. Again, there is great reward in pointing to Christ as "A fountain" in a desert place, as "A great rock in a weary land," as "A refuge in time of danger;" as the great heart of the universe saying to the fainting multitudes, "Hope on, there is a city that hath foundations," "A Father's house," "An open door," "A rest reserved," for here the soul is athirst and the way is weary, and danger is imminent; and the soul of man recognizes no want so readily as the necessity of an *efficient* and *loving* guide, who can and will help him to the Father's house and living waters.

Mr. Harrison was only well entered upon his wonderful success when society began to be all torn up about him. He was slurred, criticised, ridiculed. Yes, called insane and all that sort of thing by those whose knowledge is of the positive character, and who have opinions for free circulation on every known topic, but he had acquired a mighty hold on the masses. The eyes of the people were turned in the same direction. There was but one topic of conversation and thought in the city—the revival—religion. "Blessed Land," "Palms of Victory," "Leaning on Jesus," "Nothing but the Blood of Jesus," and the like could be heard in stores, shops and offices, as well as in the churches. The weightier matters of the soul took precedence over business. Men stopped each other on the street to inquire after their spiritual health. It was the magnet of conversation toward which, on meeting, strangers were drawn and found common interest. Every brain seemed to feel the pulsations of this central thought of the universe: "What shall I do to be saved?" Conversions occurred in cellars; prayers were offered and souls were saved on street cars. Ministers who had been preaching for years added new tenderness, a new pathos, a new power to their teachings.

There was nothing excentric or phenomenal in the revival itself, its results or influences; that is, it did not affect distinctions. It drew all classes and grades of men alike—the young, the old, the learned, the rich, the poor. It offered the fruits of salvation wherever there was an outstretched hand; the cup of living water to every soul that acknowledged its thirst. It was a veritable wave of blessing; the brooding power of God's love was abundantly witnessed in its results on the hearts of men, and testified to by a thoughtful public, as well as the many who bear in their renewed souls the inward testimony of the Great Spirit's covenant.

The great work of Mr. Harrison (almost superhuman on his part, in that he conducted every meeting,) lasted but thirteen weeks, and was limited, in so far as his personal presence was concerned, to Roberts Park Church. History must record it as one of the most, if not the most, remarkable outpourings of the Spirit in the annals of the church. Its power lifted and shook the States. Its influence is as undying as the faith of those whose anchor of hope was forged in the pure white heat of Christ's love, and will go on and on, widening in blessings, like the aggregate desire in the hearts of those to pass on the cup who have once slaked their thirst at the well of Life. But no man can measure the power of an influence; no mortal compute the living force of a conversion. God and His angels can alone gather up the fragments, and number the hosts who partook of this feast.

But we have seen those who were broken in heart, and broken in spirit, made strong and filled with hope. We have seen faces that were white with pain, and feet that were sore with stumbling, filled with comfort and set in the narrow path, and started toward the Father's house. The eyes of the multitude saw, their ears heard, and the souls of many were satisfied, and for such it is enough. It was "the power of God unto salvation."

But we pass from the great revival and its results to direct your attention to Mr. Harrison, for much of interest always attaches to the leader, or principal human factor in every extraordinary movement of the people. According to Carlyle, this innate interest of the human heart in distinction, in the early ages of the world, led to "Hero worship." At the present time it seems to lead mainly to curiosity and criticism. When the sons of Jacob were interrogated in Egypt they said to Joseph: "We are all one man's sons." "Thy servants are twelve brethren, the sons of one man in the land of Canaan," as if common parentage and family care made individual mention unnecessary. In appearance, passively, it was doubtless so. And what was true of the sons of Israel is true of all the sons of Adam. From a common origin they move on toward fulfilling a common destiny. The movement is like that of soldiers in uniform. The leaders alone are individually distinguished. The generations that have perished are like the days that are passed; an occasional man, an occasional day is lifted into prominence. Something the man did made him a Washington. Something happened on the day and made it Christmas. The

Greeks called man the *upward-gazing one*, and so whatever is prominent engages his attention. Mr. Harrison is small of stature, has light hair, and not in action would perhaps be lost in the average company of young men of his own age—twenty-six. Though of Christian, he is not of distinguished parentage. Though a graduate of Wilbraham College, Connecticut, and liberally educated in theology, he is not exceptional in learning. Though a forcible speaker, he is not a gifted orator. Whence then is his power? Upon what lever controlling supernatural forces does his hand rest? How does this man, who *never preaches a sermon*, gain ascendancy over the intellect? By what lariat of power does he lead captive the human *will*? Put in the heart *peace*? In the mouth a *new song*? In short, whence his success? An assemblage of prominent divines in New York—looking below the stars—affirmed it to be due to “a wonderful expenditure of nervous force.” Other opinionists variously attributed it to “personal magnetism; to a new phase of ignorance and impudence.” It is needless to say that history has never accorded to these, or either of them (unsupported by kingly birth or position), a large following. And, in view of the fact that under Mr. Harrison’s leadership hundreds were converted in Baltimore and Boston, and twelve hundred and eighteen in Indianapolis, these affirmations are as ignorant as the comments are insulting to the citizens of these centers of refinement and intelligence. We have the result of the evangelist’s work, as an existing fact; and the fact corollates with the church history of nineteen centuries. Every forward movement of the people, every strengthening of the good and lessening of the evil is the result of intelligence applied. It may be by new and original thought; it may be an original and timely presentation. Mr. Harrison contrasts as sharply with the ministers of the church as do the great of the earth with each other, or as does any celebrity with the mass of his own generation—if not in kind, yet in degree. One may originate, another must apply. One educates the individual; another moves, and organizes the mass. The former looks abroad in the morning, and says there will be a storm. Vennor also looks out upon the forces of nature, sees them unbalanced, and moving toward a common center; to him the danger is imminent, and he dispatches a warning while yet there is time for escape. To both the coming storm is only an ideal—a child of the brain. The difference is not in the guest entertained, but in the entertainment.

The difference in the beginning is commensurate with the result after the storm. When the one guest chamber is filled with regret, into the other has passed the benediction of peace. Truth and convictions of duty come to the mass of men like the ideal storm; they are flitting guests.

Mr. Harrison looks over the fields of life and sees the storm of sin beating mercilessly down upon the helpless and ending in death. He sees the *narrow way*, sees in the distance the Great White Throne, standing in the midst of "the city that hath foundations;" a great place of refuge and safety, from which those who enter in shall go no more out forever. To him the "broad road" is an actual highway; he sees the downward slant of it—sees the wrecks at the end of it, and knows which way the multitude is going. He moves toward the "open door," the "Father's house," and "River of Life," knowing they will not mock as the desert mirage, but confident and assured as the traveler already encamped beside the sweet waters under the palms. The Scriptures are to him not mere figures of speech, but facts concerning a King and a country toward which we journey, and helps to get there. He does not believe that the blessed truths of the "Conduct of Life" should be wrapped up and filtered through exegetical discourses any more than he believes that drinking water should be wrung from wet garments. Nor does he believe that the doctrines that "distil as the dew" are improved by the forge of the dialectician. He who gave by inspiration is the *Author* of the Soul, and the lesson is suited to the learner. Man need not wait to study metaphysics, or acquire a liberal education; he is lost, knows he is in want, and may be saved—saved as he is, from his sins. Mr. Harrison takes in the situation, and the possibilities of immediate action. He sees by the comfortless faces about him that souls are starving, and knows that if he can give them the "bread of life" they shall not perish; he sees them dying of thirst, and knows if he can point them to the "water of life," they shall thirst no more; he knows they have been bitten by sin, and points to the One lifted upon Calvary, saying, "Look and live." He performs these acts as simply as one would give a cup of cold water in charity. His lessons, as he calls them, at his meetings are simple texts, simple talks, designed for the occasion, on the plan of water and thirst.

Sometimes the talk is unpalatable; sometimes his manner is objectionable. Sometimes he seems to be overdoing it, as did the

Prophet (fourth chapter Ezekial) to the people of Jerusalem, when he took the tile and set the siege of their city on it, and laid on his left side three hundred and ninety days, and then upon his right side forty days, and prophesied evil of it in the days of its prosperity. In the light of to-day that was a great object lesson, and the reproach of the prophet is taken away, as well as the boasted glory of the city. So when the head of man shall cease to wag, and the eye to seek for evil, and the hand to reach after the moat, will these faults, too, seem trivial in the presence of the good accomplished. His strength is in the beauty with which he lays hold on the unseen. Heaven is to him a reality; not a remote, intangible dream floating on the current of desire. He goes to God for help and direction, with as much assurance as we go to the baker and grocer when our pockets are full. God is to him an all loving Father, and in prayer he talks with him as face to face with a friend. To him, and through him to seekers, Christ is ever saying, "Come unto me." "*My yoke is easy, my burden is light.*" "In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am there you may be also." He sets before the people the way of life upon the simple conditions given by the "Friend of Sinners." He assures them that the promises and invitations are real, intended, meant to be accepted, will not fail; that Christ will satisfy the soul, and can save to the uttermost, and that nothing can pluck them out of his hands.

But you say, this view of men and method of breaking the "bread of life" is nineteen centuries old. Yes, and his wonderful success attests it to be the "good old way."

Socrates drained every channel of thought, exhausted every field of reason, and on his deathbed gave this pitiful comfort to the world: "I am not sure that death is an evil." How sharply this gloomy comfort contrasts with the glory-smitten face of Stephen and the assurance of Paul, that "to die is gain." Mr. Harrison makes the "mourner's bench" more or less prominent in all his services. Going to it he considers the initial step of the prodigal, making easier each step toward the Father's house, and brings seekers within reach of counsel and sympathy. He spends much of his energy in securing this first step; and in this branch of his work he evinces a signal fitness. Keen-sighted, emotional, and nervous in temperament, he is instant in action and quick to de-

fect individual states of mind in the largest audiences, and, as it were, leads them in spiritual *rapport* with himself. This complete sympathy gives him at times remarkable influence over persons in remote parts of the church, to whom he calls—toward whom he points a finger, or, swiftly passing, he grasps by the hand.

Though the "penitent rail" may be thick set with souls in agony, he does not seem to trouble himself much about them; he rests on "Whosoever seeketh me, I will in nowise cast out," and is assured of the end; he knows they must go into the depths of penitence, and the mighty wave roll over them, before they will come up with shining faces and testify that the great peace has passed into their hearts. He uses choir and organ, and nearly every adjunct of the church, in a strikingly helpful way. The disciple was troubled because the Savior said to him, the third time. "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me?" Hymns that breathe the fragrance of Christianity, prayer and triumph, are sung over and over. Swift arrows of cardinal truth find lodgment in the brain; and, though they are constantly flying, the quiver seems never empty. "My word shall not return unto me void." People leave the meetings to find that the truths of hymn, and prayer, and talk, are beating themselves upon the weary brain, next day; new thoughts, that come like warning storm-birds, flapping against the windows of the soul.

In so far as we have been able to analyze Mr. Harrison and his methods, he seems to observe the laws of God, mind and matter, and so has his success, like the man observing gravitation, whom Emerson represents as splitting wood by the weight of a continent. As Wisdom sets her sails to catch the favoring breeze, Mr. H. seeks to be in harmony with the Divine plan—to move with it, not against it as did Sesera, against whom the stars in their courses fought, or Jonah, who fled from Ninevah to save his reputation(?); but, accepting the situation as determined by his convictions of duty, he goes on with the *persistency*, the *immeasurable energy*, and *exasperating industry* that made Garrison a fanatic in the days of forlorn hope; that made Columbus a visionary before he discovered the New World; that made Luther scorn persecution; that gave Cromwell "a face of victory" on the day of battle. And that makes Mr. Harrison a success in the midst of an adverse storm of criticism.

In giving the table as to the number of accessions to the various churches, we have not prepared for each the reported conversions, but must give them in the aggregate, and this number will reach at least one-third more than reported accessions, except in Roberts Park Church, where the number is 1,218 conversions, and probationers received, 436. The following is the official statement, as given by Rev. R. D. Black :

Roberts Park M. E. Church, on probation and by letter.....	526
Meridian Street M. E. Church, on probation and by letter.....	91
Pletcher Place M. E. Church, on probation and by letter	85
Third Street M. E. Church, on probation and by letter.....	4
California Street M. E. Church, on probation and by letter.....	—
Central Avenue M. E. Church, on probation and by letter	60
Grace M. E. Church, on probation and by letter.....	32
Pattison M. E. Church, on probation and by letter.....	76
Edwin Ray M. E. Church, on probation and by letter	47
Madison Avenue M. E. Church, on probation and by letter	24
North Indianapolis M. E. Church, on probation and by letter..	26
First German M. E. Church, on probation and by letter.....	30
Second German M. E. Church, on probation and by letter.....	8
Ames M. E. Church, on probation and by letter.....	1
Total Methodists	1,030

The following was obtained from other sources :

1st Presbyterian Church, on profession of faith.....	36
2d Presbyterian Church, on profession of faith.....	147
3d Presbyterian Church, on profession of faith.....	35
4th Presbyterian Church, on profession of faith.....	27
5th Presbyterian Church, on profession of faith.....	15
6th Presbyterian Church, on profession of faith.....	13
7th Presbyterian Church, on profession of faith.....	15
8th Presbyterian Church, on profession of faith.....	19
10th Presbyterian Church, (Memorial) on profession of faith	81
11th Presbyterian Church, on profession of faith.....	5
12th Presbyterian Church, on profession of faith.....	31

9th Presbyterian Church, (colored) on profession of faith.....	4
Total Presbyterian.....	438
1st Baptist Church, baptized.....	61
South Street Baptist Church, baptized.....	50
North Street Baptist church, baptized.....	12
Total Baptists.....	125
Mayflower Congregational Church	21
Christian Church.....	5
First Methodist Protestant Church.....	10
Grand total.....	1,620
The number of conversions in the city over and above the accessions in the membership is not far from.....	1,250
Making total conversions and accession to churches.....	2,876

From the Western Christian Advocate, of the last week in July, 1881, we clip the following correspondence, from the pen of Rev. R. D. Black :

"What are the results of the Harrison meetings?" is a question asked by many. Much might be written concerning the influence of this great revival.

The Christian sentiment of the city is much more pronounced than formerly. And it seems the tone of piety has been greatly elevated. There is a more clearly defined line of demarcation between the church and the world; a more cheerful performance of duty; a warmer grasp of the hand when the members of the various churches meet; less tendency to "cliques and circles;" a wider range of thought as to the kingdom of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. There is less of effort to build up "our church" at the expense of others. There is more of the spirit of the Master, in recognizing the work and labor of every other church in the city as well as "ours." There is less centralization, and more development and widening of the borders of Zion. There is less seeking after worldly amusements. There is less attendance upon the opera; more attendance at the prayer and social meetings of the church; less "operetta" in the Sunday-school and church work, and more study of God's word and cultivation of the powers in teaching; retaining, and enjoying the matchless beauty of God's

revelation. Increased attendance upon the class meetings, as well as upon the public services, is one of the good omens to the Methodist observer. There is a rapidly growing tendency to congregational singing. Let all the people praise the Lord, seems to be the prevailing sentiment.

A clearer recognition of individual responsibility, in supporting the church and its benevolent work, is one of the great lessons learned. A few more such "revivals" would impress the teaching and spirit of our Discipline, that recognizes two classes of church members—one that helps the church financially, and the other that the church helps. With this minor matter settled, and the Christian virtues cultivated, the church would be invincible. Much more might be said, concerning the cheerful manner in which our people are doing church work. On this line may be named the willingness of the "talkative ones" to condense their remarks into a few bright, cheerful words of experience, instead of exhortation and repetition of church or personal history. The pastors are rapidly gathering the old and new workers together, and so marshaling the whole force, that the experience and inspiration of these months of revival may be crystalized into a mighty power for good.

All the Methodist pastors of the city were actively engaged in the work as it progressed; hence the ease with which church matters move on since the meetings closed.

The letter gives 1,025 persons as joining the Methodist churches during the conference year, and 389 in the Presbyterian, 102 in the Baptist, and 25 in the Congregational, during the revival, making 1,525 as the total.

The following is the number converted each night and week, and the total result of the great revival work in Roberts Park :

April 1. Friday	1	
April 3. Sunday	10	
Total, first week	—	11

April 4.	Monday	22	
April 5.	Tuesday	24	
April 6.	Wednesday	22	
April 7.	Thursday	10	
April 8.	Friday	23	
April 10.	Sunday	28	
	Total, second week	—	129
April 11.	Monday	14	
April 12.	Tuesday	25	
April 13.	Wednesday	25	
April 14.	Thursday	15	
April 15.	Friday	23	
April 17.	Sunday	23	
	Total, third week	—	125
April 18.	Monday	26	
April 19.	Tuesday	26	
April 20.	Wednesday	32	
April 21.	Thursday	18	
April 22.	Friday	26	
April 24.	Sunday	33	
	Total, fourth week	—	161
April 25.	Monday	11	
April 26.	Tuesday	34	
April 27.	Wednesday	31	
April 28.	Thursday	20	
April 29.	Friday	16	
May 1.	Sunday	33	
	Total, fifth week	—	145
May 2.	Monday	32	
May 3.	Tuesday	26	
May 4.	Wednesday	12	
May 5.	Thursday	16	
May 6.	Friday	27	
May 8.	Sunday	32	
	Total, sixth week	—	145
May 9.	Monday	8	
May 10.	Tuesday	19	
May 11.	Wednesday	11	

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May 12.	Thursday.....	5	
May 13.	Friday	8	
May 15.	Sunday	16	
	Total, seventh week.....	—	67
May 16.	Monday	10	
May 17.	Tuesday	11	
May 18.	Wednesday	3	
May 19.	Thursday.....	9	
May 20.	Friday	10	
May 22.	Sunday.....	7	
	Total, eighth week.....	—	50
May 23.	Monday	13	
May 24.	Tuesday	14	
May 25.	Wednesday	7	
May 26.	Thursday	21	
May 27.	Friday	21	
May 29.	Sunday	19	
	Total, ninth week.....	—	95
May 30.	Monday	10	
May 31.	Tuesday.....	5	
June 1.	Wednesday	4	
June 2.	Thursday	17	
June 3.	Friday.....	16	
June 5.	Sunday.....	29	
	Total, tenth week.....	—	81
June 6.	Monday	16	
June 7.	Tuesday	9	
June 8.	Wednesday	10	
June 9.	Thursday	17	
June 10.	Friday.....	8	
June 12.	Sunday	20	
	Total, eleventh week.....	—	80
June 13.	Monday	2	
June 14.	Tuesday.....	12	
June 15.	Wednesday	6	
June 16.	Thursday	4	
June 17.	Friday	8	
	Total, twelfth week.....	—	32

June 20.	Monday	5	
June 21.	Tuesday	8	
June 22.	Wednesday	8	
June 23.	Thursday	4	
June 24.	Friday	17	
June 26.	Sunday	22	
	Total, thirteenth week	—	64
June 27.	Monday	21	
June 28.	Tuesday	3	
June 29.	Wednesday	9	
	Total, fourteenth week	—	33
Total number of converts, during revival			1,218

OFFICIAL LIST OF CONVERSIONS.

The following is the official list of the conversions on record in
Roberts Park Church:

April First.

- 1 Palmer, C. C., 373 Vir. ave.
- 2 McCullough, Annie, 183 E. South.

April Third.

- 3 Bragg, Sister, 266 E. Ohio.
- 4 Lafeever, Hattie, 174 W. 1st.
- 5 Rodenberger, Clara, 36 Cincinnati.
- 6 Campbell, Jessie, 311 N. Del.
- 7 Wilcox, Sarah, 104 Mass. ave.
- 8 Dupnie, Ida, 17 Vinton blk.
- 9 Hubbard, Cora, 17 Vinton blk.
- 10 Jones, Mr.
- 11 Mason, Vanie.

April Fourth.

- 12 Caldwell, Emma, Enterprise Hotel.
- 13 Filley, Anna, 203 Agnes.
- 14 Purdee, Talmas, 263 W. Wash.
- 15 Woodruff, Mrs., 77 W. 6th.
- 16 Ferguson, Anna, 511 N. New Jersey.
- 17 Rexford, Marion, 521 N. New Jersey.
- 18 Moody, Arthur, 127 E. St. Marya.
- 19 Schlance, Amelia, 39 Broadway.
- 20 Wilson, Jennie, 124 S. New Jersey.
- 21 Wilson, Chas., 124 S. New Jersey.
- 22 Arhart, Barbara, 774 N. Tenn.
- 23 Schlance, Augustus, 78 Broadway.
- 24 Kendal, Philip, 417 E. St. Clair.
- 25 Campbell, J. S.
- 26 Britton, Ella, 318 E. North.
- 27 Cook, Bertha, 178 E. Mich.
- 28 Hall, Agnes, 127 St. Marya.
- 29 Osborn, Eddie, 122 Yandes.
- 30 Arnold, Richard, 169 W. New York.
- 31 Olcott, Minnie, 44 College ave.
- 32 Campbell, Miss, 311 N. Del.
- 33 Smith, Mary.

April Fifth.

- 34 Johnston, Ella, 158 N. New Jersey.
- 35 Cox, Sarah, 311 N. Del.
- 36 Martin, Knander, 475 N. Ill.
- 37 Wilson, J.
- 38 Hereth, Mamie, 127 Clifford ave.
- 39 Jones, Aurelia, 45½ Virginia ave.
- 40 Hinkley, Lewis, 111 Ft. Wayne ave.
- 41 Hutchius, Ella, 526 E. Market.
- 42 Gladden, Mattie, 182 N. Illinois.
- 43 Link, L. C., 173 E. Louisiana.
- 44 Bougheim, Jennie, 169 Park ave.
- 45 Warner, Mrs., 71 Arsenal ave.
- 46 Suttling, Miss.
- 47 Hunter, J. M., 428 W. Washington.
- 48 Crim, Miss, 91 Clifford ave.
- 49 Sellers, Agnes, 129 Massachusetts ave.
- 50 Carpenter, Bert, Blind Asylum.
- 51 DeHaven, Lizzie, 127 E. 6th.
- 52 Peas, Mary, 16 Ott.

- 53 Dewar, John, 40 Arsenal ave.
- 54 Raper, Emry, Pyle House.
- 55 Brown, Mary, 17 W. Washington.
- 56 Allman, Minnie, 475 S. East.
- 57 Bceks, Eddie, 412 N. Delaware.

April Sixth.

- 58 Stagg, Ellen H., 31 Thorpe blk.
- 59 Bundy, Mollie, 151 Maple.
- 60 Crecraft, Mary, 181 W. New York.
- 61 Pearson, Earnest, 378 N. Penn.
- 62 Blackledge, Rena, 107 Bellefontain
- 63 Bigger, Emily, 445 E. McCarty.
- 64 Day, Cynthia, 111 N. Alabama.
- 65 Robinson, Laura, 162 N. New Jersey
- 66 Enick, Anna, 780 N. Illinois.
- 67 Filley.
- 68 Branson, Jennie, 116 North.
- 69 Spain, Mamie, 178 E. North.
- 70 Olcott, Mamie, 44 College ave.
- 71 Golden, Fannie, 336 S. West.
- 72 Rodenberger, Eugene, 30 Cincinnati.
- 73 Nelson, Laura, 276 S. Noble.
- 74 Jordan, Isaac, 43 Plum.
- 75 McCullough, Willie, 480 Mississippi.
- 76 Adams, Eddie, 204 Douglass.
- 77 Baird, Effie, 7 Wood.
- 78 Young, Mrs., 7 Wood.
- 79 Wood, Mrs.

April Seventh.

- 80 Furnis, Henry, 287 N. Mississippi.
- 81 Kendell, P., E. St. Clair.
- 82 Adams, Mrs. Lou, 204 Douglass.
- 83 Ginsey, Mrs. 75½ Massachusetts av.
- 84 Topp, Mrs. S. V. W., 287 N. Miss.
- 85 Rodman, Harry, 380 Broadway.
- 86 Johnson, Lydia B., 155 Ash.
- 87 Schad, Geo., 101 Davidson.
- 88 Suffern, Jennie, 381 N. Delaware.
- 89 Hazzard, Frank, 126 W. Vermont.

April Eighth.

- 90 Hestan, Annie, 237 Mass. ave.
- 91 Baird, Lula, 7 Wood.
- 92 Haywood, Alice, Blind Institute.
- 93 Payne, Sallie, 121 N. Delaware.
- 94 Stagg, Tinsley, 31 Thorpe blk.
- 95 Hofner, J. sin, 452 Indiana ave.
- 96 Holland, Effa, 17 Mississippi.
- 97 Bates, Mrs., Peru, Ind.
- 98 Gordon, Cary, St. Charles blk.
- 99 Lyon, Jennie, Blind Institute.
- 100 Smith, Belle, Blind Institute.
- 101 Carpenter, Bertie, 166 N. West.
- 102 Boyd, Bessie, 134 N. Blackford.
- 103 Meeter, Nora, Blind Institute.
- 104 Fleming, Mamie, Blind Institute.
- 105 O'Brien, Della, Blind Institute.

- 106 Blake, C. H., 237 Mass. ave.
 107 Cooksen, Elizabeth A., Blind Inst.
 108 Lawrence, Willie, 98 W. Walnut.
 109 Bryant, John, 384 N. Tennessee.
 110 Lawrence, Chas., 98 W. Walnut.
 111 Childs, Harry, 250 E. Vermont.
 112 Hunter, Mrs., 420 W. Washington.

April Tenth.

- 113 Wilson, Harry, Blind Institute.
 114 Hauk, Effa, 395 N. West.
 115 Gray, Maude, 452 N. Delaware.
 116 Heep, Annie, Clifford ave.
 117 Jackson, Annie, 19 Vine.
 118 Peterson, Elbin, Peru, Ind.
 119 Wilson, Zola, 329 College ave.
 120 Wishard, Cora, Orphan Asylum.
 121 Hesten, Jennie, 237½ Mass. ave.
 122 Wenner, Adam, 179 Coburn.
 123 Gant, Lillie, 166 E. North.
 124 Carpenter, Chas., Blind Institute.
 125 Garman, Abbie, 326 E. Vermont.
 126 Bray, Willie, 250 N. East.
 127 Davis, C. A., 163 Park ave.
 128 Walker, Nellie, 176 E. Walnut.
 129 Walker, Flora, moved from city.
 130 Walker, Geo., 298 E. St. Clair.
 131 Hauk, Gertie, 395 N. West.
 132 Watson, Frank, 75 Mass. ave.
 133 Stearns, Emma, 76 E. North.
 134 Porter, Harry, Pyle House.
 135 Stoneman, L., 330 N. New Jersey.
 136 Owens, Lizzie, 437 N. Delaware.
 137 Simms, Chas., 423 N. Mississippi.
 138 Davis, Will, 114 Mich. Road.
 139 Adkins, Mark, 73 N. Liberty.
 140 Jones, Harry, 40 W. First.

April Eleventh.

- 141 Beck, George, 399 N. Pennsylvania.
 142 Jackson, Eva, 19 Vine.
 143 Lane, Mate, 135 Central ave.
 144 Stokes, Maria, 81 Ft. Wayne ave.
 145 Johnson, Mary.
 146 McNeese, Sallie, 337 Mass. ave.
 147 Beck, Bessie, 399 N. Pennsylvania.
 148 Stearns, Minnie, 76 E. North.
 149 Johnson, Wm., 158 N. New Jersey.
 150 Wilson, Eddie, 327 College ave.
 151 Sawyer, John, 74 E. St. Clair.
 152 Line, Frank, 269 E. North.
 153 Williamson, Nellie, 41 Madison ave.
 154 Wheeler, Albert, 169 Broadway.

April Twelfth.

- 155 Zehringer, Frank, 161 Railroad.
 156 Hazel, Carrie, 110 Mass. ave.
 157 Whitehead, Geo., 357 N. East.
 158 Meyers, Henry, 301 S. Penn.
 159 Lane, Edith, 135 Central ave.
 160 Jackson, Carrie, 316 E. North.
 161 Giesling, Susie, 57 E. South.
 162 Fiel, Georgie, 43 Madison ave.
 163 Bartholomew, Alice, 136 N. Tenn.
 164 Park, George, 300 E. St. Clair.
 165 Wilkens, Ora, 308 College ave.
 166 Jackson, Anna.

- 167 Wingate, John, 367 College ave.
 168 Albro, Telford, 516 Broadway.
 169 Lingenfelter, Arthur, 145 John.
 170 Woodburn, Fred., 74 W. Michigan.
 171 Stark, Robert, 534 E. Ohio.
 172 Walker, Harry, 193 Broadway.
 173 Haines, Adelia, 68½ Mass. ave.
 174 Whesler, Albert, 169 Broadway.
 175 Dickson, Mrs., 523 E. Ohio.
 176 Simms, Elliott, 423 Mass. ave.
 177 Boyden, W. A., 33 Shively blk.
 178 McMillen, John C., Union Depot.
 179 Lewis, May, 321 E. Ohio.

April Thirteenth.

- 180 Dennis, Minnie, 260 N. Illinois.
 181 Mix, Jessie, 75 W. North.
 182 Vance, Jennie, 631 N. Tennessee.
 183 Hest, Alice.
 184 Londen, Lottie, 233 Fayette.
 185 Perry, Fannie, 519 N. West.
 186 Pritchard, Eddie, 174 E. New York.
 187 Mclender, Morton, 95 Broadway.
 188 Brown, Bergus, 78 E. North.
 189 Gaus, Herman, 453 N. New Jersey.
 190 Mayhew, Fannie, 407 N. Alabama.
 191 Schad, Geo., 101 Davidson.
 192 Stiert, Lillie, 233 Reed.
 193 Cox, Mrs., 15 Vajen's blk.
 194 Jenkins, Cyrus, 103 Cherry.
 195 Craft, Lydia, 177 E. Louisiana.
 196 Zion, Belle, 635 Central ave.
 197 Cook, Lula, 178 E. Michigan.
 198 Whenner, Albert, 169 Broadway.
 199 Surber, Maggie, 313 Mass. ave.
 200 Rogers, Kate, 82 N. Noble.
 201 Rogers, Helen, 82 N. Noble.
 202 Downey, Daisy, 130 N. Alabama.
 203 Smith, Mrs. W., 173 E. Louisiana.
 204 Sproule, W. S., 81 W. Second.

April Fourteenth.

- 205 Loftin, Effie, 831 N. Tennessee.
 206 Pease, Mary, 16 Arch.
 207 Plotner, Cynthia, 176½ N. Missouri.
 208 Scable, Sophia, 176 W. First.
 209 Helker, Josie, 124 E. St. Joseph.
 210 Peebles, May, 240 W. New York.
 211 White, Mrs., 37 Central ave.
 212 Powell, Mrs., 332 N. Illinois.
 213 Free, Annie, 575 E. Washington.
 214 Lester, Jesse, Cincinnati.
 215 Scable, Ernnu, 176 W. First.
 216 Reeve, Jennie, 249 N. Tennessee.
 217 Taylor, Alice, Detroit, Mich.
 218 Craft, E. A., 177 E. Louisiana.
 219 Bailey, J. H., 366 N. East.

April Fifteenth.

- 220 Spobr, Eckley, Blind Institute.
 221 Gray, Jessie, 28 Lord.
 222 Hatley, Alice, Blind Institute.
 223 Barton, Elia, Blind Institute.
 224 Downey, Nannie, Blind Institute.
 225 Cavinder, Dora, 314 N. East.
 226 Smith, Florence, 296 N. Blackford.
 227 Lawyer, Lula, Franklin, Ohio.

- 228 Seekampp, Annie, 49 Dorman.
 229 Seelting, Josie, 94 Agnes.
 230 Conner, Flora, 235 Park ave.
 231 Fry, Agnes, 217 Park ave.
 232 Moore, Adda, 2 Arch.
 233 Holloway, Jennie.
 234 Mansfield, Jennie, 61 Central ave.
 235 Higgins, Mrs. M., 227 N. New Jersey.
 236 Lee, Chas., 200 Park ave.
 237 Cherry, Mary, 117 Broadway.
 238 Stephenson, E., 463 S. Missouri.
 239 Loftin, T. A., 831 N. Tennessee.
 240 Depew, Mrs., 251 N. Fayette.
 241 Filley, E. A., 203 Agnes.
 242 Keller, Annic.

April Seventeenth.

- 243 Youart, Annie, 78 N. Illinois.
 244 Conaway, Elizabeth, 24 Chadwick.
 245 Mitchell, Minnie, 27 W. St. Clair.
 246 Lantz, Eddie, 291 Virginia ave.
 247 Leonard, James, 17 W. Maryland.
 248 Brouse, Elmor, 72 Broadway.
 249 Newby, Hattie, 223 N. Davidson.
 250 Rceves, J., 249 N. Tennessee.
 251 Moody, Chas., St. Charles Hotel.
 252 Prum, Barbary, 89 N. Alabama.
 253 Harris, Orvin, 15 Vine.
 254 Roney, Berlie, 302 Park ave.
 255 Coffay, Emma, 511 N. New Jersey.
 256 Frauer, Julia, 277 E. New York.
 257 Rodman, Chas., 380 Broadway.
 258 Peterson, Marshie, 387 Mass. ave.
 259 Lockwood, Alice, 76 S. West.
 260 Griffith, Etta, 376 Broadway.
 261 Frauer, Carrie, 279 E. New York.
 262 Owens, Ella, 117 Mass. ave.
 263 Hereth, Ella, 217 Ft. Wayne ave.
 264 Miller, Melissa, 330 N. New Jersey.
 265 Rouse, Sam'l, 172 E. North.

April Eighteenth.

- 266 Pye, Sallie, 708 N. Tennessee.
 267 Williamson, H., 275 Christian ave.
 268 Cotton, Velinda, Surgical Institute.
 269 Aughe, Ella, Grand Hotel.
 270 Tousey, Mrs. Geo., 483 Central ave.
 271 Porter, Mrs. W. H., Enterprise hotel.
 272 Rothwiler, Katie, 185 W. New York.
 273 Coniare, Lula, 315 N. Mississippi.
 274 Blake, May, 307 N. Tennessee.
 275 Frauer, Anna, 277 E. New York.
 276 Taylor, Mrs. M. O., 185 N. Delaware.
 277 Raymond, Mrs. M., Hutchin's blk.
 278 Thoms, Dena, 76 N. East.
 279 Lupton, Bessie, 192 Ash.
 280 Lince, Viola, cor. State and Mich.
 281 Cooper, Charlena, 49 Fletcher ave.
 282 Craigle, Lou, 84 W. North.
 283 Young, Jennie R., 74 W. North.
 284 Jackson, Willie, 316 E. North.
 285 Overman, Mary, 146 W. New York.
 286 Monfort, Anna, 203½ Mass. ave.
 287 Slaughter, Fannie, 467 E. St. Clair.
 288 Toppiano, Jennie, 121 Mass. ave.
 289 McLaughlen, Kate, 6 Yandes.
 290 Crosby, Fannie, 30 School.
 291 Lehman, E. Lon, 409 N. Alabama.

April Nineteenth.

- 292 Sanders, James, 96 Park ave.
 293 Menter, Alice, 34 Park ave.
 294 Smith, Maggie, 180 Mass. ave.
 295 Morris, Otie, 9 S. Mississippi.
 296 Garthwait, Mattie, 69 Mass. ave.
 297 Beck, Geo., 399 N. Pennsylvania.
 298 Schad, Emma, 101 Davidson.
 299 Britton, Ella, E. North.
 300 Boyles, Nellie, 67 Ash.
 301 Bowers, Maggie, 189 E. Ohio.
 302 Bugbee, Fannie, 483 Central ave.
 303 Smith, Bertha, 296 Blackford.
 304 Smith, William, 7 Maryland.
 305 Schad, Lena, 101 Davidson.
 306 Boyles, Carrie, 67 Ash.
 307 Beck, Bessie, 399 N. Pennsylvania.
 308 Pye, Nannie, 708 N. Tennessee.
 309 Smith, Wert, 325 Broadway.
 310 McGee, India, 318 W. Washington.
 311 Wingate, Lula, 307 College ave.
 312 Bughee, Miss Susie, 483 Central ave.
 313 DeHaven, Mrs. H., 22 Sinker.
 314 Melbourne, Frank, 251 Fayette.
 315 Manson, Sallie, visiting the city.
 316 Wilcox, Ida, 181 Harrison.
 317 Fulmer, Anna, 140 Fletcher ave.

April Twentieth.

- 318 Richart, Charles, 322 Mass. ave.
 319 Hart, Della, cor. Bradbury & Hunt.
 320 Sullivan, Clarissa, 24 School.
 321 Stucky, Josie, 111 Spring.
 322 Caldwell, Mrs., Enterprise Hotel.
 323 Taylor, Lena, 101 Davidson.
 324 Howsen, Mrs., Grand Hotel.
 325 Coats, M. E., 211 W. New York.
 326 Kaylon, Thos., 343 E. South.
 327 Wood, Belle, 385 N. Illinois.
 328 Gibbs, Jennie, 474 E. Eighth.
 329 Bacon, Emma, 82 Ft. Wayne ave.
 330 Norwood, Ida, 231 College ave.
 331 Pendergast, Olive, 315 E. Ohio.
 332 Kelley, Annie, 38 Lockerbie.
 333 Plotner, Albert, 176½ N. Missouri.
 334 Strickler, Eva, 85 N. Alabama.
 335 Thompson, Nora, 70 Christian ave.
 336 Goe, David E., 711 N. Tennessee.
 337 Lucaman, N., 16 Fletcher ave.
 338 Devine, Hattie, 497 N. Meridian.
 339 Hall, Mrs. Lydia, 16 E. Michigan.
 340 Boyde, Maggie, 144 Blackford.
 341 Groschel, Berlie, 64 Arizona.
 342 Topin, Minnie, 173 Mass. ave.
 343 Thompson, May, 84 W. Vermont.
 344 Filley, Lolla, 203 Agnes.
 345 Filley, Louisa, 253 Agnes.
 346 West, Mrs. Clint, Fletcher ave.
 347 Alexander, M. K., 135 New York.
 348 Goodnecht, Wm., Ft. Wayne ave.
 349 Caue, Hattie.

April Twenty-First.

- 350 Jackson, Mamie, Beach Grove Farm.
 351 Underwood, Mrs. L., 558 N. Tenn.
 352 Perkinson, Maggie, 304 Park ave.
 353 Bagley, Francis, 733 N. Meridian.

354 Lucas, Lizzie, St. Nicholas Hotel.
 355 Palmer, Gussie B., 305 N. Miss.
 356 Culley, Mary, Reformatory.
 357 Kimble, Maggie, 275 Indiana ave.
 358 Rankin, Miss Lou, 81 E. Michigan.
 359 Weakley, Maggie, 170 W. New York.
 360 Braden, Ed., 978 N. Tennessee.
 361 Trusler, Nettie, Mass. ave. and Ala.
 362 Schanebarger, Bertie, 180 N. East.
 363 Summer, Will, 153 N. New Jersey.
 364 Poppiano, Millie, 121 Mass. ave.
 365 Harper, Mattie, 364 N. New Jersey.
 366 Devine, Will, 497 N. Meridian.
 367 Owens, Miss, city.

April Twenty-Second.

368 Park, Orley, 300 E. St. Clair.
 369 Jenkins, Marie E., 566 N. Illinois.
 370 Johnson, Mary L., 5 miles west city.
 371 Collins, L., 763 N. Mississippi.
 372 Tipton, Dorcas, cor. Del. and Mich.
 373 Rhod's, Maria, 255 W. Pearl.
 374 Smith, Minnie, 25 W. St. Clair.
 375 Pray, Mattie, 228 N. Alabama.
 376 Lingenfelter, Lantha, Brightwood.
 377 Swinie, Geo., Dennison House.
 378 Roberts, Flora, 215 Bright.
 379 Hawkins, Mrs. A., 15 E. New York.
 380 Warner, Ida, 150 N. Pine.
 381 Pettit, Ida, 30½ W. Washington.
 382 Sproule, Anna, Blind Institute.
 383 Jackson, Lulu, Irvington.
 384 Monfort, Ella, 233½ Mass. ave.
 385 Keener, Chas., 325 Bellefontaine.
 386 Poor, Willie, 21 Laurel.
 387 Perine, Norman, 1007 N. Illinois.
 388 Harding, Emma, 320 Lincoln ave.
 389 Boyde, Emma, 141 N. Blackford.
 390 Slaughter, Henry, 47 E. St. Clair.
 391 Heiser, Mattie, 323 N. Noble.
 392 Lawrence, Van, 130 Mass. ave.
 393 Thalmann, J. J., 75 N. Ala.

April Twenty-Fourth.

394 Jackson, Jennie, Ingalston.
 395 Whitman, Harry, 169 Park ave.
 396 Williams, Malvina, 266 N. Alabama.
 397 Selvedge, Eddie, N. Indianapolis.
 398 Nicolai, J., 89 Broadway.
 399 Lount, Lizzie, 32 Chadwick.
 400 Thompson, Mattie, Martindale blk.
 401 Hawkins, A. A., 15 E. New York.
 402 Miller, Arthur, 75 W. First.
 403 Dury, Milton, Mass. ave.
 404 Gani, Lillie.
 405 McKee, Walter, 230 Virginia ave.
 406 Wright, Willie, 224 N. Alabama.
 407 Simpson, Willie, 175 E. St. Clair.
 408 Schadeck, E., 44 Ash.
 409 Hetherington, May, 45 Madison ave.
 411 Moore, Eliza, 318 W. Washington.
 412 Gibbs, Harvey, 230 N. California.
 413 Overman, Willie, 236 W. Michigan.
 414 Wilson, Frank, 36½ E. Washington.
 415 Fied, Mary, 43 Madison.
 416 Carr, Hattie, 405 W. Second.
 417 Selvedge, Chas., N. Indianapolis.

418 Owen, Essie, N. Indianapolis.
 419 Hereth, Ollie, 27 Ft. Wayne ave.
 420 Hereth, Eddie, 27 Ft. Wayne ave.
 421 Bower, Chas., cor. Home and Ash.
 422 Moore, Adda, 2 Arch.
 423 Royer, Willie, 254 E. Ohio.
 424 Anderson, Ina, North Indianapolis.
 425 Woodburn, Fred., 71 W. Michigan.
 426 Pierce, Chas., 177 N. Liberty.

April Twenty-Fifth.

427 Rogers, Lee, 82 N. Noble.
 428 Lewis, Mary, 325 N. Mississippi.
 429 Raymond, Laura, Hutchins blk.
 430 Williams, Edith, 269 N. Alabama.
 431 Shires, George, Pyle House.
 432 Kingsbury, Emma, 25 Summit.
 433 Robinson, Kate, 126 W. Vermont.
 434 Williams, J.
 435 Buel, Warren, 311 N. Pine.
 436 Blackledge, Kate, 126 W. Vermont.
 437 Sorber, Will, 313 Mass. ave.

April Twenty-Sixth.

438 Brown, Willie, 228 E. Market.
 439 Scott, Annie, Shively blk.
 440 Wilson, Lillie, Carlisle blk.
 441 Craft, Lillie, 163 N. Alabama.
 442 McGinnis, Fannie, 108 Plum.
 443 Walker, Lena, 244 Bellefontaine.
 444 Northway, Adda, 180 N. New Jersey.
 445 Set, Barbary, 235 Bellefontaine.
 446 Harting, Clara, 182 Maryland.
 447 Sisloff, Charles, 399 Ash.
 448 Shirk, Izora, 290 N. Pine.
 449 Stokley, Jessie, 164 N. Pine.
 450 Campbell, Elva, 311 N. Alabama.
 451 Irvin, Nora, 136 Hosbrook.
 452 Jewell, Emma, 136 Hosbrook.
 453 Wilcox, Nellie, 131 Harrison.
 454 Morton, Jessie, 224 E. Walnut.
 455 Thompson, Martha, 661 E. St. Clair.
 456 Gregory, Norris, 666 N. Mississippi.
 457 Ray, Bessie, southeast of city.
 458 Thomas, Evan, 349 N. Mississippi.
 459 Tyner, Chris., 409 Park ave.
 460 Hereth, Lulu, 27 Ft. Wayne ave.
 461 Schad, Albert, 101 Davidson.
 462 Scott, Owen E., 110 Mass. ave.
 463 Hall, Lizzie, 646 N. Mississippi.
 464 Jones, Nora, 130 Ash.
 465 Barnee, Laura, Nebraska.
 466 Franz, Tillie, 69 Clinton.
 467 Stoddard, Jennie, 430 N. Illinois.
 468 Sparks, Clara, 174 S. New Jersey.
 469 Rankin, Minnie, 38 Park ave.
 470 Brown, E.
 471 Stoddard, Robbie, 430 N. Illinois.

April Twenty-Seventh.

472 Hereth, Carrie, 27 Ft. Wayne ave.
 473 Irvin, Lulu, 136 Hosbrook.
 474 Hoagland, Emma, Virginia ave.
 475 Sawyer, Belle, 74 E. St. Clair.
 476 Woods, Ella, 120 Bates.
 477 Bacon, Etta, 82 Ft. Wayne ave.
 478 Miller, Chas., 561 N. Illinois.

479 Gibson, F. B., Brightwood.
 480 Ropp, Charles, 15 Rockwood.
 481 Wills, Viola, 53 Central ave.
 482 Howler, Lizzie, 352 Spring.
 483 Baxter, Nellie, 185 N. Tennessee.
 484 Rothwiler, S., 186 E. New York.
 485 Stiles, Mrs. D. J., 335 N. East.
 486 Bacon, Emma, 82 Ft. Wayne ave.
 487 Shafer, Louis, 80 S. Delaware.
 488 Harris, Stella, 15 Vine.
 489 Hereth, Hetta, 191 Christian ave.
 490 Sweet, Ida, 399 N. Alabama.
 491 Johnson, F.
 492 Thompson, Dan, N. Delaware.
 493 Faught, Clements, 550 E. Eighth.
 494 Raftert, Lawrence, 603 N. Delaware.
 495 Peebles, Agnes, 238 N. West.
 496 Bick, Bessie, 399 N. Pennsylvania.
 497 Shideler, Hol, Circle House.
 498 Hereth, Fannie, 197 Christian ave.
 499 Franco, T., Clinton.
 500 Sage, Sadie, 384 N. Mississippi.
 501 Brown, Fannie, 176 E. St. Clair.
 502 Pye, Willie, 708 N. Tennessee.

April Twenty-Eighth.

503 Cook, Ora V., 178 E. Michigan.
 504 Ehrensperger, A., 174 Madison ave.
 505 Gregory, Clarence, 666 N. Miss.
 506 Hess, Otto, 93 Union.
 507 Sweet, Anna, 399 N. Alabama.
 508 Rankin, Lorena, 38 Park ave.
 509 Lowe, M. Ella, 104 Peru.
 510 Franz, Katie, 69 Clinton.
 511 Spurrier, J. L., 760 N. Illinois.
 512 Sanders, Milton, 124 Park ave.
 513 Vanwie, May, 335 N. Mississippi.
 514 Harris, O.
 515 Hines, Robert, 160 N. Noble.
 516 Spain, Herman, 178 E. North.
 517 Hare, Clinton, 277 N. Delaware.
 518 Binnager, Emma, 171 S. New Jersey.
 519 Sparks, Ina T., 29 Shively blk.
 520 Sweet, Lizzie, 399 N. Alabama.
 521 Clayton, Lou.
 522 Gladden, Chas., 704 N. Tennessee.

April Twenty-Ninth.

523 Poundstone, Maggie, 120 Elm.
 524 Woods, Fannie, 429 E. St. Clair.
 525 Schmidlap, F., 162 Bellefontaine.
 526 Holloway, Emma, 240 Virginia ave.
 527 Bryce, Maggie, 360 N. Alabama.
 528 Bannister, Mrs., 267 N. Tennessee.
 529 Bruce, James, 422 Spruce.
 530 Albright, Dena, 182 Davidson.
 531 Rogers, Lorena, Johnson Co., Ind.
 532 Riley, Sadie, 421 N. Delaware.
 533 Youse, Emma, 430 E. McCarty.
 534 Pye, Magrie, 708 N. Tennessee.
 535 Hess, May, 93 William.
 536 Hand, Ida, 180 Broadway.
 537 Enrick, Lottie, 441 S. Illinois.
 538 Wert, Mrs. Wm., west of city.

May First.

539 Hitchens, John, 25 Gregg.

540 Adams, Ferdie, 108 Plum.
 541 Adkins, Rida, 73 N. Liberty.
 542 Beerbower, Chas., 209 Mass. ave.
 543 Shawcross, W. E., Circle House.
 544 Benson, Mrs. Maggie, 135½ Peru.
 545 Johnson, Maude, 90 Columbia ave.
 546 Bradley, Katie.
 547 Edwards, John, 55 N. Meridian.
 548 Stuckey, Lydia, 111 Spring.
 549 Wilson, Fannie, 79 Woodlawn ave.
 550 Thompson, James, 70 Christian ave.
 551 Dunning, Gurley, Mass. ave.
 552 Adkins, Roda, 73 N. Liberty.
 553 Ester, Gracie, 23 Mass. ave.
 554 Kisler, Nellie, 25 Mass. ave.
 555 Thorpe, Nellie, 320 N. New Jersey.
 556 Vestal, Anna, 135 N. Madison ave.
 557 Melender, Chas., 95 Broadway.
 558 Collins, Hubbard, 735 N. Meridian.
 559 Lewis, Abner, S. East.
 560 Morris, Eddie, 236 Huron.
 561 Shaw, Lida, 135 N. Illinois.
 562 Bryce, Lizzie, 161 Park ave.
 563 Balz, Chas., 596 Virginia ave.
 564 Johnson, Myra, 417 E. St. Clair.
 565 Shearer, Lizzie, 557 E. St. Clair.
 566 Benson, John, 135½ Peru.
 567 Draper, Lydia, 193 N. West.
 568 Ballard, Rosa, 15 E. New York.
 569 Booth, John, 328 Lincoln ave.
 570 Shaw, Lou F., 135 N. Illinois.
 571 Wenner, Wm., 179 Coburn.

May Second.

572 Condell, Jennie, 215 N. Noble.
 573 Thompson, Frank, 276 N. Miss.
 574 Thomas, Lou, 28 N. Illinois.
 575 Pressell, Osa, 201 N. Liberty.
 576 Comingore, Carrie, 79 E. Michigan.
 577 Gorman, Luella, 326 E. Vermont.
 578 Walker, Flora, 298 E. St. Clair.
 579 Hausler, Emma, 452 Indiana ave.
 580 Wingate, Nellie, 367 College ave.
 581 Johnston, Rosa, 139 St. Mary.
 582 Dillman, Susie, 8 Ninth.
 583 Heston, Anna, 233 Mass. ave.
 584 Poolen, Anna, 127 E. St. Joseph.
 585 Hutchinson, Jessie, 691 N. Tenn.
 586 Hawk, Effa, 395 N. West.
 587 Reynolda, T. E., Noblesville.
 588 Newby, Adda, 72 Park ave.
 589 Ewell, Katie, 781 N. Tennessee.
 590 McCune, Theo., 36 N. East.
 591 Nicolai, Jacob, 89 Broadway.
 592 Orner, Sarah, 239 N. Illinois.
 593 Shreve, Willie, 335 Ash.
 594 Van Deirse, A. J., 994 N. Illinois.
 595 Helwig, Tilla, 224 W. New York.
 596 Myers, Tena, 218 N. Alabama.
 597 Wheeler, Albert.
 598 Bigger, Blanch, 445 E. McCarty.
 599 Poor, May, 21 Spruce.
 600 Newcomb, Cooley, 21 Butler.
 601 Vance, Edward, 91 Lord.
 602 Newell, Harry, 74 Huron.
 603 Dillman, Ella, 83 W. Ninth.

May Third.

- 604 Seakamp, Mary, 447 N. Mississippi.
 605 McFall, May, 237 Madison ave.
 606 Wenner, Anna, 179 Coburn.
 607 Temple, Ella, 246 Christian ave.
 608 Munsell, Mattie, 359 N. New Jersey.
 609 Wilkens, Edgar L., 308 College ave.
 610 Thoms, Albert, 76 N. East.
 611 Wert, Mrs. Fred.
 612 Childs, Clara, cor. Vt. and East.
 613 Walker, Lizzie, 244 Bellefontaine.
 614 Caldwell, Will, 262 N. Illinois.
 615 Saltmarsh, Will, 512 N. Illinois.
 616 Rexford, Will, 521 N. Illinois.
 617 Page, Thos., 141 Fletcher ave.
 618 Carpenter, Nellie, 292 Christian.
 619 Pressel, Lula, 201 N. Liberty.
 620 Herider, Wm., 83 Hoyt ave.
 621 Kesner, Florena, Franklin, Ind.
 622 Thoms, George R., 76 N. East.
 623 Zehringer, Josie, 164 Railroad.
 624 Jones, John, 251 N. Alabama.
 625 Downey, Jennie, 130 N. Alabama.
 626 Chamberlain, Jessie, 513 N. West.
 627 Parker, May, 63 Cherry.
 628 Alford, Mary B., 282 N. Delaware.
 629 Kissel, Minnie, 730 N. Illinois.

May Fourth.

- 630 Childs, Will, cor. Vt. and East.
 631 Byram, Harry, 956 N. Illinois.
 632 Lenton, Fannie, 323 E. Vermont.
 633 Scott, Mary J., N. Indianapolis.
 634 Moore, Mary, 471 N. East.
 635 Kenyon, Mrs.
 636 McWorkman, H., 23 Hutchins blk.
 637 Porter, Carrie, Broadway.
 638 Newcomb, Kate, 21 Butler.
 639 Harting, Clara, 213 W. Maryland.
 640 Youngman, Katie, 3 mile s. e. city.
 641 Lawrence, Anna, 98 W. Walnut.

May Fifth.

- 642 Top, Clara, Fletcher Farm.
 643 Boughton, Martha, Brazil.
 644 Carpenter, Katie, 292 Christian ave.
 645 Bailey, Ida, 266 N. East.
 646 Selvedge, Anna, N. Indianapolis.
 647 Kinney, T. B., 53 Central ave.
 648 Wheeler, Chas., 360 N. East.
 649 Dickeson, Chas., 135 Peru.
 650 Wheeler, Louie, 140 Peru.
 651 Vaness, Ida., Wright's blk.
 652 Dunn, Cassa, 401 N. Mississippi.
 653 Marrow, Alice, 270 Pleasant.
 654 Boynton, Mrs. A., 30½ W. Wash.
 655 Cady, Minnie, 110 Broadway.
 656 Smith, John T.
 657 Jackson, Enos.

May Sixth.

- 658 Sherran, Tilla, 235 E. Vermont.
 659 Tyre, Cora, 139 S. East.
 660 Gallaway, Lucy F., 77 W. First.
 661 Miller, Ida, 76 W. First.
 662 Milton, Emma, 43 Camp.

- 663 Obenzton, May, 163 John.
 664 Grain, Lizzie, 262 E. Washington.
 665 Miller, Minta, 4 Camp.
 666 Campbell, W., 752 E. Washington
 667 Ball, W. W., Southport.
 668 Grain, Nettie, 262 E. Washington.
 669 Baker, Mrs. S. W., 50 Minerva.
 670 Jones, Jennie, 131 Mass. ave.
 671 Stumph, Millie, 41 Buchanan.
 672 Jameson, Alex., 346 N. Illinois.
 673 Parker, Edward, 412 N. New Jersey.
 674 Linderman, Rosa, 109 Benton.
 675 Capito, Nellie, 423 Virginia ave.
 676 Hosman, Lillie, 37 W. Washington.
 677 Lawrence, Arthur, 98 W. Walnut.
 678 Franz, Tillie, 53 Alvord.
 679 Braughton, Sallie, 331 E. Walnut.
 680 Morrow, V., 270 Pleasant.
 681 Beatty, Anna, 35 N. Illinois.
 682 Walker, Chase, 176 E. Walnut.
 683 Linderman, Lou, 109 Benton.
 684 Bruce, S. M., 37 W. Washington

May Eighth.

- 685 Harrison, W. S., 1038 N. Illinois.
 686 Gibson, Alex., 315 W. Washington.
 687 Ray, Lucia, southeast of city.
 688 Staurns, Willie, Irvington.
 689 Rhoads, Claude, 93 Maltit ave.
 690 Brouse, Mary, Stratford.
 691 Royer, Chas., 224 E. Ohio.
 692 Tenbroeck, Ed., Roosevelt House.
 693 Vernon, Anna, 937 N. Mississippi.
 694 Edwards, Stella, 45 Columbia ave.
 695 Furniss, Mrs. L. J., 287 N. Miss.
 696 Cadwalader, Hattie, 317 E. Ohio.
 697 Weaver, Frank, 563 E. First.
 698 Young, Harry, First.
 699 Thompson, May, Orphan Asylum.
 700 Mitchell, Mollie, 44 E. Ohio.
 701 Ballard, Lizzie, Breadfield, Ind.
 702 Holland, Wm. G., 165 N. Alabama.
 703 Wehle, Edward, 212 E. Ohio.
 704 Stupps, Mary, 230 Christian ave.
 705 Elder, Harry, 547 Central ave.
 706 Owens, Essie, N. Indianapolis.
 707 Adkins, R., 73 N. Liberty.
 708 Hereth, Wm., 28 Fort Wayne ave.
 709 Ruid, Keneth, 133 Fletcher ave.
 710 Cobb, Julia, 97 Peru.
 711 Wilson, Wm., 433 S. Ill.
 712 Easterday, Gertie, 458 N. N. Jersey.
 713 Kutzer, Fannie, 53 N. Linden.
 714 Mitchell, Frank, 771 N. Mississippi.
 715 Wheatley, Harry, 355 N. Alabama.
 716 Odear, Jennie, 122 Christian ave.

May Ninth.

- 717 Branhan, Edward, 176 East St. Clair.
 718 Minnich, Charles, 520 N. Illinois.
 719 Brattian, H. E., 195 Buchanan.
 720 Bennett, Mary, Mass. ave.
 721 Ballou, Frank, Institute for Blind.
 722 Fernof, Ida, 101 Davidson.
 723 Miller, Bertha, 43 College ave.
 724 Scott, Charles, room 43 Shively blk.

May Tenth.

- 725 Hay, Howard, Enterprise Hotel.
726 Mansfield, Oscar J., 61 Central ave.
727 Newcomb, I. L., 128 E. St. Mary.
728 Wilson, Fred., 279 N. Mississippi.
729 Dickerson, Frankie, Parke co., Ind.
730 Glan, Anna, 365 Virginia ave.
731 Richardson, John, Blind Institute.
732 Scott, Russie, 179 N. Alabama.
733 Jackson, Harry, 19 Vine.
734 Cox, Mrs. Ada, 221 N. Alabama.
735 Wilmington, A., 125 E. St. Mary.
736 Sulgrove, Blanche, 715 E. Market.
737 Gordon, George, 166 E. Michigan.
738 Kershner, Wm., 134 E. St. Joseph.
739 Metzger, Clara, 79 N. East.
740 Fish, T. A., 93 Broadway.
741 Croazier, Mary, Meridian & Walnut.
742 Tamblyn, Flora, 41 Ash.
743 Cornelius, Mamie, 348 N. Meridian.

May Eleventh.

- 744 Browning, R. C., 700 N. Meridian.
745 Buggs, Charles, 444 N. East.
746 Heim, John, Blind Institute.
747 Davis, May, 282 W. New York.
748 Miller, James, Ingallston, Ind.
749 Newcomb, W. C., 128 E. St. Clair.
750 Wilson, James.
751 Johnson, Fred., 150 E. St. Joseph.
752 Rayman, George H., 94 Fort Wayne.
753 Devore, Katie, 13 Broadway.
754 Given Etna, 32 Oriental.

May Twelfth.

- 755 Kaufman, Hester, 503 W. Wash.
756 Porter, Ed., Broadway.
757 Patterson, Macy, 140 Mass. ave.
758 Stearns, Wm., 76 E. North.
759 Selvedge, Will, North Indianapolis.

May Thirteenth.

- 760 McDonald, Mary, 421 N. Delaware.
761 Fetherling, George, 208 Miami.
762 Green, Blanche, 200 N. Meridian.
763 Howe, J. W., 41 English ave.
764 Helwig, Wm. E., 224 W. New York.
765 Cox, George, 221 N. Alabama.
766 Heislar, Emma, 450 California.
767 Trusler, Albert C., 61 Central ave.

May Fifteenth.

- 768 Conner, J. W., 180 Christian ave.
769 Kimble, Frank, 275 Ind. ave.
770 Hale, Minnie, 129 Bright.
771 Barrett, May, Roosevelt House.
772 Coghill, Laura, 237 1/2 Mass. ave.
773 Forsythe, Clara, Belmont.
774 Moore, Isaac M., 1 mile east of city.
775 Barwis, Arleta, Oak Hill.
776 Hendrickson, Hattie, 287 E. Georgia.
777 Ward, Samuel, 283 Mass. ave.
778 Woods, Wm. E., 429 E. St. Clair.
779 Miller, Mattie, 522 S. Meridian.
780 Tapping, Emma, 432 N. Delaware.
781 Houghton, Willie, 398 N. Delaware.

- 782 Gregory, Willie L., 470 Bellefont's.
783 Clark, Millie, 343 Mass. ave.

May Sixteenth.

- 784 Howe, Estella, 129 Meek.
785 Holmes, Mamie, 180 E. Market.
786 Allen, Laura, 414 E. Pearl.
787 Perine, Anna, 1007 N. Illinois.
788 Perine, Ida, 1007 N. Illinois.
789 Ferree, Eva, 707 E. Washington.
790 Bennett, Mary.
791 Cline, May, Malott ave. & Alvord.
792 Thomas, Eldoras, 222 N. New Jersey.
793 Collier, Mattie, 565 N. Tennessee.

May Seventeenth.

- 794 Swigert, D. W., 29 Fletcher ave.
795 Slaughter, Mortie, 467 E. St. Clair.
796 Houghton, Chas., 398 N. Delaware.
797 Ferree, Chas., 369 N. New Jersey.
798 Clapp, Murry, 501 Ash st.
799 Jackson, Maggie, 45 1/2 Virg. ave.
800 Jones, E. J., 39 W. Pratt.
801 Jones, Emma Kate, 39 W. Pratt.
802 Farleigh, John, 173 N. Illinois.
803 Poppiwasker, Tena, 58 Smith.
804 Knaizer, Fannie, 56 Woodlawn ave.

May Eighteenth.

- 805 McNutt, W. H., 317 N. Alabama.
806 Taylor, Miss.
807 Thomas, Espa, Brightwood.

May Nineteenth.

- 808 Langsdale, Hattie, 225 E. Ohio.
809 Cobb, Mrs. Mary, 276 Fayette.
810 Allen, Mrs. Chas., 765 E. Wash.
811 Cobb, Allen M., 276 Fayette.
812 Slevin, Millie, 237 S. Delaware.
813 Slevin, Alice, 237 S. Delaware.
814 Carrell, Walter B., 831 N. Tenn.
815 Pye, Mamie, 708 N. Tenn.
816 Wilson, Wm.

May Twentieth.

- 817 Pool, Clara, 492 South East.
818 Downey, Nannie, Park co., Ind.
819 Anderson, Arthur, 222 E. St. Clair.
820 Vanmeter, Dora, Blind Institute.
821 Schultz, Mrs. Lizzie, 70 Park ave.
822 Baron, Kirk, 82 Fort Wayne ave.
823 Rodman, Nellie, 380 Broadway.
824 Smith, Josie, 343 N. Pennsylvania.
825 Jones, Anna, 39 West Pratt.
826 Moore, Jos. A., east of city.

May Twenty-second.

- 827 Wert, Edwin, 87 Broadway.
828 Robinson, Maud E., 303 N. New J.
829 Stephens, Mamie, 418 W. Mich.
830 Ryan, Emma, 93 Dougherty.
831 Cunningham Mary, 161 N. New J.
832 Thomas, Hattie, Wright's blk.
833 Lewis, Minnie, 258 N. Davidson.

May Twenty-third.

- 934 Socwell, Saul, 238 E. Market.

835 Tapking, Laura, 432 N. Delaware.
 836 McNutt, Maggie, 317 N. Alabama.
 837 Huestis, Mrs. Lou, 74 E. Vermont.
 838 Tarlton, Will, 492 N. Tennessee.
 839 Howe, Miss Mary A., 39 English ave.
 840 Fisher, Carrie, 26 West North st.
 841 Dalis, Josie, 317 East Ohio st
 842 Cosler, Viola, North Indianapolis
 843 Litton, Ollin, 530 North Mississippi.
 844 Ditson, Henry, south-west of city.
 845 Menefee, Laura, 425 East Vermont.
 846 Mathews, W. G., 316 N. Pine. st.

May Twenty-Fourth.

847 Fitzgerald, Margie, 176 South Noble.
 848 Walker, Minnie, 6 Mayhew blk.
 849 Vestal, Nellie, 138 Madison ave.
 850 Gibson, Mary, 31 Peru ave.
 851 Harman, Hary, 173 E. Louisiana.
 852 Hawk, Rosa, 395 North West.
 853 Robins, Nannie, 111 Patterson.
 854 Harman, Chas. 173 E Louisiana.
 855 Lynn, Lillie, Michigan & State.
 856 Green, Monte, R. 4 Hutchings blk.
 857 Crail, Albert, 91 Clifford ave.
 858 Belhuser, Mary, 124 E. St. Joseph.
 859 Strong, Georgie, 26 Fayette.
 860 Carlin, Frank, Rhodius House.

May Twenty-Fifth.

861 Cunningham, Ella, 250 E. Vermt.
 862 Vest, E. R., Homer, Ind.
 863 Fugate, Flora, 622 N. Alabama.
 864 Jackson, Mrs. Julia, 316 E. North.
 865 Teats, Chas. A., 250 E. Vermont.
 866 Bildhouse, Minnie, 124 E. St. Joe.
 867 Moore, Catharine, 1 mile E. of city.

May Twenty-Sixth.

868 Childers, Stephen L., 25 N. N. J.
 869 Thompson, Jessie, 335 W. Vermont.
 870 Gibson, George W., 81 Peru ave.
 871 Durbin, Minnie, 504 Bellefontaine
 872 Gregor, Maggie, 470 Bellefontaine.
 873 Orvis, Etta, 347 S. Delaware.
 874 Kershner, Harry, 134 E. St. Jo.
 875 Jenkins, Walter, 103 Cherry.
 876 Musselman, Ella
 877 Howe, Viola, 41 English ave.
 878 Routh, Alma A., 519 Broadway.
 879 Sparks, Iua T., 30 Shively blk.
 880 Fricker, Ida, 4 Quince.
 881 Goldwaith, Jennie, 279 W. Mich.
 882 Scott, David P., N. Indianapolis.
 883 Abbett, Wm., r. 18, Vajen's blk.
 884 Duvall, Trambull G., 159, N. Ill.
 885 Blackledge, Albert, 107 Bellefont'n.
 886 Campbell, Bessie, 175 N. Alabama.
 887 Schad, Bertha, E. Washington.
 888 McKlusie, Rosana, 69 Mass. ave.

May Twenty-Seventh.

889 Vance, Mamie, 91 Lord.
 890 Dryer, Nannie, 630 N. Penn.
 891 Dryer, Mamie, 630 N. Penn.
 892 Hornberger, Laura, 70 Park ave.
 893 Phipps, Jennie, Hillside ave.

894 Matlock, Olive, 159 Meek.
 895 Orvis, Willie, 347 S. Delaware.
 896 Matlock, Jennie, 159 Meek.
 897 Sturzenger, Emma, 601 N. Del.
 898 Craveus, Sophia, 61 Ft. Wayne ave.
 899 Anderson, Geo. S., Bellefontaine.
 900 Hoffman, Frank, 88 Mass. ave.
 901 Todd, J. L., 141 Pearl.
 902 Spear, Jennie, Clermont.
 903 Eador, Sallie, 501 W. Washington.
 904 Higgins, Bertie, 163 John.
 905 Aughenbaugh, Harry, 63 N. Penn.
 906 Lupton, Harry, 192 Ash.
 907 Isham, Chas. W. 135 E. New York.
 908 Fatout, Flora.
 909 Hay, Paul B., 51 Broadway.

May Twenty-Ninth.

910 Donnal, Cora, S. Meridian.
 911 Craft, A. P., 463 N. Alabama.
 912 Duvall, Frank, 13 Broadway.
 913 Hann, Otis, 298, E. St. Clair.
 914 Chamberlain, Z., 7 miles west.
 915 Blackwell, Rhoda, 730 N. Illinois.
 916 Zearing, Harry, 335 N. Liberty.
 917 Brooks, C., Bridgeport.
 918 Barton, Rosa, 6 College ave.
 919 Haseley, Emma, 494 S. New Jersey.
 920 Sharff, Josie, 120 Massachusetts ave.
 921 Jones, Emma.
 922 Smith, Abbie, 197 N. Alabama.
 923 Griffith, Irene, Southport.
 924 Griffith, Join, 42 S. Mississippi.
 925 Miller, Kare, 445 N. New Jersey.
 926 Gray, Bertie, 165 East St. Joe.
 927 Jackson, W. J., 316 E. North.
 928 Marsh, Wm. A., 6 m. South of City.

May Thirtieth.

929 Northway, Alvey, 306 E. North.
 930 Garthwait, Kate, 69 Mass. ave.
 931 Hammond, Nora M., 174 S. Illinois.
 932 James Will, 171 Massachusetts ave.
 933 Jones, Mollie, 130 Ash st.
 934 Bidwell, May, 295 E. New York.
 935 Frauer, Lizzie, 178 Archer st.
 936 Pursell, Ross W., Mattoon, Ill.
 937 Magruder, George D., Pyle House.
 938 Elms, Mattie, 42 Ash.

May Thirty-First.

939 Zearing Francis, 335 N. Liberty.
 940 Humphrey, Clara, 314 Ind. ave.
 941 Morgan, P. W., 441 E. McCarty.
 942 Saltmarsh, Walter, 512 North N. J.
 943 Haydon, May, 252 W. New York.

June First.

944 Hess, Fay, 356 Indiana ave.
 945 Mason, J. W., 342 North West.
 946 Moore, Ferdie, Union City.
 747 Scheirling, Charles, 292 N. Liberty.

June Second

948 Coulon, Julia, 175 Northeast.
 949 Hutton, Gracie, 316 E. New York.
 950 Hutton, Edith, 316 E. New York.

- 951 Carter, Mattie, 439 N. New Jersey.
 952 Smith, Henry W., 165 N. Noble.
 953 Howie Sarah, 409 N. Alabama.
 954 Dorey, Louisa, 354, B-lefontaine.
 955 Ault, Emma, 196 E. Washington.
 956 Wood, Pearl, 324 Ash.
 957 Hinton, Marv, 126r W. Vermont.
 958 Slaughter, 467 E. St. Clair.
 959 Steely, Mary, 180 E. Vermont.
 960 Hawk, Anna, 395 North West.
 961 Graham, Wm., 455 English ave.
 962 Craft, Ora, 286 Indiana ave.
 963 Trask, Susan, 295 East New York.
 964 Evans, Thomas C., 360 N. Alabama.

June Third.

- 965 Long, Cora, 15 Fort Wayne ave.
 966 Heiskell, Hattie, 191 North N. J.
 967 Garrett, Mary, 468 N. New Jersey.
 968 Smith, Maggie, 165 North Noble.
 969 Linderman, Rosa, 134 S. Benton.
 970 Johnston, Mrs. W. A., 31 W. Ohio.
 971 Wood, Ora, 324 Ash st.
 972 Wells, Nellie, 114 Broadway.
 973 Cadwalader, Eva, 317 E. Ohio.
 974 Gossett, May, N. New Jersey st.
 975 Miller, Ada, 75 West First.
 976 Zearing, Albert, 335 N. Liberty.
 977 Chamberlain, Lucy, 513 N. West.
 978 Gray, George, 302 E. North.
 979 Grottendick, Lizzie, 199 N. Liberty.
 980 Butler, George, Enterprise.

June Fifth

- 981 Patterson, Mrs. C. H., 140 Mass. ave.
 982 Demmey, John, 150 Ft. Wayne ave.
 983 Lewis, Lula A., 286 Christian ave.
 984 Smith, Geo. W. Minneapolis.
 985 Hinkley, Mattie, 111 Ft. Wayne av.
 986 De Lano, Maude, 257 E. New York.
 987 Pursell, Walter, Ash & Cherry.
 988 Hadley, Minnie, 508 Ash.
 989 Hadley, Lee, 508 Ash.
 990 Cox, Seybal, 954 North Delaware.
 991 Lowe, Mary, 469 North East.
 992 Kline, George, 271 Mass. ave.
 993 Budd, Kittie, 112 Belfontaine.
 994 Green, D. W., 265 Huron.
 995 Johnson, Benj., 165 North Noble.
 996 Paw, Samuel, 124 Linden.
 997 Williamson, Frank, 41 Madison.
 998 Hester, Josie, Wright's blk
 999 Fugate, Willie, 622 N. Alabama.
 1000 Crosby, Effa, 221 N. Alabama.
 1001 Knox, Ada, 61 Fletcher ave.
 1002 Aldridge, Rachel, 90 Indiana ave.
 1003 McKeamb, Mamie, 226 S. Noble.
 1004 Wright, Jole, 269 Huron.
 1005 Gearing, Charles, 181 N. Noble.
 1006 Pritchard, Emma B., 439 E. Ohio.
 1007 Hutchins, Emma, 333 Bellefont.
 1008 Scott, Frank, 42 and 43 Shively blk.
 1009 Miller, Melissa, 330 N. New Jersey.

June Sixth.

- 1010 McGinnis, Lillie, 108 Plum.
 1011 Keepers, Florence, 465 E St. Clair.

- 1012 Warner, A. L., 394 Peru.
 1013 Williams, Minnie, 266 N. Ala.
 1014 Bolen W. N., 74 E. Vermont.
 1015 Delvo, Minnie, 19 Short.
 1016 Mann Ora, 31 S. Pine.
 1017 Franz, I. P., 53 Alvard.
 1018 Abbott, Mary, Jasper co. Ind.
 1019 Barrett, Carrie, Ross blk.
 1020 Cloud, Fannie, 335 N. Liberty.
 1021 Blair, Thos. D., 387 E. Market.
 1022 Franz, Samuel, 69 Clinton.
 1023 Peck, Omer, 42½ Mass. ave.
 1024 Stoddard, Lillie, 430 N. Ill.
 1025 Lawsbr. Ale L., 251 N. Ala.

June Seventh.

- 1026 Johnson, J. F., 90 North East.
 1027 Delzell, Anna, 276 N. Delaware.
 1028 Smith, Henry L., 379 N. Ala.
 1029 Thoms, Herman, 76 North East.
 1030 Porter, Thos. P., Pyle House.
 1031 Brouse, Hattie, Broadway.
 1032 Adkins, Bennie, 73 N. Liberty.
 1033 Ritter, Dr. C. A., 32 E. Ohio.
 1034 Howe, Melissa, Waverly.

June Eighth.

- 1035 Benjamin, E., Chicago.
 1036 Holley, M. K., 151 N. Illinois.
 1037 Taylor, R. H., 222 North East.
 1038 Jones, James, 131 Mass. ave.
 1039 Taylor, N. E., 222 North East.
 1040 Pasquier, Julius, 402 E. Mich.
 1041 Featherston, Susie, Southport.
 1042 Davis, Mrs. Zoil, 78 Meek.
 1043 Allen, Harry G., 161 Park ave.
 1044 Langsdale, Richard, 225 E. Ohio.

June Ninth.

- 1045 Akins, R.
 1046 Copeland, Lydia, 372 N. Meridian.
 1047 Scraun, Johnny, 78 E. St. Jo.
 1048 Griswold, Mary, south of city.
 1049 Johns, Samuel, 312 W. N. Y.
 1050 Landers, Maggie, 419 N. Pine.
 1051 Wright, Mattie, 224 N. Alabama.
 1052 Cook, Julia, Madison.
 1053 Calwell, Edwin, 9 Moore's blk.
 1054 Goodall, W. J., Ross blk.
 1055 Hart, Mrs. E., south of city.
 1056 Deer, Mary, 361 N. Spring.
 1057 Patterson, Amanda, 445 N. N. J.
 1058 Black, Ruth, east of city.
 1059 Kendall, Lillie, 338 N. N. J.
 1060 McPherson, Fannie C., 113 Ind. ave.
 1061 Cooney, Sarah, 324 Peru st.

June Tenth.

- 1062 Dennis, Ollie, Blind Institute.
 1063 Hoyt, Elva, 94 West Seventh.
 1064 Miller, John, 413 E. St. Clair.
 1065 Weller, E., Brightwood.
 1066 Gillrath, Ida, 130 Christian ave.
 1067 Higgins, Carrie, 221 N. N. J.
 1068 Wert, Mrs. Anna, 65 Columbus ave.
 1069 Allen, Edgar, 88 East South.

June Twelfth.

- 1070 Stuck, Clara, Southport.
 1071 Wright, Mary, 29 Mass. ave.
 1072 Vincent, Lizzie L., Orphan Asylum.
 1073 Hussey, Judy, 827 N. Delaware.
 1074 Gault, Samuel, 282 N. Illinois.
 1075 Binnager, Eliza, 25 Bates.
 1076 Erfeap, Anna, 196 N. Tennessee.
 1077 Kirby, Richiel L., Orphan Asylum.
 1078 Smith, Mrs. Florence, 72 E. Ohio.
 1079 Dever, Rachael, Belmont.
 1080 Hazley, Emma, 494 S. New Jersey.
 1081 Smith, Anna Belle, Orphan Asylum.
 1082 Eastman, Rebecca, 31½ E. Market.
 1083 Golden, Harry, 341 S. Meridian.
 1084 Taylor, Miss Carrie.
 1085 Hill, Edward, 781 N. Mississippi.
 1086 Gary, Hugh, Rising Sun.
 1087 Hutchins, Nellie, 8 3 Bellfontaine.
 1088 Dailley, Shirley, 297 N. Penn.
 1089 Elmo, Bessie.

June Thirteenth.

- 1090 Cravens, Miss Emma, 14 Mulberry.
 1091 Hill, Etna, 265 Coburn.

June Fourteenth.

- 1092 Bristow, Nettie, 244 Coburn.
 1093 Hussey, Juddy, 827 N. Delaware.
 1094 Sails, Ida, 45 College ave.
 1095 Paddock, Ella, 24 Davis.
 1096 Thompson, May, 70 Christian ave.
 1097 Verneule, Mary, 53 Vine.
 1098 Johnson, Chas., 126 Blackford.
 1099 Thompson, Jos. L., St. James Hotel.
 1100 Mick, Etna, 669 North Alabama.
 1101 Lion, Harry, cor. State & Michigan.
 1102 Hann, Rachael, 298 E. St. Clair.
 1103 Brown, Carrie, 320 North Alabama.

June Fifteenth.

- 1104 Wenner, Dora, 179 Coburn.
 1105 Balger, Nettie, 77 W. Seventh.
 1106 Grim, Emma, 262 E. Wash.
 1107 Barnett, Jessie, 37 Ross blk.
 1108 Gillett, Frank G., 138 Mass. ave.
 1109 Williams, Mrs. Mary, 78 Cin'ti.

June Sixteenth.

- 1110 Golder, Mrs. Wm., 33 and 35 N. Ill.
 1111 Luding, Minnie, 322 Mass. ave.
 1112 Hammond, Stella, 377 Home ave.
 1113 Kellar, John, 176 St. Mary.

June Seventeenth.

- 1114 McCutchen, Ellen, 112 N. Noble.
 1115 Miller, Adel, 31 W. St. Ohio.
 1116 Fluthers, Clara M., 46 Ash.
 1117 Elms, Gertrude, 42 Ash.
 1118 McCorkle, Arthur, 113 Ind. ave.
 1119 Simpson, Mrs. Mollie, 342 Col. ave.
 1120 Park, James V., 300 E. St. Clair.
 1121 Hammond, Nora, 377 Home ave.

June Twentieth.

- 1122 Pressel, Charles, 201 N. Liberty.

- 1123 Griswold, Mary, south of city.
 1124 Crail, David, 91 Clifford ave.
 1125 Miller, F. W., 43 College ave.
 1126 Harlan, John J., 631 N. Miss.

June Twenty-First.

- 1127 Reager, Carrie, 111 N. New Jersey.
 1128 Waters, Imogene, 396 Bellefontaine.
 1129 Ralph, Ida, 239 Peru.
 1130 Pollmer, Carrie, south of city.
 1131 Garrett, Anna B., 468 N. N. J.
 1132 Cannon, Julia, 11 Broadway.
 1133 Bannister, George, 267 N. Tenn.
 1134 Thorpe, Clifford, 320 N. New Jer.

June Twenty-Second.

- 1135 Pfaff, Myla, 596 North Illinois.
 1136 Cleveland, Mrs. R., Mississippi.
 1137 Smith, Alice, 247 N. Tenn.
 1138 Jerell, Mamie, 203 N. Penn.
 1139 Devore, C. E., 13 Broadway.
 1140 Poor, Laura, 21 Spruce.
 1141 Leonard, Wm., 71 Broadway.
 1142 Brattain, Delia, 279 W. Vermont.

June Twenty-third.

- 1143 Drythaler, Emma, 172 S. Illinois.
 1144 Bachel, Mrs. Fannie, St. Louis.
 1145 Grimes Irene, 823 E. Vermont,
 1146 Whitzner, Elba, Morgantown.

June Twenty-fourth.

- 1147 Decker, Emma, Blightwood.
 1148 Beerbower, Ella, 382 E. Michigan.
 1149 Leonard, Sarah, 202 E. Market.
 1150 Blue, U. L., 174 W. Ohio.
 1151 Wells, Bessie, 114 Broadway.
 1152 Johnson, Nettie, 12 E. Michigan.
 1153 Rock, Alice, Acton.
 1154 Pierson, Maude, 378 N. Delaware.
 1155 Hancock, Sadie, 327 E. New York.
 1156 Beck, Mamie, 332 N. Alabama.
 1157 Heizer, Mamie, 465 N. East.
 1158 Beming, Louise, 360 N. Alabama.
 1159 Williamson, Izee, 41 Madison ave.
 1160 Shorer, Maggie, 319 N. Noble.
 1161 Pickard, Mary A., 137 E. North.
 1162 Clements, Anna, Brighwood.
 1163 Thompson, M. J., 135 N. Illinois.

June Twenty-Sixth.

- 1164 Aldridge, Sebia, 90 Indiana ave.
 1165 Harvey, George, Georgia & Tenn.
 1166 Paddock, Jennie, 21 Davis.
 1167 Wert, Ben. C., 65 Columbia ave.
 1168 Dynes, Evans, 74 Huron.
 1169 Abbott, Laura, Vajen's block.
 1170 Pattison, A. E., Grand Hotel.
 1171 Wo from, Charles, 179 N. Cal.
 1172 Spratt, George, 19 East Ohio.
 1173 Fiscus, George, 342 E. St. Clair.
 1174 Carpenier, Edward, 166 N. West.
 1175 Miller, George, 427 E. St. Clair.
 1176 Willard, A., 433 N. Illinois.
 1177 Elstred, Katie, 118 N. Noble.
 1178 Stuckey, Mene, 111 N. Spring.

- 1179 Gilbreth, Emma, 74 Bellefontaine.
 1180 McDonald, Nora, 74 Lockerbie.
 1181 Barnett, Lizzie, 127 W. North.
 1182 Hawk, Homer, 395 N. West.
 1183 Coons, Brema, 72 N. Miss.
 1184 Schmalzigaug, Gustave, 76 Garden.
 1185 Balingier, Mamie, 29 Fletcher ave.

June Twenty-Seventh.

- 1186 Enners, Louis, 361 N. Spring.
 1187 Peck, Wm. 42½ Mass. ave.
 1188 Gilbrith, Anna B., 130 Chris. ave.
 1189 Watts, Lizzie, 496 South Illinois.
 1190 Furgason, Wilson, 511 N. N. J.
 1191 Bacon, Wesley, 82 Fort Wayne ave.
 1191 Harding, Carlin, N. Indianapolis.
 1193 Trusler, Nelson, 162 N. Ill.
 1194 Stout Hattie.
 1195 Lovine, Katie, 27 Lockerbie.
 1196 Hawk, Lillie B., 282 Central ave.
 1197 Faucett, Jennie, Bridgeport.
 1198 Thompson, Agnes, Brunswick Hot.
 1199 Ewing, Cal., 171 Bellefontaine.

- 1200 Donis, Willard, 360 N. Alabama.
 1201 Bacon, Fannie, 134 E. St. Clair.
 1202 Miller, R. C., 681 N. Illinois.
 1203 Odear, Laura, 32 Cherry.
 1204 Dynes, H. L., 74 Huron.
 1205 Ducan, Nannie, 426 E. North.
 1206 Enners, Sarah, 361 Spring.

June Twenty-Eighth.

- 1207 Sturm, John, 355 Harmon.
 1208 Smith, Mary, 379 N. Ala.
 1209 Bigger, Clara, 187 E. North.

June Twenty-Ninth.

- 1210 Harding, Samuel, 30 W. Pratt.
 1211 Pyle, Mrs. Kate, 219 E. North.
 1212 Pickard, Mattie, 137 E. North.
 1213 Brimmerman, Lora, 764 N. Miss.
 1214 Noel, Vance, 234 W. New York.
 1215 Wingate, Hattie, 367 College ave.
 1216 Thompson, Josie, 82 W. Market.
 1217 Harding, Myrtal, N. Indianapolis.
 1218 Bally, Rosetta, south of city.

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